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THE  
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ART I.—*Medical Notes and Reflections.* By Henry Holland.  
M.D., F.R.S., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, &c. &c.  
London. 8vo. 1839.

THIS book is one of a class extremely puzzling to us reviewers. It is, in fact, a collection of thirty-five reviews, many of them capital ones, upon as many topics, almost all of them exceedingly important and interesting. Such chapters, being already the summaries of subjects, are found to trench on our craft, rendering an analysis of the essence of an essence not unlikely to end in the conversion of substantial fact and vigorous reasoning into thin and airy speculation.

The accomplished author informs us that he has been accustomed, during twenty years of practice in London, to preserve not merely memoranda of particular cases, but also of such general reflections as were suggested to him by actual observation. Twenty years is indeed a large portion of that span of existence over which we are all hastening; but twenty years of sight and insight expended on society, in all its multifarious working, as exhibited in this huge metropolis, is a privilege of which few can boast;—and woe to him who, possessing so precious a talent, shall have let the winged hours speed away, leaving no permanent fruits of benefit for mankind!

Dr. Holland appears to have so conducted his methods of inquiry as to keep out of view the tedious apparatus of minute facts, from which he has deduced the principles with which his work is filled; and this, perhaps, constitutes no small part of its worth; for while the examples quoted are salient, and to the point, all that a well-educated physician may be supposed to know is not ostentatiously dragged forth. So far the volume is strictly addressed to the profession; but the subjects discussed are in many instances such as appeal to the curiosity of all intelligent persons and, for the most part, merely technical phrasology has been abstained from. For the reader who delights to fathom the '*mare magnum*' of metaphysics there is scope enough in the essays 'On Time as an Element of Thought in mental Functions,'—'On the Nervous System,'—'On Phrenology,'—'On Sleep,'—'On Dreaming, Insanity, and Intoxication,'—'On the Brain as a

double Organ,'—'On the Effects of mental Attention on bodily Organs.' The valetudinarian, or the medical dilettante, may see, in the chapter 'On the Abuse of Purgative Medicines,' some of the risks he runs; or he may fortify his privilege of hampering his doctor by adding to the judicious enumeration of the essay 'On Points where a Patient may judge for himself,' all the points where he ought not. Much curious information he may cull from the discussion 'On the Influence of Weather in relation to Disease.' Both patients and physicians will find an abundant supply of material for thought in the masterly chapter on Gout. Scarcely less excellent are those entitled 'Bleeding in Affections of the Brain,'—'The Connexion of certain Diseases,'—'The Use of Opiates,'—'Of Diluents,'—'Of Emetics.' Such is the variety of subjects handled with more or less of detail, that few readers, professional or non-professional, can fail to be arrested by trains of observation and reflection which they will be happy to pursue under the guidance of so full and able a master as Dr. Holland. Throughout, we may add, they will find a high tone of moral sentiment, worthy of his noble profession—a generous contempt of all mean practices and compliances—the dignity of a philosopher combined with the graceful illustration and extensive sympathy of a scholar and gentleman.

Not wishing to mock our readers with a *catalogue raisonné* of so many multifarious essays, we select for examination that entitled 'Diet and Disorders of Digestion,'—the rather because many of the topics, to which the author has allotted a separate head of discussion, readily find a place under the one we have chosen. There are few faculties of body or mind on which the influence of the nutritive process is not marked and incessant.

We are well pleased to quote in the outset such a passage as the following:—

'The habits of society among the higher classes, and the influence of dyspeptic complaints on the mind, render the treatment of such disorders a matter of great interest, even in a moral point of view. They unhappily furnish an arena on which all the worst parts of medical practice find their readiest display. Fraud, intrepid in its ignorance, here wins an easy triumph. Seconded on every side by prejudices, fashions, and foibles, and taking advantage of the mind and body in their weakest mood, it deals out precepts and drugs with a pernicious facility; sometimes altogether at random; sometimes, and even more injuriously, with one common scheme of treatment applied to the most variable and incongruous symptoms.

'These abuses indeed, in their worst form, exist only on the outskirts of the profession. But it will be admitted by all who have candour and experience, that there is no part of medical practice where knowledge  
and

and good faith are put to equal trial as in the management of dyspeptic complaints. Even the effect of the disorder in obscuring the judgment, and rendering impotent the will of the patient, becomes an embarrassment to the physician. If his own judgment be slow and wavering, he is deprived of aid ; if hasty and rash, of that control from the opinion of his patient which is frequently needful. The mind of the dyspeptic is uncertain and fickle. He interprets falsely his own sensations, and the effects of the treatment employed ; is unduly confident at one moment and under a new remedy ; at another time as irrationally desponding. prone, moreover, to change his medical adviser, and to resort to any person or remedy where there is largest profession of relief.

‘ All these things, familiar in practice in this country, make the situation and conduct of the physician in cases of dyspepsia hardly less difficult than in acute and dangerous diseases. Though the symptoms before him are not so critical in kind, they need sound moral management, as well as discreet methods of medical treatment. Forbearance and firmness are both required ; and, together with these, integrity and good faith. The admirable precepts as to uprightness in practice, which came down to us under the great name of Hippocrates, obtain here their closest application ; and may well be impressed upon all who are entering on a medical life. The mind must be fashioned early and strongly in these professional principles, as they are rarely attained afterwards, and can with difficulty preserved, amidst the many difficulties which beset the conduct of the physician.’—pp. 340, 341.

The father of dyspeptic medicine is undoubtedly John Abernethy ; for, prior to his time, the cure of local disease by constitutional, that is, general treatment, was either little understood or little regarded. He professed, however, to derive all his principles from his master and idol, the great John Hunter. The singular felicity possessed by the pupil, of bringing to light all the treasures which lay hidden in the obscure depths of such an intellect as that of his early instructor, soon rendered the system of dyspeptic medicine so popular, as to put aside almost every other mode of medical investigation. The principles which Abernethy brought into vogue were so simple, that few could fail in comprehending them ; they were so universal, as to be shut out, in their application, from no disease, whether mental or corporeal, hereditary or accidental. And lastly, they were enforced by a sum of personal qualities which carried away all who had the happiness of hearing this most original of lecturers. He awakened attention by the flow and breadth of the richest *Doric*, and he fixed it not more by the intrinsic worth of his statement than by his very uncommon dramatic and mimetic powers. His illustrations were never trivial ; often profound, yet without ostentation or mysticism. The anecdotes with which his



lectures abound (he almost always educed his principles from examples) were usually not only very appropriate but exceedingly picturesque, for he was a great master of the art of 'word-painting.' They teemed with knowledge of the heart; so that besides the point of scientific interest which was prominently set forth, there was a large margin for thought in his comments on human character and opinions, as seen in action or recorded in books; to three or four of which, and those of the highest order, he confined his reading. 'I go to Sterne,' he used to say, 'for the feelings of human nature, Fielding for its vices, Johnson for a knowledge of the workings of its powers, and Shakspeare for everything.' Though a keen observer on the humorous side of our foibles, which, however, he set down with nought of malice, he possessed, like most men of a similar cast of mind, much of the pathos, as well as the irritable humour of that species of muser, of which Jaques is the ideal.\*

This rare union of qualities gave weight to opinions, which it would appear Abernethy had formed very early in his professional life, and which he retained without much addition or diminution to its end. These were one-sided and exclusive in this respect, that he did not himself follow up the improvements of his age—while his dicta, in as far as they made practical medicine dependent on a few simple physiological principles, and blue-pill—

\* Lawrence's portrait gives *one* phasis of Abernethy's aspect very happily; but who can paint anything of the *manner* which set off such a seemingly common little matter-of-fact as that told in these words?—'Local injury or irritation frequently produces a state of delirium, in which a man is utterly unconscious of his situation; he goes on imagining things, as in a dream, and acting in consequence of such imaginations. Delirium often takes place in consequence of an accident of no very momentous kind; it may occur without fever, or it may be accompanied with that irritative sympathetic which I described to you in the last lecture, and which is often the "last stage of all, that closes the sad eventful history" of a compound fracture. Delirium seems to be a very curious affection; in this state a man is quite unconscious of his disease; he will give rational answers to any questions you put to him, when you rouse him; but, as I said before, he relapses into a state of wandering, and his actions correspond with his dreaming. People who are delirious and suffer pain have generally uneasy dreams; but delirious patients seem often to have undisturbed and even pleasant dreams. I remember a man with compound fracture in this hospital, whose leg was in a horrible state of sloughing, and who had delirium in this state. I have roused him, and said, "Thomas, what is the matter with you? how do you do?" He would reply, "Pretty hearty, thank ye, nothing is the matter with me; how do you do?" He would then go on dreaming of one thing or another. I have listened at his bedside, and I am sure his dreams were often of a pleasant kind. He met old acquaintances in his dreams; people whom he remembered "*lang syne*;" his former companions, his kindred and relations, and he expressed his delight at seeing them. He would exclaim every now and then, "That's a good one," "Well, I never heard a better joke," and so on. It is a curious circumstance, that all consciousness of suffering is thus cut off, as it were, from the body; and it cannot but be regarded as a very benevolent effect of Nature's operations, that extremity of suffering should thus bring with it its antidote.'—*Abernethy's Lectures*, p. 20.

repressed

repressed inquiry in others. But his success in tracing the influence of disordered digestive functions on all diseases produced a cloud of works, and a host of imitators; some of whom forgot to imitate his sense, when they affected his singularities; while others thought they were adding to the value and number of his principles, by reducing them to vulgar fractions. It is not very long since the minutest trifles were gravely expected to be written down for the guidance of those who seemed to have lost, with facility of digestion, every faculty of mind. The result was, that it afforded a fine field for all who knew and could take advantage of that feverish state of alarm induced by undue attention to trivial corporeal sensations. To those who would trace the effect of mental attention on the bodily organs, we recommend the 5th chapter of Dr. Holland, where they will not only find the rationale, but the example of this pernicious habit, as affecting most of the vital organs of our frame, one and all of which will soon transmit diseased sensations to that brain, which is predetermined to harp on them. •

‘A direction of consciousness to the region of the stomach creates in this part a sense of weight, oppression, or other less definite uneasiness; and, when the stomach is full, appears greatly to disturb the due digestion of the food. It is remarkable how instantly, under such circumstances, the effect comes on; a fact readily attested by experiment, which every one may make for himself. The symptoms of the dyspeptic patient are doubtless much aggravated by the constant and earnest direction of the mind to the digestive organs, and the functions going on in them. Feelings of nausea may be produced, or greatly increased, in this way; and are often suddenly relieved by the attention being diverted to other objects.’—p. 66.

It is to avoid the injurious effects of incessant watching over such symptoms, that Dr. Holland advises the dyspeptic to dine from a simple and discreet table at regular hours; but he well adds, that ‘if this rule should bring him to a solitary meal set apart for himself, more of ill than of good results.’ When the stomach is full, the less the mind has to do with it the better—a lesson on which all who endeavour to digest at the same time tough chops and mental food of equal resistance, in the shape of reports legal and parliamentary, should ponder. There are few individuals more dyspeptic than those who pursue day after day the above regimen, and fewer who are not surprised at the effect of ‘only two mutton chops and regular hours.’

‘For the guidance of patients themselves, those rules of course are best which are most promptly and safely applied; neither harassing the mind by anxieties of choice, nor the body by encouraging wayward  
fancies

fancies as to methods of prevention or cure. If, for example, I were to specify any general maxims as to food, preferable to others from distinctness and easy application, and serving as a foundation for lesser injunctions, they would be the following:—

'*First*, that the stomach should never be filled to a sense of uneasy repletion. *Secondly*, that the rate of eating should always be slow enough to allow thorough mastication, and to obviate that uneasiness which follows food hastily swallowed. *Thirdly*, that there should be no urgent exercise, either of body or mind, immediately after a full meal.

'The simplicity and familiarity of these rules may lessen their seeming value; but in practice they will be found to include, directly or indirectly, a great proportion of the cases and questions which come before us. And many such questions, as, for example, those which relate to different qualities of food, would lose great part of their difficulty were these maxims successfully enforced. When the quantity taken does not exceed the just limit; when it comes to the stomach rightly prepared by mastication, and by admixture with the secretions of the glands which aid the first stage of digestion; and when no extraneous interruption exists to the proper functions of the stomach in this stage; the capacity of digestion is really extended as respects varieties of food, and tables of relative digestibility lose much of their value.'—p. 344.

Latterly, a very remarkable opportunity has been afforded of verifying on the human subject much that was conjectural or incomplete in the doctrines and facts relative to digestion; and as we shall have to refer more than once to the results, we may as well sketch the extraordinary story of Alexis St. Martin.

Dr. Beaumont, a physician in the army of the United States, while serving in the Michigan territory, was called to see a robust youth of eighteen, who half-an-hour before had been desperately wounded by the accidental discharge of a gun, the contents of which entered the chest and passed in an oblique direction into the stomach, and out through the neighbouring integuments. There were therefore two perforations; an upper, from which a portion of the lung, and a lower, from which a part of the stomach, protruded. The cure was protracted during a year, at the end of which time the orifice in the chest was completely cicatrised, while that in the stomach remained open to the extent of two and a half inches in circumference, permitting the food to escape unless prevented from so doing by the application of a pad and bandage. In another year (the spring of 1824), nature remedied this defect by a species of valve formed of the inner lining of the stomach itself, which, by jutting over the aperture, closed it, by simple apposition without adhesion; so that it could be readily pushed aside whenever Dr. Beaumont wished to have ocular demonstration of the process of digestion in a living man,

or

or when he chose to insert directly into the stomach any of the articles of food.

In 1825 experiments were commenced; but as St. Martin decamped without his master's leave or knowledge, we must suppose that they were, we will not say unpalatable, but not agreeable, to St. Martin. Four years elapsed ere he was heard of, during which period he had laboured hard for his livelihood, had married, and become the father of two children. It being by chance ascertained that he was in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, Dr. Beaumont, with most laudable zeal, succeeded, at great expense, in having the man and his family transported to him a distance of 2000 miles. St. Martin's health was perfectly good, although the aperture into the stomach remained pervious. A series of experiments were now tried on him, from August, 1829, to March, 1831, during the whole of which time he continued to perform the duties of a common servant in Dr. Beaumont's family. He then asked and obtained leave to go back to Canada, but once more returned in 1832, under the express stipulation of twelve months' further experimentation. The details have now been published by Beaumont, and commented on, among others, by Dr. Holland.

On pressing back the valve over the orifice into the stomach, the internal surface of that organ could be seen for the space of six inches, and the food could be perceived not only at the moment of its entrance, but during the whole period that it remained there; so that all the mechanism of a vital action hitherto known by indirect means alone was exposed to the senses. The time and circumstances under which the secretion of gastric juice took place, the motion of the stomach, the temperature necessary for the digestive process, the appearance in health and in disease of the mucous membrane lining the organ, and many other states and facts, were definitely made out by the accident of which Dr. Beaumont made such good use. His experiments were painless, and we add with much pleasure that they appear to have been conducted with a discretion which does not always accord with the zeal displayed in the pursuit of knowledge. In no instance do we find that he infringed on the ties of humanity, or subjected his patient to any trials which could have impaired his frame. In this respect the man himself, by his excesses in drinking, his irregularities in diet, and his occasional ebullitions of temper, solved many a question, for the sake of which a conscientious inquirer would not have tempted his poverty.

Most physicians agree with Dr. Holland, that there is more danger in relation to the *quantity* than to the quality of the food,  
in

in the former of which it is our author's opinion that the higher classes of this country, and perhaps of all highly-civilised countries, exceed. For example, Dr. Abercrombie, in his admirable work on the diseases of the stomach, says:—

‘Much certainly is to be done in dyspeptic cases by attention to the quality of the articles that are taken, but I am satisfied much more depends on the quantity; and I am even disposed to say that the dyspeptic might be almost independent of any attention to the quality of his diet, if he rigidly observed the necessary restrictions as to quantity.’

Baglivi, the celebrated Roman physician, mentions that in Italy an unusually large proportion of the sick recover during Lent, in consequence of the lower diet which is then observed as part of religious duty. We may take the liberty of adding that the discipline of our own church, were it inculcated and practised more strictly, would leave little for the fashionable physician to do. Scarcely any combination of circumstances can be conceived more unfavourable to general health than that afforded by the dissipations of a London life during the season least propitious to it, namely, Lent, or, as the word itself signifies, the spring.

Many dietists have attempted to fix the quantity which may be consumed with benefit. Cornaro took twelve ounces of solid food and fourteen of (*Italian*) wine daily. Dr. Cheyne states, that for a healthy man following a laborious employment, eight ounces of meat, twelve of bread and vegetables, and a pint of wine in the twenty-four hours is the just allowance; but that a reduction in this quantity must be resorted to by those who are sedentary or engaged in intellectual pursuits. For this latter class, Sir John Sinclair proposes the following dietary:—for breakfast, four ounces of bread and eight of tea; for dinner, four ounces of bread, eight of meat, as much of water, and twelve of wine; and for supper, eight ounces of liquid food, making in all three pounds four ounces per diem. This quantity may, he adds, be increased one-third for those who take moderate, and one-half for those who take violent exercise. Thus Captain Barclay, when engaged in his great feat of walking 1000 miles in 1000 successive hours, took daily from five to six pounds of animal food alone, besides bread and vegetables, while the proportion of liquids, such as porter, wine, tea, and ale, was not less abundant. But we are of opinion that both Sinclair and Cheyne's rules are applicable to those only who go on the ‘generous moderation’ system, which differs from excess as a chronic malady does from an acute—it is too full, and moreover, too unvaried. Moderation and monotony should not be confounded. Of the two modes of injurious living, namely, the irregular, consisting of excessive feasting and fasting,

fasting, and the regular, or sustained and full, though not excessive feeding, we suspect the latter to be the most hurtful.

A keen observer of society has some apt observations on the habits of those engaged in political life.

‘It has been observed that men of great abilities are generally of a large and vigorous animal nature. I have heard it remarked by a statesman of high reputation that most great men have died of over-eating themselves; and without absolutely subscribing to this remark, I would say that it points to a principal peril in the life of such men, namely, the violent craving for one kind of excitement which is left as in a void by the flames of another. If a statesman would live long, he must pay a jealous and watchful attention to his diet. A patient in the fever-ward of an hospital scarcely requires to be more carefully regulated in this particular; and he should observe that there are two false appetites to which he is liable—the one an appetite resulting from intellectual labour, which though not altogether morbid is not to be relied upon for digestion in the same degree as that which results from bodily exercise; the other, proceeding from nervous irritability, which is purely fallacious. Those to whom public speaking is much of an effort (and it tries the nerves of most men even after they have been accustomed to it for years) should, if possible, dine lightly at least an hour before they are called upon to speak, and should resist the propensity which they will feel to eat soon after they have spoken.’—*The Statesman*, by Henry Taylor, Esq., p. 280.

There is little to be added to these remarks. A long and tranquil life is scarcely to be expected as the result of political agonistics, in which intellect and passion are alike overtaxed, and which require some more natural sources of repose than are to be found in debates lengthened through the nights of a six months’ session, or in the pure air of St. Stephen’s, or the round of party and cabinet feasting.

Contrasted with those classes supplied with too abundant nourishment are the poor, who, in most countries, are overtaxed and underfed.

There is a curious essay of M. Villermé, published in the ‘*Annales d’Hygiène*,’ where that gentleman endeavours to investigate the mortality among the various classes of Paris, and the broad result he obtains is, that neither air, nor space, nor water, nor density of population, nor elevation, nor any appreciable condition of a similar kind, influences it so much as ‘easy circumstances.’ In many of the poorer districts the mortality was double that of the richer. Taking the whole of France, he found that the expectation of life for a child born of rich parents was 42½ years, while that for one born of poor parents was only 30.

Over or under-feeding, it would appear then, are equally injurious;

jurious; and most modern dietitians have given over the attempt to measure moderation by scales and weights, investing, however, the stomach itself with certain sensations which they would rank as a corporal conscience and sufficient guide. Thus Dr. Beaumont says:—

‘There appears to be a sense of perfect intelligence conveyed from the stomach to the encephalic centre, which, in health, invariably dictates what quantity of aliment (responding to the sense of hunger, and its due satisfaction) is naturally required for the purposes of life, and which, if noticed and properly attended to, would prove the most salutary monitor of health, and effectual preventive of and restorative from disease. It is not the sense of *satiety*, for this is beyond the point of *healthful* indulgence, and is nature’s earliest indication of an *abuse* and *overburthen* of her powers to replenish the system. It occurs immediately previous to this, and may be known by the pleasurable sensation of *perfect satisfaction, ease, and quiescence of body and mind*. It is when the stomach says *enough*, and is distinguished from satiety by the difference of the sensations—the former feeling *enough*, the latter *too much*. The first is produced by the timely reception into the stomach of proper aliment in exact proportion to the requirements of nature, for the perfect digestion of which a definite quantity of gastric juice is furnished by the proper gastric apparatus. But to effect this most agreeable of all sensations and conditions—the real Elysian satisfaction of the *reasonable* epicure—timely attention must be paid to the preliminary processes, such as thorough mastication, and moderate or slow deglutition. These are indispensable to the due and natural supply of the stomach at the stated periods of alimentation; for if food be swallowed too fast, and pass into the stomach imperfectly masticated, too much is received in a short time and in too imperfect a state of preparation to be disposed of by the gastric juice.’

Dr. Beaumont, as we see, believes that only a definite quantity of the gastric juice, exactly apportioned to the actual wants of the body, is furnished; so that if more food is thrust into the stomach than the juice can solve, the surplus remains as an irritant; and then to the unhappy gourmand will apply Abernethy’s lashing description:—

‘Suppose a glutton to overcharge his stomach with all the cursed mixtures which a vitiated appetite can invent, what can he expect but the constant production of an irritable material from the fermentation of the vegetable matter, and from the animal matter becoming rancid?’

In fevers, and febrile illnesses, it ~~not~~ only is a vulgar error, but a dangerous one, to endeavour to restore health by nourishment. Beaumont remarked that in similar predicaments no gastric juice was furnished by the stomach, the inner coat of which was dry, red, and readily ulcerable. It is evident that the instinctive loathing against all aliment entertained by the fever patient, for

days, nay weeks, is his safeguard against the officiousness of nurses and housekeepers; while the craving for fluids is as excessive as the coolness of the beverage is wholesome and refreshing. Dr. Beaumont remarks that the western Indian, after long fasting, will devour not only without injury, but with benefit, enough to have gorged any civilised being to death. After the emaciation of fever, especially in the advancing stage of convalescence, the appetite is much increased: so, also, is it greater in childhood than in after life, where no demands exist for material to build up the frame. But finally, to come to actual experiment, Dr. Beaumont found, that if he wanted to obtain from St. Martin much gastric juice, he had only to enjoin a severe fast; he then, by gently rubbing the inner membrane of the stomach with the smooth bulb of a thermometer, could obtain a larger quantity than when the patient had been allowed to have his ordinary meals. In these experiments it was curious to remark that those sensations so well known to the dyspeptic, namely, the sense of sinking, heart-burn, head-ache, vertigo, and many others, depended on the various conditions of the stomach, and could be produced at the will of the manipulator.

Another important fact was observed by Dr. Beaumont. He remarked that the gastric juice was not contained ready effused in the stomach, as in a reservoir; consequently, that the popular notion of the sense of hunger being dependent on the actual presence of this irritating fluid is erroneous. He examined the coats of the living stomach with a lens, and actually saw the gastric juice exude from innumerable small points scattered over the surface of the organ, when solicited by the contact of food, or by other stimuli. When St. Martin was in health, the liquid was clear, inodorous, and contained muriatic acid. It is probable that a little acetic acid enters into its composition, together with slight portions of the phosphates and muriates of soda, magnesia, and potash. This fluid is an almost universal solvent of animal matter, though incapable of acting, except in a very slight degree, on inorganic substances. Whatever be the kind of food, various as it is in the various countries inhabited by man, still, through the agency of this solvent, a simple milk-like nutriment, devoid of all the peculiarities of the ingesta, is ultimately extracted for the wants of the frame. The antiseptic powers of the juice are very great, so that the process of putrefaction is speedily stopped by it; thus permitting the well-cased epicure to indulge in game in which the '*haut gout*' has reached the verge of toleration. The quantity given out at each meal varies, but probably is, like that of all other secretions, more dependent on the nature of its stimulus than on any exact law such as that assumed by Dr. Beaumont, for

'Increase



' Increase of appetite doth grow  
By what it feeds on.'

And it is certain that Wordsworth's—

' Rosy man of purple cheer,  
An oily man right plump to see,'

elaborates gastric juice enough to chymify food very little demanded by 'the wants of his system.'

The quantity is probably always considerable. Beaumont often extracted one or two ounces for the purpose of testing its solvent powers out of the body. And in one instance, where St. Martin had taken no fluid with his meal, still, the stomach appeared as full of liquid as if he had drunk his usual quantum. When thus exuded it penetrates every portion of the food; hence, the absolute necessity of due mastication, it having been ascertained that large lumps of food, by affording much less surface for action, are much less quickly digested. Various kinds of substances have different degrees of digestibility, and though they may be all under the influence of the gastric fluid at the same time, those which are termed most digestible are the quickest to disappear. The devotees of venison will rejoice to hear that they have been eating up to the principles of the latest scientific discoveries. The worshippers of game, with its full aroma, may also plead in their favour the tenderness and consequent digestibility of the fibre. The 'haut gout,' however, must not be excessive, as in some instances it has been known to produce disease. Soups are, on the whole, much less digestible than solids; and, indeed, to digest them at all, the stomach is compelled to solidify their contents by an absorption of the fluid part. But we are anticipating.

It would seem that the food is not kept in the stomach until all parts of it are reduced to the pulpy state called, technically, 'chyme,' but that portions soonest fitted for the body find their way first to the upper part of the intestinal canal, where, with the assistance of the secretions of the liver and pancreas, that milk-like fluid to which we alluded, termed *chyle*, is separated and conveyed speedily into the veins. Besides the solvent powers of gastric juice, chymification is furthered by a churning motion given to the contents of the stomach by its fibres, and this is again aided by the temperature of that organ which, during digestion, is 100° Fah. Thus the nutritive function is at once chemical, mechanical, and *vital*—for no subtle process, chemical or mechanical, but of the living body, can elaborate a simple fluid like chyle, from such a variety of ingredients as form the food of man, especially a Frenchman.

Various accessories have been gravely signalled by the learned as furthering digestion. Thus, Hufeland lauds the wisdom of

our forefathers in patronizing the 'fool,' whose quips and cranks were wont to keep the table in a roar; for, adds the expositor of the art of prolonging life, 'Laughter is one of the greatest helps to digestion with which I am acquainted; what nourishment one receives amidst mirth and jollity will certainly produce good blood;' and Combe, who makes the quotation, expatiates on the text, as to the effect of agitation of the diaphragm, in laughter, on the trituration of the food, and the diminution of the vivacity and extent of the respiratory movement which always attends despondency and grief, as one source of enfeebled digestion.

Dr. Caldwell, in his *Thoughts on Physical Education*, says that dyspepsia commences as often in the brain as in the stomach, probably oftener. According to this gentleman, among the husbandmen of England who steadily pursue 'their tranquil mode of life, regardless of the fluctuations of stock, the fate of political measures, the bickerings of party, dyspepsia is almost a stranger. Merchants, manufacturers, and mechanics, who are engaged in a regular and well-established business, have good digestions and bear the marks of it.' On the other hand, 'dyspepsia is the torment of literary men, officers of state, dealers in scrip, daring adventurers, anxious and ambitious projectors of improvements; they exhibit deep traces of it in their haggard countenances.' Dr. Combe appends to this, 'that there is no situation in which digestion goes on so favourably as during the cheerful play of sentiment in the after-dinner small-talk of a well-assorted circle.'

Dr. Caldwell's able division of the human species into fat and lean may, perhaps, be cavilled at by many officers of state, and dealers of scrip, and daring adventurers, as too exclusive, since just claims may be made by several such to the laudable obesity with which the doctor endows the merchant, the mechanic, and the husbandman. We rejoice, however, at this well marked division of the 'genus homo,' and no less at the exposition of the scientific uses of laughter and 'small talk,' as furnished by Hufeland and Combe. The value of the intellectual play of ancient and modern symposiasts will now have received the sanction of science by a process of subtle inquiry, which Horatio stamped as too curious, when Hamlet traced the noble dust of Alexander till he found it stopping a beer-barrel.

The sum of all these erudite lucubrations is, that the nervous system has great influence on the process of digestion; so great that Abernethy resolved all of what he termed the 'complicated madness of the human race,' into 'gormandising, and fidgeting about what cannot be helped.' Dr. Beaumont repeatedly observes that digestion was impeded, and the stomach disordered, by the ebullitions of temper which overcame St. Martin.

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The following extracts will give to the reader a vivid picture of what he may make his organs suffer by infringing the golden rule of moderation :—

' *July 14, nine o'clock P.M.*—Temperature of stomach 102°. St. Martin has been in the woods all day, picking whortleberries, and has eaten no food since seven o'clock in the morning till eight at evening. Stomach full of berries and chymifying aliment, frothing and foaming like fermenting beer or cider: appears to have been drinking liquors too freely.'

' *July 28, nine o'clock P.M.*—Stomach empty—not healthy—some erythema and aphthous patches on the mucous surface. St. Martin has been drinking ardent spirits pretty freely for eight or ten days past—complains of no pain, nor shows symptoms of any general indisposition—says he feels well, and has a good appetite.'

' *Aug. 2, eight o'clock A.M.*—Extracted one ounce of gastric fluids, consisting of unusual proportions of vitiated mucus, saliva, and some bile, tinged slightly with blood, appearing to exude from the surface of the erythema and aphthous patches, which were tenderer and more irritable than usual. St. Martin complains of no sense of pain, symptoms of indisposition, or even of impaired appetite. Temperature of stomach 101°.'

' *Aug. 3, seven o'clock A.M.*—Inner membrane of stomach unusually morbid; the erythematous appearance more extensive, and spots more livid than usual; from the surface of some of which exuded small drops of grumous blood; the aphthous patches larger and more numerous; the mucous covering thicker than common, and the gastric secretions much more vitiated. The gastric fluids extracted this morning were mixed with a large proportion of thick ropy mucus, and considerable muco-purulent matter, slightly tinged with blood. Notwithstanding this diseased appearance of the stomach, no very essential aberration of its functions was manifested. St. Martin complains of no symptoms indicating any general derangement of the system, except an uneasy sensation, and a tenderness at the pit of the stomach, and some vertigo, with dimness and yellowness of vision in stooping down and rising again; has a thin, yellowish-brown coat on his tongue, and his countenance is rather sallow; pulse uniform and regular; appetite good; rests quietly, and sleeps as well as usual.'\*

Now, let those who tax their stomachs at the commands of an insatiable appetite, ponder well on these facts of Beaumont, from which it is evident that our sensations are but poor criteria of the presence of disease in this the most important organ of the animal economy. The surface of this viscus may be inflamed, nay, even ulcerated, without influencing perceptibly our feelings as to general health; nevertheless the secretions become altered, not only in the stomach, but in other organs. If this be sudden

\* 'Experiments on the Gastric Juice, &c.' By Wm. Beaumont, M.D. Boston, 1834.—pp. 236-238.

and excessive, the usual signs of acute dyspepsia are manifested; but if, as is generally the case, the stomach is constantly over-stimulated in a *slight degree*, a chronic ailment is produced by the sustained effects of moderate excess, and the foundations of impaired general health are inevitably and firmly fixed. From this prolific source spring gout, the tendency to rheumatism, gravel and dyspeptic phthisis, not to mention that distressing host of ailments and illnesses which arise from over-excited vessels and irritated nerves,—hypochondria and determination of blood to the head. Overcharged as the picture may seem, it is, nevertheless, under the mark, as those who suffer from dyspepsia well know, or as those who wish to trace out the ramifications of malady may learn, by a perusal of the works especially devoted to this subject by Dr. James Johnson,\* Dr. Paris, Mr. Abernethy, and others.

We have hitherto commented on some of the mere conditions of the function of digestion. We must not pass over the very profound work of Dr. Prout, which develops the doctrines of modern alimentary philosophy. Mankind may go on eating for ever; but unless the third book of this distinguished author's *Bridgewater Treatise* be read, they will remain as ignorant of what they are daily doing, as M. Jourdain in the '*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.' The mode, no doubt, in which the doctor has made use of his researches in illustration of the argument is often painfully startling; and indeed we have some misgivings, whether, as a whole, the *Bridgewater Treatises* have not lowered the high and sacred theme handled with such consummate ability by Paley.

However, under the head of '*Alimentary Substances*,' Dr. Prout expatiates on what he terms, '*The system of universal voracity*' (p. 472); the existence of which as a phenomenon he makes use of as indicative of design. To render this intelligible, we must premise that the infinite diversity visible in the composition of organic bodies, whether vegetable or animal, is not owing to an infinite variety of different substances, but to the modifications of a few primary substances. Thus the chemist finds that the vegetable kingdom in general is composed especially of only three elements, namely, hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon; while animal bodies involve a fourth, azote. There are, however, many vegetable substances containing azote, while certain animal substances are devoid of it.

In addition to these '*essential principles*,' there are others

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\* Dr. Holland has mentioned with praise the works of these gentlemen among others. Dr. James Johnson's have been long before the public; and have had very considerable favour, as repeated editions testify. He is a quaint humorist, but has nevertheless set down a great number of valuable facts and hints.

entering into the composition of organised bodies in very minute quantities, and these are termed by Dr. Prout 'incidental.' They are, sulphur, phosphorus, chlorine, fluorine, iron, potassium, sodium, calcium, magnesium, and probably a few more. These, according to this author, play a most important part in modifying structure; for it is they which are the chief instruments, producing those remarkable differences observed in bodies having the same essential composition; a theory which is illustrated by many striking facts and very original views.

The combination of these ultimate elements with one another, according to certain laws, produces what the chemist terms the immediate or proximate elements of living bodies, such as sugar, oil, albumen, &c., which themselves are readily modified, and assume the different aspects of organic life. As an instance of what an extreme change is made by a simple alteration of the proportions of the same ingredients, we may notice, that the antagonism between sweet and sour, as observed in sugar and vinegar, is owing only to a little more or a little less of carbon and water. Thus, if in one hundred parts about forty-two be carbon, and the rest be water, we shall have sugar; but if forty-seven parts be carbon, and the rest water, we shall have vinegar.

The essence of Dr. Prout's 'system of universal voracity' therefore is this: the lower organisms convert those elements denominated by him 'essential,' into certain substances which, however various in appearance and in accidental qualities, are reducible to a few 'proximate principles.' The organisms higher than these, by preying on those below them in the scale of life, find a material already assimilated to that of their own structure, and are therefore saved the trouble of forming these proximate principles out of the elemental. There results, therefore, a great saving in the machinery of digestion. The more perfect animals, being exonerated from the toil of initial assimilation of the material composing their frames, do not require that complicated apparatus which those below them needed—the elements on which they feed being already in the order which is best adapted to fill up the waste of their bodies. 'We could form,' says Dr. Prout, 'some conception of the complication that would be required, if such an animal as man were destined, like a plant, to feed on carbonic acid gas.' In this view, or, as it is called, 'this beautiful arrangement in the mode of nutrition,' the lower animals must be looked on as a *cuisine obligée* for the wants of the higher—which, Dr. Prout adds, 'almost invariably prey on those that are inferior to themselves in magnitude, in organization, or intelligence.'—(p. 470.) But 'almost invariably' is scarcely a sufficient qualification of his bold theory of the final cause of the  
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‘system of universal voracity.’ Other generalisers, with scarcely less boldness, have asserted that the final object of this very system is the development of intellect! since it is only by the exhibition of the most curious stratagems that most animals can obtain their prey. We confess that we have some misgivings about the security of the higher organisms from the rapacity of the lower, and doubt much whether the lion does not consider man as his natural food. At all events, the question may admit of litigation as to the negro, who in Southern Africa leaves the field and the forest to his lordly opponent, while he betakes himself to his hut, perched on the tall bole of some tree, whence he can view the glaring eyes moving like meteors in the darkness, and hear the interrupted thunder of that voice break up the silence of the wilderness. The sagacious elephant seems to have a very serious dread of the stupid tiger; and we believe the crocodile—one of the lower organisms—appears to pay very little deference to the higher orders which come to slake their thirst in the stream on whose oozy banks he lies concealed. In short, this system of universal voracity is a very obscure one in the economy of nature; and though its final cause is probably inscrutable, we thankfully acknowledge that no one has exemplified some of its uses more genially than the gifted author of the eighth Bridgewater Treatise.

However varied the sensible qualities of food may be, there are, according to Dr. Prout, but three ‘great staminal principles from which all organised bodies are essentially constituted:’ viz., the saccharine, the oleaginous, and the albuminous. The first is the especial characteristic of plants; the second exists both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms; the albuminous exists in the flesh and blood of animals, and, in a modified form, in all other textures. These three staminal principles are capable of passing into, and combining with, each other. Further, they are transmutable into new principles under certain laws: thus the saccharine principle is readily convertible, as we have seen, into acid termed oxalic; or, under certain circumstances, into a modification of the oleaginous principle—alcohol. The consequence of the higher animal feeding on the lower is therefore that their food must consist of one or more of the above staminal principles. ‘A diet, to be complete, must contain more or less of all the three.—(p. 477.)’

Dr. Prout was led to take this comprehensive view of the essence of aliment by reflecting that the only substance actually prepared by Nature herself for food, and for nothing else, is *milk*. In this, then, he thought we must expect to find a model

of what a true alimentary substance should be—a sort of prototype or pattern of nutritive material; and accordingly the analysis of every known kind of milk discovers it to be a compound of the three staminal principles enumerated, in admixture of various proportions. Hence, then, we fairly come to this conclusion, that eat what we may, we but consume the ‘saccharine, the oleaginous, and the albuminous principles;’ and that the art of cookery, however it may impose on the palate in disguising or in varying them, does not long delude the archæus presiding over the digestive functions.

The contrast presented between the poetical and the philosophical description of a banquet is a psychological curiosity:—

‘In ample space, under the broadest shade,  
A table richly spread in regal mode,  
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort  
And savour: beasts of chace, or fowl of game,  
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,  
Gris-amber-steamed: all fish from sea or shore,  
Freshet or purling brook, or shell, or fin,  
And exquisitest name, for which was drained  
Pontus and Lucrine Bay, and Afric coast.  
And at a stately sideboard, by the wine  
That fragrant sinell diffused, in order stood  
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue  
Than Ganymede or Hylas: distant more  
Under the trees now tripped, now solemn stood,  
Nymphs of Diana’s train, and Naiades,  
With fruits and flowers from Amalthæa’s horn;  
And all the while harmonious airs were heard  
Of chiming strings or charming pipes; and winds  
Of gentlest gale. Arabian odours fanned  
From their soft wings, and Flora’s earliest smells.’\*

• Alas! this exquisite variety of sensuous impression—this quintessence of the material eliminated by poetical alchemy—is, by a process scarcely less subtle, crystallised into three staminal principles! Hear Dr. Prout—

‘With regard to the nature and the choice of aliments, and the modes of their culinary preparation, it follows from the observations we have offered, that, under similar circumstances, those articles of food which are the least organized must be the most difficult to be assimilated, consequently that the assimilation of crystallised, or very pure substances, must be more difficult than the assimilation of any others. Thus, pure sugar, pure alcohol, and pure oil, are much less easy to be assimilated than substances purely amylaceous; or than that peculiar condition or

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\* *Paradise Regained*, b. ii.

mixture of alcohol existing in natural wines, or than butter. In these forms, the assimilation of the saccharine and the oleaginous principles is comparatively easy. Of all crystallised matters, pure sugar is perhaps the most easily assimilated; but every one is taught by experience, that much less can be eaten of articles composed of sugar than of those composed of amylaceous matters. In some forms of dyspepsia, the effect of pure sugar is most pernicious—perhaps fully as pernicious as that of pure alcohol.

‘Nature has not furnished either pure sugar or pure starch; and these substances are always the results of artificial processes more or less elaborate, in which, as in many of the processes of cookery, man has been over-officious, and has studied the gratification of his palate rather than followed the dictates of his reason. In many dyspeptic individuals, the assimilating and preservative powers of the system are already so much weakened as to be unable to resist the crystallisation of a portion of their fluids. Thus in gouty invalids, how often do we see chalk-stones formed in every joint? Now, with so little control over their own fluids, how can they reasonably hope to assimilate extraneous crystallisations? If, therefore, such an invalid, on sitting down to a luxurious modern banquet, composed of sugar, and oil, and albumen, in every state and combination, except those best adapted for food, would pause a moment, and ask himself the question, “Is this debilitated and troublesome stomach of mine endowed with the alchemy requisite for the conversion of all these things into wholesome flesh and blood?” he would probably adopt a simpler repast, and would thus save himself from much uneasiness. The truth is, that many of the elaborate dishes of our ingenious continental neighbours are scarcely nutritious, or designed to be so. They are mere vehicles for different stimuli—different ways, in short, of gratifying that low animal propensity by which so many are urged to the use of ardent spirits, or of various narcotics. In one respect, indeed—namely, that of reducing to a state of pulp those refractory substances which we have before mentioned—the culinary processes of our neighbours are much superior to ours; but in nearly every other respect, and most of all in the general use of pure sugar and pure oil, their cookery is eminently injurious to all persons who have weak digestion. On the other hand, in this country, we do not in general pay sufficient attention to the reducing processes of the culinary art. Everything is firm and crude; and though the mode of preparation be less captivating, the quantity of indigestible aliment is quite as great in our culinary productions as in those of France.

‘Providence has gifted man with reason; to his reason, therefore, is left the choice of food and drink, and not to instinct, as among the lower animals. It thus becomes his duty to apply his reason to that object; to shun excess in quantity, and what is noxious in quality; to adhere, in short, to the simple and the natural, among which the bounty of his Maker has afforded him an ample selection, and beyond which, if he deviates, sooner or later he will suffer the penalty.’—*Prout*, pp. 507-510.



Nevertheless, it would be a sad blunder to suppose that variety is unwholesome; and that any, or all, of the staminal principles, in their concentrated form, ought to be the daily food of man. So far from this, it is proved, beyond a doubt, that nothing can be more pernicious than highly nutritious matters compressed in a small bulk. Majendie fed dogs on broths, sugar, or gum; they at first throve, but soon perished. Dr. Paris observes, that the Kamtschadales, in order to make their fish-oil digestible, mix it into a paste with sawdust. Dr. Stark's experiments on himself, coarse as they are, prove—if they prove anything—how soon a diet of an unmixed kind, or of a highly nutritious nature, will put an end to 'a person six feet high, twenty-eight years old,' previously in perfect health; for, in the short space of seven months, he appears to have brought on a scorbutic state of blood, and ulceration of the bowels.

The stomach requires, therefore, the stimulus of variety, though not a variety of stimulants—a certain dilution, if we may so express ourselves, of concentrated nourishment, and great care in what Dr. Holland has termed the manner of taking food, viz., in duly masticating it. Beaumont saw the stomach close on the bole of food as each mouthful descended, and about fifty to eighty seconds elapsed before it relaxed its hold to admit a second portion. At least this time, then, should be given to the due breaking up of the food to fit it for infiltration by the gastric juice. Beaumont seems to despise, however, Dr. Paris's dictum, 'that insalivation is as essential as mastication,' fortifying his dissent by facts, of which he, of course, must have had ample experience:—

'I have known,' he says, 'many persons spit freely and constantly, whose appetites and digestions were perfect. They who smoke tobacco are constantly discharging large quantities of saliva, and yet I am not aware that dyspepsia is more common with them than with others.'

We now present Dr. Beaumont's elaborate table of digestibility; premising, however, that wholesomeness of any article of food has a double reference, first to the thing itself, and secondly to the person; and that the latter is influenced by a hundred causes—by weather, by passion, by intemperance, by exhaustion,—&c. &c. &c. &c.

Table showing the Mean Time of Digestion of the different articles of Diet.

Articles of Diet.	Mode of Preparation.	Time required for Digestion.		Articles of Diet.	Mode of Preparation.	Time required for Digestion.	
		H.	M.			H.	M.
Rice . . . . .	Boiled	1		Pork, recently salted	Stewed	3	
Sago . . . . .	Do.	1	45	Mutton, fresh . . .	Roasted	3	15
Tapioca . . . . .	Do.	2		Do. do. . . . .	Broiled	3	
Barley . . . . .	Do.	2		Do. do. . . . .	Boiled	3	
Milk . . . . .	Do.	2		Veal, fresh . . . . .	Broiled	4	
Ditto . . . . .	Raw	2	15	Do. do. . . . .	Fried	4	30
Gelatine . . . . .	Boiled	2	30	Fowls, domestic . . .	Boiled	4	
Pig's feet, soured . .	Do.	1		Do. do. . . . .	Roasted	4	
Tripe, soured . . . .	Do.	1		Ducks, do. . . . .	Do.	4	
Brains . . . . .	Do.	1	45	Do. wild . . . . .	Do.	4	30
Venison steak . . . .	Broiled	1	35	Suet, beef, fresh . .	Boiled	5	3
Spinal marrow . . . .	Boiled	2	40	Do. mutton . . . . .	Do.	4	30
Turkey, domestic . . .	Roasted	2	30	Butter . . . . .	Melted	3	30
Do. do. . . . .	Boiled	2	25	Cheese, old, strong .	Raw	3	30
Turkey, wild . . . . .	Roasted	2	18	Soup, beef, vegeta-			
Goose . . . . .	Do.	2	30	bles, and bread . .	Boiled	4	
Pig, sucking . . . . .	Do.	2	30	Soup, marrow bones	Do.	4	15
Liver, beef's, fresh . .	Broiled	2		Do. beans . . . . .	Do.	3	
Lamb, fresh . . . . .	Broiled	2	30	Do. barley . . . . .	Boiled	1	30
Chicken, full grown . .	Fricassee	2	45	Do. mutton . . . . .	Do.	3	30
Eggs, fresh . . . . .	Hard boiled	3	30	Green corn and beans	Do.	3	45
Do. do. . . . .	Soft do.	3		Chicken soup . . . .	Do.	3	
Do. do. . . . .	Fried	3	30	Oyster soup . . . . .	Do.	3	30
Do. do. . . . .	Roasted	2	15	Hash, meat and vege-			
Do. do. . . . .	Raw			tables . . . . .	Warmed	2	30
Do. whipped . . . . .	Do.	1	30	Sausage, fresh . . . .	Broiled	3	20
Custard . . . . .	Baked	2	45	Heart, animal . . . .	Fried	4	
Codfish, cured, dry . .	Boiled	2		Tendon . . . . .	Boiled	5	30
Trout, Salmon, fresh .	Do.	1	30	Cartilage . . . . .	Do.	4	15
Do. do. . . . .	Fried	1	30	Aponeurosis . . . . .	Do.	3	
Bass, striped, fresh . .	Broiled	3		Beans, pod . . . . .	Do.	2	30
Flounder do. . . . .	Fried	3	30	Bread, wheaten, fresh	Baked	3	30
Catfish, * do. . . . .	Do.	3	30	Do. corn . . . . .	Do.	3	15
Salmon, salted . . . .	Boiled	4		Cake do. . . . .	Do.	3	
Oysters, fresh . . . . .	Raw	2	55	Do. sponge . . . . .	Do.	2	30
Do. do. . . . .	Roasted	3	15	Dumpling, apple . .	Boiled	3	
Do. do. . . . .	Stewed	3	30	Apples, sour and hard	Raw	2	50
Beef, fresh, lean, rare	Roasted	3		Do. do. mellow . . .	Do.	2	
Do. do. dry . . . . .	Do.	3	30	Do. sweet do. . . . .	Do.	1	30
Do. steak . . . . .	Broiled	3		Parsnips . . . . .	Boiled	2	30
Do. with salt only . .	Boiled	2	45	Carrot, orange . . . .	Do.	3	15
Do. with mustard, &c. .	Do.	3	30	Beet . . . . .	Do.	3	45
Do. fresh, lean . . . .	Fried	4		Turnips, flat . . . . .	Do.	3	30
Do. old, hard, salted .	Boiled	4	15	Potatoes, Irish . . . .	Do.	3	30
Pork-steak . . . . .	Broiled	3	15	Do. do. . . . .	Roasted	2	30
Pork, fat and lean . .	Roasted	5	15	Do. do. . . . .	Baked	2	30
Do. recently salted . .	Boiled	4	30	Cabbage, head . . . .	Raw	2	30
Do. do. . . . .	Fried	4	15	Do. with vinegar . .	Do.	2	
Do. do. . . . .	Broiled	3	15	Do. do. . . . .	Boiled	4	30
Do. do. . . . .	Raw	3					

The American physician draws from these details fifty-one 'inferences,' some of which we have anticipated, and others are not exactly suited to this place. Among the most important are these:—

'That stimulating *condiments* are injurious to the healthy stomach.

'That the use of *ardent spirits always* produces disease of the stomach, if persevered in.

'That the *quantity* of food generally taken is more than the wants of the system require; and that such excess, if persevered in, generally produces not only functional aberration, but disease of the coats of the stomach.

'That *bulk* as well as *nutriment* is necessary to the articles of diet.

'That the *digestibility* of aliment does not depend upon the *quantity* of nutrient principles that it contains.

'That *gentle exercise* facilitates the digestion of food.

'That the time required for that purpose is various, depending upon the quantity and quality of the food, state of the stomach, &c.; but that the time ordinarily required for the disposal of a moderate meal of the fibrous parts of meat, with bread, &c., is from three to three and a half hours.'—*Observations, &c.*, p. 173.

The reader will now appreciate the third rule of Dr. Holland, thus clearly and elegantly illustrated:—

'There should be no sudden or urgent exertion soon after a full meal, nor immediately before it; for the same general reason applies to both cases. The stomach requires (as does every organ) for its appropriate function a sufficient supply of nervous power whencesoever derived, and a proportionate increase of blood in its circulation, to minister to the actions of which digestion is the result. It may be a physiological fact that these two conditions are identical, or that one involves the other. But whether so or not, it is equally certain that both the nervous power, and the blood needful to digestion, are diminished and disturbed by strong exercise immediately before or after a meal; and this, independently of the effects of mechanical agitation in the latter case, which is no doubt often concerned in disturbing the process. The proofs of these facts are furnished by constant experience, and are familiar to us amongst other animals; yet is attention not sufficiently given to them either in the habitual directions of physicians, or in the rules which men apply themselves to the management of their diet. Hard exercise and fatigue are often understood as a sanction for immediate and ample food, without regard to the expenditure of power that has taken place, or to the direction which the circulation has got towards the muscles and capillaries of the skin. Those who are exposed to the necessity of long and fatiguing journeys speedily learn the error of this. But experience of such kind is generally needed to teach it; nor is this always sufficient against the force of early impressions and the faulty habits of society.'—*Notes, &c.*, pp. 349-351.

We wish we could enter more largely into the value and use of exercise for the feeble of all ages, or could trace out the great benefits

benefits which a judicious training of the muscular system has, not only on general health, but on the brain and nervous system. It is not to the games and gambols of childhood, but to gymnastics as a regimen that we allude; the object of which is to bring out the defective portions to a level with the symmetry of other parts. A narrow chest is soon expanded, and, with the increased play for the lungs thus acquired, a more efficient vitalisation of the blood is produced, which speedily tells both on the bulk and the energy of the higher organs. This kind of exercise requires, however, judgment both as to the when and the how far it should be used, and cannot be confided to the ordinary professors of fencing and gymnastics. To one, however, M. Hanon, of Jermyn Street, we make an exception. The series of safe and judicious exercises introduced by that gentleman have, we know, been of great utility to weakly children, and even to sedentary dyspeptics of all ages.

Our limits do not permit our discussing the regimen fittest for the various stages of life; we must specially refer the reader, however, to Dr. Holland's chapter 'On the Medical Treatment of Old Age.' We are compelled also to avoid all but the slightest comment on the regulation of Dr. Caldwell's two divisions of man—the fat and the lean. The *juste milieu*, it is confessed, being the most difficult of all points to hit—we fear, nay, we know, that few troubled with obesity will do anything to disencumber themselves of the load, although we would greatly relax for their sakes Abernethy's stoical cure of 'living on sixpence a-day and earning it.' Of the three essentials, moderation in eating, moderation in sleeping, and vigorous exercise, rarely more than two are ever complied with. In vain are sundry 'stout gentlemen' seen steaming round the parks on a summer's morning, qualifying themselves by thus casting off the fumes of the *hesterna cœna* for a repetition of the excess to-day. All that can possibly be gained by this deceptive toil is a few years respite from the ills that *flesh* is heir to—the apoplexies, wheezing, asthma, dropsies, and ulcerated leg; while that darling aspiration of middle-aged, middle-sized Conservatives, who have turned twelve stone, of limiting the figure within the seemly lines of the majestic, must be *ex cathedrâ* pronounced chimerical.

Men who have a constitutional tendency to obesity, and are tied to a sedentary profession, should exercise stern watch over appetite and sleep. They should learn by observation and meditation what substances create bulk; and should shun all which are highly oleaginous, or saccharine, or farinaceous, but especially such as unite these three conditions. It is not easy to fatten the  
carnivora

carnivora even in captivity, nor even herbivorous animals, unless they are nourished by oil-cake, or other mixture of farina and oil. Excess, therefore, in all farinaceous substances—bread, potato, pastry of all kinds, and puddings, which unite the oily egg with sugar and farina, are to be most sedulously shunned. Beer, too, which, as to its incassating powers, must be looked on as a liquid farina, should be banished. All rich thick soups and *purées*, and many other compounds, are to be excluded by those who are penetrated with the importance of the anti-obesic principles laid down. With all these omissions, enough and more will be left in the animal and vegetable kingdom, to satisfy even a luxurious palate. While we throw out these hints, we at the same time warn those who will listen to them not to tamper with such an instrument of health and disease as is diet, without the sanction of some better opinion than their own. It will be sufficient to state, that as obesity clings to two opposite kinds of constitution, the weak and sluggish, and the robust and plethoric, so two opposite modes of treatment are required, and of either of these the patient himself is no judge. We believe that many states of ill health are induced by the selection of, and a forced adherence to, certain kinds of diet. Every habit of the body has attached to it peculiar maladies; and it is a question the uninitiated cannot resolve, whether the tendencies they would counteract on their own theories by their new regimen are indeed worse than those they may superinduce.

Fashion has interfered in many cases with the doctrines as to the preservation of health, and Dr. Holland has done wisely in selecting some of these for animadversion:—

‘Of late years, for example, this fashion has directed itself against vegetable food—an erroneous prejudice in many, perhaps in the majority of cases. Allowing, what is partly proved, that vegetable matters are carried indigested to a lower part of the alimentary canal than animal food, and admitting that more flatulence is usually produced from them, it still is the fact that a feeble digestion suffers no less, though it may be in different ways, from an exclusively animal diet. Morbid products are alike evolved; and some of these affecting not only the alimentary canal, but disturbing other organs and functions through changes produced in the blood.

‘I know the case of a gentleman, having the calculous diathesis strongly marked, in whom animal food, taken for three or four days, even in moderate quantity, invariably brings on discharge of lithic acid, as sand or gravel; suspended upon return to vegetable diet. This is a particular instance; but experience in gouty cases furnishes frequent and striking notices of the same general fact; thus indicating a large class of disorders, having much kindred with dyspepsia, in which excess in animal food rapidly becomes a source of mischief not merely by overloading

overloading the alimentary canal, but by introducing morbid matters into the system at large. A persevering abstinence from any such excess may be reckoned among the most effectual preventives of gout in all its forms.

‘The rule of health being obviously that of blending the two kinds of food, I believe the exception more frequently required to be that of limiting the animal part in proportion to the other. The fashion of the day sets it down otherwise; and this is one of the subjects where loose or partial opinions easily get the force of precepts with the world at large.’—p. 353.

It is especially with regard to gout that these observations are of weight; and we may once more say, that the author’s separate Chapter on ‘Gout and the Use of Colchicum,’ is of very high value. Indeed we do not know any treatise in which so enlarged a view of this important subject has been taken. The reader will gather from its perusal what every practical physician well knows, that gout is not a local, but a general or constitutional malady; that the external swelling and redness are but the outworks of a disease pervading the blood, and often giving, during a life-time, a peculiar character to the habits, feelings, and ailments of those whom it affects: thus many forms of dyspepsia are simply gout; many disorders of the chest also are derivatives of gouty irritation; and not a few asthmas and diseases of the heart, bleedings from the lungs, &c. &c., are better treated by attention to the general than to the local state.

Dr. Holland has some excellent observations as to the use and abuse of wine (pp. 358, &c.). He concurs in the maxim of Celsus, so far as *wine* is concerned, that intemperance in eating is generally more noxious than excess in drinking.\* He seems to lean to the opinion that the immediate symptoms of excess in wine are excitement of the brain, or a tendency to somnolence and stupor, according as in particular frames the action of the *renes* is or is not quickened by the indulgence. He appears to treat as of no significance the results of all attempts to classify different wines in a sanatory point of view, and hints at the self-delusion of *bon vivants* who think that by abstaining from a glass or two of champagne they purchase a right to an extra bottle of sherry or claret. We advise all wine-bibbers on whatever scale to meditate his various statements and reflections, and last, not least, this parting prescription:—

‘It is the part of every wise man, once at least in life, to make trial of the effects of leaving off wine altogether, and this even without the suggestion of actual malady. The point is one of interest enough in the economy of health to call for such an experiment; and

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\* Sapè, si quæ Intemperantia subest, tutior est in potione quam in esca.’

the results can seldom be so wholly negative as to render it a fruitless one. To obtain them fairly, however, the abandonment must be complete for a time; a measure of no risk, even where the change is greatest; and illustrating, moreover, other points of temperament and particular function, which it is important to every man to know, for the right guidance of his habits of life.'

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ART. II.—*Introduction to the Literature of Europe, &c.* By Henry Hallam, Esq. Vols. ii. iii. iv. London, 1839.

MR. Hallam has completed his work with the same industry, the same solid and masculine good sense, which distinguished his first volume. There is an obvious objection to the successful execution of such an undertaking as a general and comprehensive view of literature, during two or three of its most fertile centuries, by a single writer; that it would have been better to have left each department of science and letters to some individual who has made it his especial study. This, however, is met, we conceive, and counterbalanced, by some important advantages. Unless we are prepared to encounter the utmost length and minuteness, to which the ardent and exclusive votary might be disposed to follow out his own science or branch of literature, there must at last have been some supreme and dictatorial power to compress the whole into a limited space—to retrench, to re-cast, to re-model, to decide summarily on the jealousies and conflicting claims of each contributor, as to the importance of his favourite subject; to proscribe the invasion of a neighbouring province; and above all, to trace the mutual relation which the various branches of intellectual study bear to each other. On this plan we might have had several useful works, with some sort of mutual connexion; but we should have had no whole, no general and harmonious summary of the proceedings of the human intellect during a definite period. The example of the Bridgewater Treatises is not without significance. Though we might be disinclined to submit the volumes of Whewell or Buckland to the supremacy of some one perhaps far less profoundly versed in astronomy or geology; though the more minute and subtle investigations of Roget might lose much, both of interest and usefulness, by compression or retrenchment; yet who, on surveying the long array of volumes on this high and solemn, yet after all simple, argument, does not wish that some strong and masterly hand had been employed to mould them into one great 'Natural Theology,' with a separate chapter, by Mr. Babbage's liberal permission, for the ninth? So in the literary history

history of these centuries, if we should gain in fulness and in authority by this division of literary labour, there is much, on the other hand, in its unity and coherence—in its being woven, as it were, in one woof, or cast in one mould, by the finest and most complicated piece of mechanism which nature, or rather the God of Nature, has wrought in his omnific bounty,—a commanding and comprehensive understanding.

Mr. Hallam, like Kehama, treads with firm step and secure footing at once his various paths of literature; and it is one of the most remarkable characteristics of this work, that the most elaborate, and, as we are of opinion, most successful passages, treat about writers on such various subjects, and of such different character. We would instance the view of the philosophy of Descartes, of Spinoza, and of Hobbes, and in general the progress of metaphysical inquiry; as contrasted with the unaffected originality and acuteness of some of the observations on what might be considered the exhausted merits of Shakspeare and Cervantes.

While we survey, in Mr. Hallam's pages, the literary history of a period, so long, so prolific, and so various, we cannot but yield to the temptation of inquiring whether we can trace any primary and simple laws of the intellectual development of man; whether there are any conditions of our religious, political, or social being peculiarly favourable, or strikingly adverse, to letters in general, or to any particular branch of letters; under what circumstances the imagination pours forth her richest treasures, or severe reason unfolds the mysteries of the external world, and of the human mind; where poetry is best quickened into life, or oratory endowed with the power of agitating the soul; where history registers, in undying language, the acts of men and the events of the world; where political science sheds its brightest light on human affairs, or philosophy either stoops to our practical duties, or soars to the first principles of things; or even where religion, or religious literature, exalts and purifies the heart, while it disdains not the alliance of man's highest reason. In a word, is there any uniformity or regularity in the progress of mental improvement?—or do great intellects break out casually, and, if we may so say, accidentally triumph, by the force of genius and intellectual energy, over all impediments and difficulties, and force an unprepared and uncongenial age to their acceptance, and to admiration?

At first sight, on these points, all is perplexity, confusion, and contradiction. Dante is born amid the fierce conflicts and the civil animosities of the free Italian republics; Ariosto and Tasso flourish at the courts of petty princes, or under the magnificent despotism of the Papacy during that glorious age of art and letters. The Reformation appears either to exhaust or to blast the intellect  
of



of Germany to barrenness, or at least to extinguish her vernacular literature—(from Luther's Bible to Lessing and Herder there is little more than a dull blank),—while it seems to summon into life our Elizabethan poets and philosophers—our Spensers, Shakspeares, Hookers, Bacons. The revival of Roman Catholicism is almost contemporaneous, and no doubt part of the inspiration of the splendid, though brief period of Spanish literature, the age of Lope, Cervantes, and Calderon: it produced its vivifying effects on Italy; but southern Germany remained lifeless and unawakened. Free institutions have in general fostered the noblest products of the mind: but for her more perfect prose and her best poetry, France must yet look back to the gorgeous days of the court of Louis XIV., to Bossuet, Pascal, Corneille, and Racine. While the literature of some countries springs up at once to full height and stature—a Minerva from the head of Jove—in others it is slowly and progressively matured; while in some lands it seems to exhaust all its creative energies in one brilliant summer, in others it has a succession of productive seasons, and its prolific power seems to increase with the richness of its produce. One language seems destined to succeed in one branch of intellectual study: its poetical style, for instance, is perfect—while it never, or rarely, attains to eloquent or harmonious prose: in another, the higher poetry seems to want congenial words to express its thoughts. Here letters, arts, and philosophy seem to prosper from the concentration, as it were, of the nation in one large capital; there by its diffusion among a number of smaller and rival cities.

All this is unquestionable; and it may be safely assumed, that no age, no combination of political or social circumstances, no particular state of the human mind, will, of itself, call forth a great poet or a great philosopher. True genius springs up we know not from what quarter, what station, what parentage; it is heaven's lightning, which shines from the east to the west, yet no one knoweth whence it cometh or whither it goeth. In Tasso it may be considered (but how rare is this,) in some degree an hereditary appanage. Torquato may be considered as cradled in poetry, by the example of his father Bernardo, who, however, did not much encourage the child that was so completely to eclipse his own name. It suddenly breaks out in one of a parcel of deer-stealing youths, of undistinguished name and parentage, in a rural county in England: it seizes on Burns at his plough. Philosophy emerges from the cell of a monk—descends from the woolsack of Great Britain—visits with its subtlest, if not its soundest, spirit of inquiry, the humble dwelling of a Jew of Amsterdam—or works itself into fame and usefulness, from the cottage of a poor artisan.

artisan. Yet it is remarkable how admirably timed almost every great writer appears to be; the man is born who is wanted for his age; in general, exactly the circumstances congenial to his peculiar genius conspire to develop his powers. Had Shakspeare been born before the stage had taken its form under Elizabeth, what would he have been? If Roger Bacon, or even the Marquis of Worcester, had been reserved for a later period, might they not have contributed most effectively and usefully to the advancement of science—have vied with the Newtons, Cuviers, or Watts?

There can be no doubt that there are many premature births in the mental world; and Gray is not far wrong when he thinks that many mute inglorious Miltons may have been buried in village obscurity. Nature, no doubt, in her boundless and untraceable prodigality, allows much of her noblest creation—the inventive and intelligent mind of man—to run to waste. The whole analogy of created things indicates this. The most powerful intellect, just as it arrives at maturity, sinks into the grave; and the baffled hopes of those who have watched the precocious promise of genius and wisdom are surely not always fond illusions. But it should seem, on the other hand, that, if we may so speak, there is always a vast floating capital of invention and intellect, which only requires to be directed into the proper channels to multiply a hundred fold. Great occasions seem always to call forth great minds; and that great mind which is best adapted to the necessities and to the character of the age springs at once to the first rank. Wherever any important question has arisen, some bold intellect has arisen to grapple with it; and it is this happy coincidence between the character and powers of the commanding mind, and the intellectual or social necessities of the time, which brings to maturity all the noblest and the sempiternal works of human genius. Here and there some solitary individual may be discovered,

‘Whose soul is like a star, and dwells apart,’  
who is far in advance—an unintelligible mystery to his own times, but whose prophetic oracles are read with wonder and reverence by late posterity. But these exceptions prove rather than call in question the general law; and the fact, that they were perfectly obscure to their own generation, and are read not without difficulty, as is almost always the case, by later ages, shows that there has been still something wanting to their full and perfect development.

Nothing, perhaps (excepting of course the invention of printing), has so powerfully contributed to the richness of modern literature as the infinite variety, the constant vicissitudes in the  
political

political and social state of the different nations of Europe. In the literature of each land, as in a mirror, we behold these perpetual changes—the intervals of excitement and repose—of restless activity, and torpid stagnation—of vigorous exertion, and the lassitude of exhaustion—the succession of more imaginative or more severely-reasoning periods. As one nation, or one language, after maintaining the lead for a short time, drops behind in the glorious race, another starts to the front, sometimes springs far a-head of its wondering contemporaries, or, severely pressed by the emulation of others, hardly keeps its ground.

In general, we think it may be assumed, not indeed as an universal law, but as the usual course of things, that it is *after* the first violent impulse produced by the introduction of a new tone of opinion and sentiment; *after* a period of agitation and excitement, from a sudden or gradual change in the political or social state of the country, that the individual arises who, in poetry or prose, in imaginative excellence or in philosophy, becomes the organ and the representative of the new state of things. There is a scattering of the clouds, a stirring of the stagnant waters, a manifest yearning after something undefined; many unsuccessful efforts to satisfy the cravings of the human mind; failures which show the way to success, imperfect outlines and rude designs, the pangs and throes of a great but yet immature birth. At length, the individual appears who comprehends at once his own power and the character of his times, or at least intuitively feels himself in harmony with the demands of the stirring and yet dissatisfied age; and in one great work, or series of works, concentrates the invention, the knowledge, the poetry, sometimes not of one nation alone, but of the republic of letters. He feels his divine mission, and his mission is acknowledged.

At the period at which Mr. Hallam's second volume commences, the latter half of the sixteenth century, the strong and governing impulses of the European intellect were the yet imperfect, or at least far from general, revival of classical learning, the Reformation, and the vigorous reaction of Roman Catholicism in southern Europe. Italy was the acknowledged parent both of the poetry and the general literature of Christendom; Dante, Petrarch, and Ariosto, stood almost alone as the vernacular poets of Europe—the Nibelungen of the Germans, and the Cid of Spain, belonged to a passed age, and our own Chaucer, with all his inimitable humour, invention, and sweetness, was fettered in his influence by the yet rude and imperfect state of the English language). In the revival of letters, Italy had asserted the same priority, if not pre-eminence, with her Ficinus, Politian, and other

other well-known names. But in this latter department, the more polished, and gradually servilising Italy began to shrink from her bold Platonic reveries, and that ardent homage to classical literature, which for a short period was her religion, and, in fact, set itself above her Christianity; she began to stoop to the cultivation of mere style, to limit her timid ambition to purity of diction, and harmony of Latin period. In the mean time, the more masculine and independent transalpine mind followed up the study of the classics with unwearied industry. Even in Latin style, perhaps, after all, Muretus, and the other finished scholars of this period in Italy, never reached the ease and idiomatic, if perhaps less rigidly correct, flow of Erasmus; while, in the more solid attainments of scholarship, they fall far below the Casaubons and Scaligers of northern Europe.

It is remarkable that, while thus in the vain cultivation of a pure Latin style, Italy was retiring from the foremost rank of European scholars, from the loss of her independence, the enforced submission to petty domestic or to mightier foreign tyrannies, the growth of her vernacular prose seemed stifled in its birth. Has it ever, even in later times, equalled the nerve, the preciseness, the perspicuity of Machiavelli? Excellent as are some of her historians in many of the highest qualifications of their calling — although we cannot read Davila, Guicciardini, or even, perhaps the best in style, Sarpi; in later days Giannone, and we are disposed to add Galluzzi, without the highest admiration of their powers — yet more or less the same interminable and intricate prolixity of sentence, the same want of vivid perspicuity, of ease, of natural pause and emphasis, the same elaborately unfinished and inharmonious periods, chill our delight in reading them into a duty and a task. Many of their admirable political and philosophical treatises labour under the same defect. Galileo stands almost alone, not merely in the matter, but in the manner of his composition. We should at once decide that political independence, with its constant practical intercourse of man and man, its collisions of intellect, and its absolute necessity of commanding the popular mind by clear, and intelligible, and striking language, was absolutely indispensable to the formation of a good prose style, if we were not suddenly arrested in our sentence by the thought of the great writers of France under Louis XIV. But, notwithstanding the enormous pedantry of her lawyers, and the utter want of taste in the more formal and elaborate writings of the period, we are inclined to think that the more terse and animated and perspicuous form of French prose was at least commenced in the previous time of political faction and tumult. Many of the pamphlets addressed to the people speak a rude  
perhaps,

perhaps, but popular, and therefore direct and intelligible style. Montaigne, no doubt, with his unwrought, yet lucid language, contributed greatly to this result. And, as we shall hereafter attempt to show, the concentration of France in the capital; the manners of the court, profound in nothing, but aspiring to be brilliant in everything; the pulpit, which to its kingly or aristocratical audience could not speak but in a pure and polished diction, accomplished that which in many other countries has not yet come to maturity, in our own has been formed no doubt by the concurrent influences of parliamentary speaking, the bar, and the periodical press.

But Italy had not completed her triumvirate, if we include Petrarch, her great quaternion of poets. Tasso was yet to fulfil his mission, and take his place in the highest constellation of modern poetic literature. We have just received a very pleasing and judicious essay by Ranke, the historian of the Popes, on the history of Italian poetry ('Zur Geschichte der Italienischen Poesie'), in which we rejoice to find a close coincidence with our own views of the influence which gave its peculiar form and character to the '*Jerusalem Delivered*.' Though Mr. Hallam has not looked upon it quite from the same point of view, his general sentiment is to a great degree in accordance with our own and with that of Ranke.

'The *Jerusalem*,' observes Mr. Hallam, 'is the great epic poem, in the strict sense, of modern times. It was justly observed by Voltaire, that in the choice of his subject Tasso is superior to Homer. Whatever interest tradition might have attached among the Greeks to the wrath of Achilles and the death of Hector, was slight to those genuine recollections which were associated with the first crusade. It was not the theme of a single people, but of Europe; not a fluctuating tradition, but certain history; yet history so far remote from the poet's time, as to adapt itself to his purpose with almost the flexibility of fable. Nor could the subject have been chosen so well in another age or country; it was still the holy war, and the sympathies of his readers were easily excited for religious chivalry; but, in Italy, this was no longer an absorbing sentiment; and the stern tone of bigotry, which perhaps might still have been required from a Castilian poet, would have been dissonant amidst the soft notes that charmed the court of Ferrara.'—vol. ii. pp. 268, 269.

This great poem arose from the union of the dominant classical taste with the lingering love of romance or chivalry, blended, as it were, and harmonised by the strong religious feeling which had arisen out of the reviving Roman Catholicism. Tasso himself is the irrefragable authority for his own design of harmonising in one poem the nobler characteristics of the modern romance and the ancient epic; the richness and variety of the one, with the symmetry

symmetry and unity of the other. Mr. Hallam has not noticed (we think they deserve a place in the history of literature) either the prose works, or the very sweet and graceful minor poems of Tasso. In his prose writings, the author of the *Jerusalem* has himself explained the philosophy of his poem. The tender and sensitive temperament of Tasso, which turned away in unconquerable repugnance from the study of the law, applied itself with the severest study to the principles of poetical criticism. An epic poet at the age of eighteen; his Rinaldo had already something of the union of chivalrous interest and adventure with a simpler fable. But in his discourse on heroic poetry, which M. Ranke assigns to the twenty-first year of his age (A.D. 1564),\* Tasso developed the whole theory of his poetical design. After an eloquent description of the variety and unity of the world, he proceeds, 'So do I conceive that by an excellent poet, who is called *divine* for no reason but because he resembles in his work the Supreme Artificer, a poem might be formed, in which, as in a little world, might be read, here the array of armies; here battles by land and sea, sieges, skirmishes, single combats, joustings; here descriptions of famine and of drought, tempests, conflagrations, prodigies; there might be found the councils of celestial and infernal beings, seditions, wanderings, chances, enchantments; there deeds of cruelty, of daring, of courtesy, of generosity; there love-adventures, happy or unhappy, joyous or melancholy; yet, nevertheless, the poem which comprehends this variety might be one, one in form and spirit; and that all these things should be arranged in such a manner as to have a mutual relation and correspondence, a dependence either of necessity or of verisimilitude upon each other, so that one part either taken away, or changed in its position, would destroy the unity of the whole.' Throughout this discourse and the next, on the art of poetry, the two standing examples, to which Tasso appeals, are the *Orlando* of Ariosto and the *Italia Liberata* of Trissino; and he constantly argues that it is not the irregularity of the former, but its inexhaustible interest, its vivid delineation of character, its unfailing poetry, that forms its lasting and irresistible charm—while the total failure of the other is attributable to the ill-chosen subject, the servile imitation of Homer, the want of life, originality, and truth, not to the more simple and classical construction of the fable.

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\* There appears to us some difficulty as to the date of the '*Discorso*.' M. Ranke observes, that Tasso was the first productive genius who set out from a mature and perfect theory to its accomplishment in a great poem. Yet there are some expressions at the beginning of the '*Discorso*' which appear to intimate that it was written after the poem had been begun. It was published much later, but Tasso asserts that he had made few additions to his original treatise:—'*Laquale io composi in pochi giorni—e molti anni prima che io ripigliassi il poema tralasciato nel terzo o nel quarto canto*' (*Opere di Tasso*, t. xii. p. 8, edit. 1823).

The subject chosen by Tasso for his great poem, combined with singular felicity the truth of history with the richest fiction. It lay in a period in which history itself was romance; in which the wildest adventures of chivalry mingled with the vivid realities of life; its scene was placed in that marvellous East, independent of its sacred associations, so fertile in wonder—in which the imagination of Europe had long wandered—among the courts of gorgeous satraps and sultans—in battle-fields where the turbaned and misbelieving hosts swarmed in myriads—the realms of boundless wealth, of pride, of magic, of seductive beauty, and of valour which made its chieftains worthy antagonists of the noblest chivalry: above all, it was a war of religion, it was Christendom arrayed against Mohammedanism, the cross against the crescent, the worshipper of Christ against, as he was strangely called, the heathen and idolatrous Saracen. It was in this severe and solemn spirit, which the revival of Roman Catholicism had spread almost throughout Italy, that Tasso conceived and accomplished his poem. The age would no longer have endured, the strengthened Church would have sternly proscribed, had it not already been in possession of the popular mind, the free and mocking irony of Pulci—or even that from which it was too late to disenchant the enamoured ear, the gayer, more voluptuous Ariosto. It was, in fact, this earnest religious feeling which was the inspiration of Tasso, and working to excess upon his morbid and distempered spirit, darkened the noonday of his life with the deepest misery. Tasso had been educated in a school of the Jesuits, that order which was now in the first outbreak of its fervent piety and zealous intolerance. He had received the sacrament at nine years old, and though comprehending little of the mystic significance of that holy rite, his heart had been profoundly impressed by the majesty of the scene and of the place, the preparation, the visible emotion of the communicants, who stood around with deep suppressed murmurs, or beating their breasts with their hands. The hatred of unbelief and heresy, mingled up with all this deep religious sentiment, found its free vent in a holy war against the infidels: while the exquisite tenderness of Tasso's own disposition, his amorous sensibilities, which—however we dismiss the tale of his passionate and fatal attachment to the royal Leonora—\* breathe throughout his youthful sonnets and madrigals, constantly relieved the ferocity of barbarous war, and the terrors of diabolic enchantment, by gentle and pathetic touches. The *Sophronia*,

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\* There is a *Saggio sugli Amori di Torquato Tasso, e sulle cause della sua Prigione*, by G. Rosini, in the recent Pisa edition of his works. It revives the theory of the passion for the Princess Eleonora: we have read it, we confess, without conviction, and with serious doubts of the authenticity of certain poems, which have recently appeared as from the pen of Tasso.

the Erminia, the Gildippe, and even Clorinda in her last hours, are the creations of a mind sensitively awake to all that is pure, gentle, and exquisite in woman; even over Armida herself, before he parts with her, the tender spirit of Tasso cannot help throwing some pathetic interest. It is this earnest religious sentiment which appears to harmonise the wild and incongruous materials, assembled by Tasso in his poem. No great poet, perhaps scarcely Virgil himself, has imitated so copiously as Tasso: M. Ranke has indicated the original of Armida in a continuation of the romance of Amadis. The classical reader is perpetually awakened to reminiscences of the whole cycle of the Latin poets; but it is all blended and fused together; it is become completely his own; his sustained style, of which almost the sole variation is from stately dignity to, sometimes perhaps luscious, sweetness—in which the grandeur not seldom soars into pomp, the softness melts into conceit—nevertheless appropriates, as it were, and incorporates all these foreign thoughts, images, and sentiments.

That which was the inspiration of his poem, this high-wrought religious feeling, was fatal to his peace. It is clear that it was no hopeless passion, but a morbid dread of religious error, which is the key to his domestic tragedy. He was haunted with the consciousness that his mind was constantly dallying with unlawful thoughts and proscribed opinions. His terror, as was the natural consequence, deepened his doubts—his doubts aggravated his terror. The Jesuit vigilance, he was aware, was prying into the secrets of all hearts; the Inquisition was tracing the very thoughts, the unuttered, the rejected, yet still present thoughts, to their inmost sanctuary. Self-convicted he offered himself in his agony to their scrutiny; he subjected himself to their inquiries, and their solemn acquittal could alone give rest to his perturbed spirit. ‘First,’ as M. Ranke truly states the distressing case, ‘he appeared voluntarily before the inquisitor at Bologna, who dismissed him with good advice. Soon after he presented himself before the inquisitor at Ferrara; he too gave him absolution. Yet even this did not content him. It appeared to him that the investigation had not been sufficiently searching, and that the absolution was not sufficiently full and authoritative: he wrote letters to the tribunal of the Inquisition at Rome, to the great inquisitor himself, to obtain a more ample absolution.’ All this with the degrading sense of his servile and dependent state at the court of Ferrara, the consciousness of great powers and great poetic achievements, which seemed unrequited or unhonoured; the envy of his enemies, which appeared to justify his mistrust of

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all mankind; his ill-judged, if not ill-intentioned treatment by his royal patrons, who, while they were proud of the fame which he reflected on their court, at one moment seem to have pampered him with misdirected kindness, the next irritated him by contemptuous harshness — all this, embittering and exasperating the religious doubts which he would shake off, but which clung to him—overthrew at length the beautiful harmony of his soul; and seemed to call for that restraint which, if he was not already mad, must inevitably make him so.

Mr. Hallam declines the personal history of Tasso as not belonging to his plan; we shall pursue it no farther than as thus inseparably connected with his great work. His poetic mind never recovered this fearful trial. In his more sober mood, he laid his desperate hands on his own immortal poem, which was happily already too deeply stamped on the hearts of the people; the music of its high-wrought stanzas was already on the lips of the peasant or the gondolier, where it is still heard; the poem had been far too widely disseminated to submit to the chilling process of reformation, to which he dedicated some unprofitable years. It is well for us that Tasso's youthful poetical sin (as he esteemed it) was irretrievable. It is curious to examine the cold and pedantic *Giudizio*, in which he establishes the principles on which he chilled down the bright and youthful *Gerusalemme Liberata* to the lifeless *Gerusalemme Conquistata*. All the romance has withered away; the variety, the grandeur, the tenderness, now find no responsive chord in his heart; the balance is destroyed; it drags down its heavy weight all on one side; the classical regularity and the historic truth of the fable, or the religious orthodoxy of the sentiments, are the exclusive points on which he dwells. He boasts that every one of the characters in the *Iliad* finds a parallel in his poem, and that almost all the incidents are counterparts of his great model. In all that relates to the Deity or the preterhuman world, it is his sole study to prove his rigid orthodoxy; he quotes the authority of St. Jerome, St. Thomas, and that strange work which exercised such unbounded influence on the imagination of the dark ages, and, attributed to St. Dionysius the Areopagite, became the indisputable authority with regard to the monarchy of heaven, the names, nature, and offices of all the hosts of the angels. If it could be read by any one familiar with the exquisite original, the '*Conquistata*' would be the most melancholy book in any language. We must pass away, however, from this inexhaustible subject of interest.

One thing was now indispensable to the originality and independence of European letters. The classical taste which had reasserted

reasserted its dominion had an insuperable tendency to degenerate into servile imitation of classical form, without regard to the primary principles of the noble and the beautiful, out of which those forms had arisen. The ecclesiastical spirit which was now embodied in the Jesuit system of education, while it seemed to enlarge, drew a more stern and impassable circle around the intellect of man. That which was wanting was the creation of a poetic and intellectually vigorous Teutonic literature. It has not been generally observed how completely the Reformation was a Teutonic movement; all the nations of Roman descent, or of which the Latin was the dominant element in the language, settled down under the Papal yoke. But though the renewed activity of the religious orders, especially the Jesuits, uniting with the unprincipled and sanguinary despotism of the government, won back southern Germany, the Austrian and Bavarian dominions, into allegiance to the see of Rome, almost all the rest of the Teutonic race remained faithful to Protestantism under some of its forms; while all the nations whose languages sprung from the Latin, reverted at the end to the supremacy of the Pope. Germany, however, was doomed to a long period of anarchy and desolation, to be succeeded, it should seem, by the lassitude of exhaustion. First, the wars of the peasants, and then the armies of Tilly and Wallenstein on one side, and Gustavus Adolphus on the other, laid waste her suffering provinces; her few brief intervals of repose were almost as unfavourable, from many circumstances, for literary activity, at least for the formation of a native literature, as those of war and confusion. There was no central point, no capital to encourage, no concentration of men of letters, or of those political employments which lead to the development of letters. There was no one dialect completely dominant; and either as cause or consequence, no *German* writers in the proper sense. All her great men, her Leibnitzes, even down to Mosheim, wrote in Latin. Since the bible of Luther, there was no vigorous impulse to her copious, pliant, and, as it has since proved, both imaginative and philosophical vernacular language, till very modern days.

England, on the other hand, appeared under circumstances singularly favourable for this great intellectual movement. From the accession of Elizabeth to the civil wars, England enjoyed a period of unbroken internal peace; but this peace had nothing of the languor of exhaustion or the dreary repose of a tyrannic rule. The spent wave of the Reformation had left a strong and tumultuous swell. The land had burst her bonds, and rejoiced in the fresh and conscious strength of her emancipation. There was a splendid court under a female sovereign, which could not but retain something of a chivalrous and romantic tone. There

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was a nobility, enriched with the spoils of the monasteries, with its adventurous spirit kept sufficiently alive by the still menaced feuds of foreign war and of Spanish invasion; yet with much idle time, some of which, among those of high attainments, could not but betake itself to the cultivation and patronage of letters. There was a Church, which still retained some magnificence, and, though triumphant, was yet in too unsafe and unsettled a state to sink into the torpor of an ancient establishment; it was rather in constant agitation, on one side, from the restless spirit of the Roman Catholics, with all their busy array of missionary priests and jesuits; on the other, against the brooding spirit of ecclesiastical democracy, among the Mar-prelates, the first religious ancestors of the puritans. There were the earliest efforts of our commerce; the wild and adventurous exploits of our Drakes and Frobishers in the Spanish main; the El Dorado fictions of Raleigh. Throughout the whole moral, social, intellectual, and religious being of man, there was a strong excitement, an intense agitation, but nothing of the confusion of disorder, the desolation of internal war, the furious and absorbing collision of hostile factions. It was, if we may use the expression, the motion of a creative spirit on stirring chaos; there was quiet enough to allow that which sprung to life to develop itself to its full maturity; and throughout this whole period, England, as it gradually advanced to that height of internal prosperity described by Clarendon in the first splendid pages of his history, developed with still, more rapid and unchecked growth her intellectual energy and riches. It was natural that where so many poetic elements mingled themselves with human life, the first impulse should throw itself off, as it were, in poetic creation. The classical movement, the admiration of the writers of Greece and Rome, was not unfelt in England, but it was kept in subordination to the native, the Teutonic, according to the language of modern criticism, the *romantic* character of the new poetry. The poets, either in their happy ignorance, or in their disdainful freedom, paid no attention to the forms and rules of antiquity. They acted on their own intuitive perception of the forms which were adapted to their own unshackled inventions. Their own sense of the noble, the moving, the beautiful, was their law: where they borrowed and naturalised, they were the fair shapes and lofty impersonations, the mythologic fables of paganism, which they mingled up with the Christian imagery of the middle ages, so that the Grecian polytheism assumed with them a romantic character, and even the ancient history of Greece and Rome retained something of the legendary tone with which it had been invested during the dark ages.

Spenser, allowing all proper honour to the author of part of the

the *Mirror for Magistrates*, was the first creative spirit of this new Teutonic poetry. Mr. Hallam has dwelt with a profound feeling for his beauty, yet with something of rigid discrimination, of which we deny not the justice, on Spenser; in the first paragraph, which we extract, he has shown how strongly, even in the fanciful Spenser, the religious impressions of the age maintain their predominance.

‘The first book of the *Faery Queen* is a complete poem, and, far from requiring any continuation, is rather injured by the useless re appearance of its hero in the second. It is generally admitted to be the finest of the six. In no other is the allegory so clearly conceived by the poet, or so steadily preserved, yet with a disguise so delicate, that no one is offended by that servile setting forth of a moral meaning we frequently meet with in allegorical poems; and the reader has the gratification that good writing in works of fiction always produces, that of exercising his own ingenuity without perplexing it. That the red cross knight, designates the militant Christian, whom Una, the true church, loves, whom Duessa, the type of popery, seduces, who is reduced almost to despair, but rescued by the intervention of Una, and the assistance of Faith, Hope, and Charity, is what no one feels any difficulty in acknowledging, but what every one may easily read the poem without perceiving or remembering. In an allegory conducted with such propriety, and concealed or revealed with so much art, there can surely be nothing to repel our taste; and those who read the first book of the *Faery Queen* without pleasure, must seek (what others perhaps will be at no loss to discover for them) a different cause for their indifference, than the tediousness or insipidity of allegorical poetry. Every canto of this book teems with the choicest beauties of imagination; he came to it in the freshness of his genius, which shines throughout with an uniformity it does not always afterwards maintain, unsullied by flattery, unobstructed by pedantry, and unquenched by languor.’—vol. ii. p. 323, 324.

‘It has been justly observed by a living writer of the most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence is as the rush of mighty waters, and has left it for others almost as invidious to praise in terms of less rapture, as to censure what he has borne along in the stream of unhesitating eulogy, that “no poet has ever had a more exquisite sense of the beautiful than Spenser.”\* In Virgil and Tasso this was not less powerful; but even they, even the latter himself, do not hang with such a tenderness of delight, with such a forgetful delay, over the fair creations of their fancy. Spenser is not averse to images that jar on the mind by exciting horror or disgust, and sometimes his touches are rather too strong; but it is on love and beauty, on holiness and virtue, that he reposes with all the sympathy of his soul. The slowly sliding motion of his stanza, “with many a bout of linked sweetness long drawn out,” beautifully corresponds to the dreamy enchantment of his

\* Mr. Hallam alludes to a series of papers on Spenser in *Blackwood’s Magazine*, evidently from the pen of Professor Wilson.

description, when Una, or Belphebe, or Florimel, or Amoret, are present to his mind. In this varied delineation of female perfectness, no earlier poet had equalled him; nor, excepting Shakspeare, has he had, perhaps, any later rival.

Spenser is naturally compared with Ariosto. "Fierce wars and faithful loves did moralise the song" of both poets. But in the constitution of their minds, in the character of their poetry, they were almost the reverse of each other. The Italian is gay, rapid, ardent; his pictures shift like the hues of heaven; even while diffuse, he seems to leave in an instant what he touches, and is prolix by the number, not the duration, of his images. Spenser is habitually serious; his slow stanza seems to suit the temper of his genius; he loves to dwell on the sweetness and beauty which his fancy pourtrays. The ideal of chivalry, rather derived from its didactic theory, than from the precedents of romance, is always before him; his morality is pure and even stern, with nothing of the libertine tone of Ariosto. He worked with far worse tools than the bard of Ferrara, with a language not quite formed, and into which he rather injudiciously poured an unnecessary archaism, while the style of his contemporaries was undergoing a rapid change in the opposite direction. His stanza of nine lines is particularly inconvenient and languid in narration, where the Italian octave is sprightly and vigorous; though even this becomes ultimately monotonous by its regularity, a fault from which only the ancient hexameter and our blank verse are exempt.

Spenser may be justly said to excel Ariosto in originality of invention, in force and variety of character, in strength and vividness of conception, in depth of reflection, in fertility of imagination, and above all, in that exclusively poetical cast of feeling, which discerns in everything what common minds do not perceive. In the construction and arrangement of their fable neither deserved much praise; but the siege of Paris gives the Orlando Furioso, spite of its perpetual shiftings of the scene, rather more unity in the reader's apprehension than belongs to the Faery Queen. Spenser is, no doubt, decidedly inferior in ease and liveliness of narration, as well as clearness and felicity of language. But, upon thus comparing the two poets, we have little reason to blush for our countryman. Yet the fame of Ariosto is spread through Europe, while Spenser is almost unknown out of England; and even in this age, when much of our literature is so widely diffused, I have not observed proofs of much acquaintance with him on the continent.—vol. ii. pp. 325—328.

But that part of Spenser's poetic mission to which we would chiefly direct the reader's attention is his development of the capacities of the English language. Conceding to Mr. Hallam all the faults of his diction, his affectation of archaisms, his feeble expletives, and his alliterations; admitting that the peculiar form and complicated construction of his stanza is not well adapted for poetic narrative, yet to Spenser we are indebted for the first display of the latent riches and harmony of our native tongue. Though

Though there is something singularly, if we may so say, prematurely English in Chaucer's painting of manners; though in this respect no later poet, not even Crabbe, has been more true, native, or vernacular, yet his language, it cannot be denied, was rude and imperfect, hovering between a Saxon and a Norman pronunciation. The other native poets, the authors of 'Piers Ploughman,' and Skelton, might show something of its nervous and homely power; but to unlock the hidden cells of its harmony, to show its infinite variety, picturesqueness, and flexibility, remained for the poet of the 'Faery Queen.' In all his fantastic prodigality of invention, Spenser is never restrained by the want of adequate language. His endless train of images array themselves instantaneously in varied and harmonious words; if his eye is sensitive to every form of beauty, so is his ear to every sound of music: the very difficulty and complexity of his stanza shows at once his unlimited command of poetic language, and that language falls at once, with rare instances of effort or artificial skill, into flowing and easy verse. His very faults seem to rise out of the wanton redundancy of power, rather than from the constraint of insufficient or inflexible diction. Whatever English poetic language may have gained in vigour, in perspicuity, or in precision, almost its earliest poet seems to have discovered and exhausted its fertility, its pliancy, and its melody.

Yet there might be some danger, lest, from the impulse of Spenser's exquisite fancy and music of diction, a peculiar and exclusive poetic dialect and tone of versification should be formed, as in Italy, which might refuse to approximate to real life, and to the common and familiar vocabulary of man. Lest this should be the case, lest poetry should cease to be popular, idiomatic, and vernacular, arose the Elizabethan drama. There appeared at once another form of this various art of poetry, which, however it might deal in bold and copious metaphor, and soar occasionally to the utmost height of invention, yet, as addressed to the general ear, must speak a language generally intelligible to the many. While Spenser, on the shores of Mulla, environed by a population which spoke another, and to his ears most barbarous and inharmonious language, far removed not merely from the capital, but from the shores of England, was, nevertheless, in this romantic seclusion, carrying the language to its height of perfection—Shakspeare and his brother dramatists, living with men of all ranks and degrees, from the Southamptons and Pembrokes, and the jovial crew at the Mitre, to the Clowns and the Dogberrys (too faithfully described not to have been drawn directly from real life), set our poetic language free again, and made it the living and variable expression of human life. The diction of Shakspeare's  
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juvenile poems was imaginative, if we may so say, Spenserian; and in some of his early plays this over-fanciful, luscious, and unfamiliar tone is struggling, as it were, with the more vigorous vernacular of the comic and less poetic scenes: it is only in his later plays that he has those occasional passages of over-wrought metaphysical diction, which hardens into obscurity (on which Mr. Hallam animadverts with his usual fearless freedom, vol. iii. p. 577). It might almost seem that Shakspeare, astonished at his own wonderful success in embodying his conceptions in that language which started up unbidden to his lips, began to mistrust his own inexplicable facility, and to suppose that with strong effort he might attain even greater things. Shakspeare is never not great and happy except when he strives to be peculiarly so. But in his ordinary, in his happier vein, Shakspeare, independent of all his other unspeakable claims upon our admiration and gratitude, has that of showing that our language is not merely capable of supplying the retired and unworldly fancy of the poet, who stands aloof from common life, with an inexhaustible profusion of bright and harmonious words, but likewise of bringing poetry, as it were, into the busy stir of men, into courts and cities, into the agitated palaces of the great, and the humbler households of the poor; and in this respect, and in this alone, he is worthily followed, and almost rivalled, by his prolific school, by Fletcher, Massinger, and even some of the inferior dramatists. We should not do Mr. Hallam justice if we did not direct our readers' attention to some of his observations on Shakspeare, which appear to us both just and original. We must take for this purpose a desperate leap over more than half his third volume—an inconvenience, perhaps, inseparable from his arrangement of literary history into periods of half a century, but which interposes so long a space between the earlier and the later plays of Shakspeare:—

‘ If originality of invention did not so much stamp almost every play of Shakspeare that to name one as the most original seems a disparagement to others, we might say that this great prerogative of genius was exercised above all in *Lear*. It diverges more from the model of regular tragedy than *Macbeth* or *Othello*, and even more than *Hamlet*; but the fable is better constructed than in the last of these, and it displays full as much of the almost super-human inspiration of the poet as the other two. *Lear* himself is, perhaps, the most wonderful of dramatic conceptions, ideal to satisfy the most romantic imagination, yet idealised from the reality of nature. In preparing us for the most intense sympathy with this old man, he first abases him to the ground; it is not *Œdipus*, against whose respected age the gods themselves have conspired; it is not *Orestes*, noble minded and affectionate, whose crime has been virtue; it is a headstrong, feeble, and selfish being, whom, in the first act of the tragedy, nothing seems capable of redeeming

redeeming in our eyes; nothing but what follows, intense woe, unnatural wrong. Then comes on that splendid madness, not absurdly sudden, as in some tragedies, but in which the strings that keep his reasoning power together give way one after the other in the frenzy of rage and grief. Then it is that we find what in life may sometimes be seen, the intellectual energies grow stronger in calamity, and especially under wrong. An awful eloquence belongs to unmerited suffering. Thoughts burst out, more profound than Lear in his prosperous hour could ever have conceived; inconsequent, for such is the condition of madness, but in themselves fragments of coherent truth, the reason of an unreasonable mind.

Timon of Athens is cast, as it were, in the same mould as Lear; it is the same essential character, the same generosity, more from wanton ostentation than love of others, the same fierce rage under the smart of ingratitude, the same rousing up, in that tempest, of powers that had slumbered unsuspected in some deep recess of the soul; for had Timon or Lear known that philosophy of human nature in their calmer moments which fury brought forth, they would never have had such terrible occasion to display it. The thoughtless confidence of Lear in his children has something in it far more touching than the self-beggary of Timon; though both one and the other have prototypes enough in real life. And as we give the old king more of our pity, so a more intense abhorrence accompanies his daughters and the worse characters of that drama than we spare for the miserable sycophants of the Athenian. Their thanklessness is anticipated, and springs from the very nature of their calling; it verges on the beaten road of comedy. In this play there is neither a female personage, except two courtezans, who hardly speak, nor any prominent character (the honest steward is not such), redeemed by virtue enough to be estimable; for the cynic Apemantus is but a cynic, and ill replaces the noble Kent of the other drama. The fable, if fable it can be called, is so extraordinarily deficient in action, a fault of which Shakspeare is not guilty in any other instance, that we may wonder a little how he should have seen in the single delineation of Timon a counterbalance for the manifold objections to this subject. But there seems to have been a period of Shakspeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world or his own conscience; the memory of hours misspent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worser nature, which intercourse with ill-chosen associates, by choice or circumstance, peculiarly teaches;—these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind. This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jaques, gazing with an undiminished serenity, and with a gaiety of fancy, though not of manners, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play, and next one rather more severe in the Duke of Measure for Measure. In all these, however, it is merely contemplative philosophy. In Hamlet this is mingled with the impulses of a perturbed heart, under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances; it shines no longer,



longer, as in the former characters, with a steady light, but plays in fitful coruscations amidst feigned gaiety and extravagance. In Lear it is the flash of sudden inspiration across the incongruous imagery of madness; in Timon it is obscured by the exaggerations of misanthropy. These plays all belong to nearly the same period: As you Like It being usually referred to 1600, Hamlet, in its altered form, to about 1602, Timon to the same year, Measure for Measure to 1603, and Lear to 1604. In the later plays of Shakspeare, especially in Macbeth and the Tempest, much of moral speculation will be found, but he has never returned to this type of character in the personages. Timon is less read and less pleasing than the great majority of Shakspeare's plays; but it abounds with signs of his genius. Schlegel observes that of all his works it is that which has most satire; comic in representation of the parasites, indignant and Juvenalian in the bursts of Timon himself.—vol. iii. pp. 566-569.

We are inclined to add these observations on Coriolanus. 'This fault' (that of too close an adherence to history, or rather, perhaps, to Plutarch, which may be observed in Julius Cæsar and Antony and Cleopatra)—

'is by no means discerned in the third Roman tragedy of Shakspeare, Coriolanus. He luckily found an intrinsic historical unity which he could not have destroyed, and which his magnificent delineation of the chief personage has thoroughly maintained. Coriolanus himself has the grandeur of sculpture; his proportions are colossal, nor would less than this transcendent superiority by which he towers over his fellow-citizens warrant, or seem for the moment to warrant, his haughtiness and their pusillanimity. The surprising judgment of Shakspeare is visible in this. A dramatist of the second class, a Corneille, a Schiller, or an Alfieri, would not have lost the occasion of representing the plebeian form of courage and patriotism. A tribune would have been made to utter noble speeches, and some critics would have extolled the balance and contrast of the antagonist principles. And this might have degenerated into the general saws of ethics and politics which philosophical tragedians love to pour forth. But Shakspeare instinctively perceived that to render the arrogance of Coriolanus endurable to the spectator, or dramatically probable, he must abase the plebeians to a contemptible populace. The sacrifice of historic truth is often necessary for the truth of poetry. The citizens of early Rome, "*rusticorum mascula militum proles*," are indeed calumniated in his scenes, and might almost pass for burgesses of Stratford; but the unity of emotion is not dissipated by contradictory energies. Coriolanus is less rich in poetical style than the other two, but the comic parts are full of humour. In these three tragedies it is manifest that Roman character, and still more Roman manners, are not exhibited with the precision of a scholar; yet there is something that distinguishes them from the rest, something of a *grandiosity* in the sentiments and language, which shows us that Shakspeare had not read that history without entering into its spirit.—vol. iii. pp. 572, 573.

But it was not only the imagination of man, the creative poetic faculty,

faculty, which was thus set free, and, during this period, if we may so say, of quiescent agitation, of general mental excitement, yet of civil repose, spoke to the awakened passions and stirring thoughts of men;—in England was first formed a vigorous and comprehensive Teutonic literature in prose. The first active and violent conflicts of the Reformation could scarcely perhaps be considered a literary strife; as far as it was promoted or retarded by published writings, it was a war of religious pamphlets, none of which can be adduced as a model of good English. However striking and pithy as are some of the rude and homely sentences of Latimer; however some of the earlier documents of the church—the first set of homilies—are plain, perspicuous, and masculine in their diction, yet till the latter half of Elizabeth's reign we cannot date the development of anything like good English prose. There is one writer whom Mr. Hallam does not notice in this character, who, we think, deserves some mention,—Father Parsons, the Jesuit, whose religious, even more than his political writings, as to style, might find a place in a history of literature. Both Hooker and Bacon, as far as the latter ventured to deviate from the established usage of publishing philosophic disquisitions in Latin, were, in some degree, what Spenser and Shakspeare were to Teutonic poetry. The 'Ecclesiastical Polity' was the first great work which showed the depth, the fullness, the precision, to a certain point, the harmony of English prose composition. The nature of its subject, nevertheless, confined it to a peculiar and theological dialect, almost at times swelling out into poetry; and it was on the whole too solemn, as it were, for the practical and every-day business of life. The language of Bacon, particularly in his *Essays*, instinct as it is with imagery, delighting, and at times perplexing, the reader with the happiest and sometimes with remote and whimsical analogies, approaches more nearly to that of ordinary persons: it has still, even on the highest subjects, more of the tone of the man of the world than of the secluded and meditative divine. It gave a presage, at least, of what English might become as the language of a free, a reasoning, and a practical people.

The Reformation, or rather, perhaps, to ascend to the primary and moving cause of the Reformation itself, the invention of printing, had set loose all the great questions not merely of theological but of political science and speculative philosophy. Throughout Europe, wherever there was a period of cessation from actual war or civil contention, men of different degrees of strength, sagacity, and subtlety encountered those problems, some of which were within the sphere, some stretched far beyond the limits of human knowledge. At first the boundaries of the several

several branches of inquiry were vague and uncertain. Mr. Hallam must have experienced some difficulty in assigning the more distinguished and universal writers to their proper sphere. Speculative philosophy was straining to throw off the long-established yoke of theology; theology struggled to maintain its supremacy, not over metaphysics alone, but over physical science. In the south of Europe, the re-established power and vigilance of the church, the strict uniformity of the Jesuit system of education, though it could not entirely suppress the struggles of the rebellious intellect, yet succeeded in taming it to more complete, though not such manifest, subjection. Mr. Hallam, following M. Ranke (we venture to refer to our own articles on M. Ranke's history), has done ample justice to the influence of the Jesuit order. But the very merits of the Jesuit education were its most dangerous influences. It raised the general level of instruction, and thereby seemed to acquire a right to keep down everything which could aspire above it. Paradoxical as it may sound, we suspect that nothing would tend so much as a universal, regular, and uniform education to suppress genius, originality, and invention. What really great mind, which has advanced human knowledge in any one of its more important branches, arose out of the Jesuit schools, those schools which, no doubt, to a certain extent, encouraged and disseminated letters and philosophy? Descartes, it must be remembered, though educated in a Jesuit school, before he began to philosophise had retired beyond their influence, into the free atmosphere of Holland. In our admiration of Galileo, and our indignant sympathy in his persecution, we cannot but consider what Galileo might have been, if his lot had been cast in a northern country. It is impossible to calculate the unseen and impalpable weight of popish despotism in depressing the free and aspiring intellect. The consciousness of restraint, the constant balancing between the value and importance of a discovery, and the risk and odium of offending the established rule by publishing it, the natural desire of peace, which is so necessary to calm and meditative inquiry, hold down by their own imperceptible chains the strongest and most courageous spirit. The Italian mind seems never to have been wanting in philosophical invention and subtlety (the geologists, we believe, look to Italy for the legitimate parents of their science), but their motions have been too jealously watched, their progress so much impeded by the resistance of educational and ecclesiastical prejudices, that they have contributed in a less degree than might have been expected to the advancement of human knowledge. Even in letters, Sarpi was safe only under the protection of his Venetian countrymen who steadily maintained their independence against the papal see; but at a much later

later period, the persecution of Giannone showed that history could not speak with freedom on subjects connected with the conflicting powers of the church and the state. The natural consequence of this has been, that in Italy when bolder and more irregular minds have burst their bondage, they have plunged desperately forward, and rushed into the most extreme opinions. In religion this was the case with those reformers who were prudent or fortunate enough to escape beyond the frontiers of Italy, the Socini, and, among others, Aconcio, the first writer, as Mr. Hallam justly observes, who limited the fundamental articles of Christianity to a small number (Aconcio himself was, probably, an Arian, and included the Trinity among the disputable points), and anticipated that broad principle of toleration, which was afterwards asserted by the Arminians of Holland, and by Jeremy Taylor, in his celebrated 'Treatise on the Liberty of Prophesying.' In speculative philosophy, they went wandering on, in the seclusion of their own souls, and might almost seem to take delight in tampering with forbidden thoughts. Mr. Hallam has given a very lucid view of the pantheistic tenets of Telesio, of Jordano Bruno, and, at a later period, of the singularly fanciful hypotheses of Campanella. On these writers, however, we must content ourselves with a reference to his volumes. The extreme political theories were in general the growth of countries, in which men's minds had, as in France, been wrought up by fierce factions and civil wars to the most violent oppugnancy; or where on one side the Reformation principle asserted the supremacy of the State, the reviving Roman Catholicism that of the Church, with the most uncompromising and unlimited vehemence. 'The oppressions of the governments, which were enough 'to drive a wise man mad'—the classical studies, which offered the republics of Greece and Rome for models of public liberty—the fanaticism, which sought its only precedents in the Jewish polity—the asserted power of the Church over heretical or apostate sovereigns—wrought together in strange accordance to develop and promulgate the doctrine of tyrannicide: the Scotch Republican, the English Churchman, the French Leaguer, and the Spanish Jesuit—Buchanan, Poynt, Rose, and Boucher, and Mariana—met together by different roads on this perilous point. Mr. Hallam, at the close of this part of his subject, introduces a luminous vindication of the right of Bodin (the author of the 'Republic') to an eminent rank among political writers.

But the higher philosophy of the mind and of the material world required men of more commanding intellects, and placed in more favourable circumstances, to enable her to burst at once the shackles of scholasticism, and of the great authority of scholasticism,

lasticism, Aristotle. It is obviously impossible for us to compress farther the compressed summary, for which we are indebted to Mr. Hallam, of the weight and influence of the great liberators of the mind of man, Bacon, Gassendi, and Descartes. Yet, here again, we find that the stirring repose of the later part of Elizabeth's, and the yet partially agitated commencement of James's reign, gave ample room for Bacon to construct his new system of philosophy; while Descartes might appear to retire, not merely from the all-watchful vigilance of the church, but likewise from the tumults which had scarcely ceased to desolate his country, to the more peaceful dominion of Holland. In one respect, if uninterrupted meditative retirement, if repose, and freedom of thought and speech, were his objects, Descartes had mistaken the place chosen for his sanctuary. The dominant Calvinism of Holland was at least as jealous and searching in its vigilance, as narrow in its prejudices, and as virulent in its hatred of enlarged philosophy, as the Sorbonne or the severest school of the Jesuits. Bacon was happier in his position, and his philosophy came less into contact with theologic questions. We might indeed wish that his moral had been as much above suspicion as his religious orthodoxy seems to have been. Mr. Hallam's object throughout these profound, and sometimes abstruse, discussions, appears to be, to award with rigid impartiality his fair meed of originality and invention to each of these great labourers in the fabric of human knowledge; he is strictly just, as well to those whose names we are accustomed to hear with reverence and gratitude, as to others who bear a much less popular sound, as Hobbes, and, at a later period, Spinoza. We extract a passage on the much-debated question of the popularity and influence of Bacon's writings:—

‘What has been the fame of Bacon, “the wisest, greatest, of mankind,” it is needless to say. What has been his real influence over mankind, how much of our enlarged and exact knowledge may be attributed to his inductive method, what of this again has been due to a thorough study of his writings, and what to an indirect and secondary acquaintance with them, are questions of another kind, and less easily solved. Stewart, the philosopher, who has dwelt most on the praises of Bacon, while he conceives him to have exercised a considerable influence over the English men of science in the seventeenth century, supposes, on the authority of Montucla, that he did not “command the general admiration of Europe,” till the publication of the preliminary discourse to the French Encyclopædia by Diderot and D’Alembert. This, however, is by much too precipitate a conclusion. He became almost immediately known on the continent. Gassendi was one of his most ardent admirers. Descartes mentions him, I believe, once only, in a letter to Merseme in 1632; but he was of all men the most unwilling to praise a contemporary. It may be said that these were philosophers, and

and that their testimony does not imply the admiration of mankind. But writers of a very different character mention him in a familiar manner. Richelieu is said to have highly esteemed Lord Bacon. And it may in some measure be due to this, that in the *Sentimens de l'Académie Française sur le Cid*, he is alluded to, simply by the name Bacon, as one well known. Voiture, in a letter to Costar, about the same time, bestows high eulogy on some passages of Bacon which his correspondent had sent to him, and observes that Horace would have been astonished to hear a barbarian Briton discourse in such a style. The treatise *De Augmentis* was republished in France in 1624, the year after its appearance in England. It was translated into French as early as 1632; no great proofs of neglect. Editions came out in Holland, 1645, 1652, and 1662. Even the *Novum Organum*, which, as has been said, never became so popular as his other writings, was thrice printed in Holland, in 1645, 1650, and 1660. Leibnitz and Puffendorf are loud in their expressions of admiration, the former ascribing to him the revival of true philosophy as fully as we can at present. I should be more inclined to doubt whether he were adequately valued by his countrymen in his own time, or in the immediately subsequent period. Under the first Stuarts, there was little taste among studious men but for theology, and chiefly for a theology which, proceeding with an extreme deference to authority, could not but generate a disposition of mind, even upon other subjects, alien to the progressive and inquisitive spirit of the inductive philosophy. The institution of the Royal Society, or, rather, the love of physical science out of which that institution arose, in the second part of the seventeenth century, made England resound with the name of her illustrious chancellor. Few now spoke of him without a kind of homage that only the greatest men receive. Yet still it was by natural philosophers alone that the writings of Bacon were much studied. The editions of his works, except the *Essays*, were few; the *Novum Organum* never came separately from the English press. They were not even much quoted; for I believe it will be found that the fashion of referring to the brilliant passages of the *De Augmentis* and the *Novum Organum*, at least in books designed for the general reader, is not much older than the close of the last century. Scotland has the merit of having led the way; Reid, Stewart, Robison, and Playfair turned that which had been a blind veneration into a rational worship; and I should suspect that more have read Lord Bacon within these thirty years than in the two preceding centuries. It may be an usual consequence of the enthusiastic panegyrics lately poured upon his name, that a more positive efficacy has sometimes been attributed to his philosophical writings than they really possessed, and it might be asked whether Italy, where he was probably not much known, were not the true school of experimental philosophy in Europe, whether his methods of investigation were not chiefly such as men of sagacity and lovers of truth might simultaneously have devised. But, whatever may have been the case with respect to actual discoveries in science, we must give to written wisdom its proper meed; no books prior to those of Lord Bacon carried mankind so far on the road to truth; none have obtained so thorough a triumph over

arrogant usurpation without seeking to substitute another ; and he may be compared with those liberators of nations, who have given them laws by which they might govern themselves, and retained no homage but their gratitude.'—vol. iii. pp. 223-228.

Yet, after all which has been written by eloquent men, in earlier or in modern days, especially by a living writer to whom Mr. Hallam alludes, is there anything so fine, so true, or so discriminating, as old Cowley's lines, which, though, as inscribed to the Royal Society, they may appear chiefly addressed to the natural philosophers of his day, yet, as poetry, may perhaps be considered the expression of a more general sentiment? The lines are well known, but will bear repeating :—

' Bacon at last, a mighty man, arose,  
Whom a wise king and Nature chose  
Lord Chancellor of both their laws,  
And boldly undertook the injur'd Pupils' cause.

Authority which did a body boast,  
Though 'twas but air condens'd, and stalk'd about  
Like some old giant's more gigantic ghost,  
To terrifie the learned rout,  
With the plain magic of true Reason's light  
He chased out of her sight. . . .

From these and all long errors of the way,  
In which our wandering predecessors went,  
And, like th' old Hebrews, many years did stray

In deserts of but small extent,  
Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last ;  
The barren wilderness he past,  
Did on the very border stand  
Of the blest promis'd land,  
And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit  
Saw it himself, and show'd us it.

But life did never to one man allow  
Time to discover worlds, and conquer too ;  
Nor can so short a line sufficient be  
To fathom the vast depths of Nature's sea.

The work he did we ought t' admire,  
And were unjust if we should more require  
From his few years, divided 'twixt th' excess  
Of low afflictions and high happiness :  
For who on things remote can fix his sight  
Who's always in a triumph or a fight?\*

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\* As we may not have another opportunity of noticing Cowley in the course of our review, we would say that we fully agree with Mr. Hallam in his estimate of his faults, yet we appreciate, we think, rather more favourably his beauties. There can be no doubt that Mr. Hallam is right in preferring the Complaint, and, as we also think, the Elegy on Mr. Hervey to that on Crashaw the poet, which Johnson considers his finest piece.

Though the resuscitation of Roman Catholicism, its vigorous reorganisation, as the dominant feeling or passion of southern Europe, and the authority which it assumed over the education of mankind, might restrain the intellectual advancement which was hastening onward to its more perfect development in Protestant countries, and to a certain extent in France, it gave birth to a new outburst of poetry, as we have already observed, in Italy, but more manifestly in Spain. The age of literature in Spain was the shortest of any country which has attained to any distinction. It is almost comprehended in the period of Lope de Vega, Cervantes, and Calderon, which likewise includes its better historians. The religious excitement met with other causes which stirred the stately solemnity of the Spanish mind into activity. Her military glories, the adventurous conquests in America, the wars against the Moors, which, though they soon degenerated into fierce and intolerant persecutions, at first retained some tinge of romance and chivalry—all the best part of her drama, her *Don Quixote*, her historians, perhaps even the best of her ballads, belong to the century which lies between 1550 and 1650. Mr. Hallam speaks with less confidence, and leans more on the authority of others, in his survey of Spanish literature, than in any other part of his undertaking. Of some of their historians, many of whom have at least the merit of great animation and picturesqueness, and a lofty Spanish dignity, not without some of the more solid qualifications of historic art, he takes, as far as we remember, no notice, except of Mariana, Mendoza, and De Solis. The Spaniards, in their lyric poetry, seemed at one time in danger of yielding to the dominant classical taste of Italy, of stooping to be imitative of an imitative school. Herrera and Luis de Leon, though Horatian, yet in a higher tone than mere copyists, and Villegas, not so much from the form and matter as from the exuberant life and playfulness of his poetry, asserted their title to originality. To us the great interest in the *Araucana* of Ercilla is that the author himself was engaged in the wild warfare which is the subject of his poem. Spain alone has her warrior poets. The adventures of Cervantes are well known; and however wearisome the episodes of the *Araucana*—however we are perplexed by a sudden interruption of our Indian war by a long vindication of the virtue of Queen Dido against the slanderous anachronisms of Virgil—for once poetry seems to be heightened by an apparent accordance with historical truth; and there is an air of reality about the Cau-polican and the Lautaro of the *Araucana* which compensates for the want of many higher poetic qualities. But the poetic fame of Spain rests upon her drama, from which the theatres of other

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countries



countries were long content to borrow, either in ungrateful silence, or with a kind of contemptuous gratitude. The imitators seemed to admit that the rude ore was dug from the mine of Spanish invention, but to imply that its whole value and beauty depended on the foreign workmanship. The German critics were the first discoverers of the real poetic merits, especially of Calderon, whom they sometimes place on the same level with Shakspeare; just as other discoverers, when a Tinian or Juan Fernandez has unexpectedly burst upon their sight, have heightened them into an earthly Paradise. Mr. Hallam has done us the honour of subscribing to our estimate of Calderon which appeared many years ago in this Journal, and which still appears to us to be just and true. However far the drama of Spain might recede from the pure morals of Christianity in its complicated amorous adventures, the tricks and subterfuges of its Graciosos, and in the general appeal to the laws of Castilian honour and ancestral pride, rather than to the simpler and more Christian precepts of right and wrong, there can be no doubt that its primary and indeed its unfailing inspiration was religion. Independent of the Autos Sacramentales, which form a class apart, of purely sacred dramas, represented in the festivals of the Church with the solemnities of religion, many of the nobler plays of Calderon, especially the celebrated *Devocion de la Cruz*, were strictly religious tragedies. And it was a religion still fertile in miracle, believing with fond fidelity every wild legend. The hagiography of the Church was to Lope and Calderon what the Grecian mythology was to Æschylus and Sophocles. It was a religion of which the first principle was hatred of the heretic and the infidel—a religion fortified in this fierce intolerance by the long wars with the Moors; which was in no fear of the Inquisition, so genially instinct was it with the same spirit, and, like the Inquisition, in strict accordance with the dominant sentiment. No wonder that where the *Auto de Fè* was a popular exhibition, the milder yet not less fervid fanaticism of Calderon should find the poet's strong encouragement, the response of the human heart to his language and to his opinions.

On one book, however, and that the most important in Spanish literature, our readers will have anticipated, *Don Quixote*, Mr. Hallam has some observations at the same time so original and so worthy of consideration, that we should neither do justice to our readers nor to our author if we should not invite their judgment.

Mr. Hallam first states the theory of '*Don Quixote*,' which has been adopted and followed out with great ingenuity by M. Sismondi.

'According to these writers, the primary idea is that of a man of elevated

elevated character, excited by heroic and enthusiastic feelings to the extravagant pitch of wishing to restore the age of chivalry; nor is it possible to form a more mistaken notion of this work than by considering it merely as a satire, intended by the author to ridicule the absurd passion for reading old romances." \* "The fundamental idea of Don Quixote," says Sismondi, "is the eternal contrast between the spirit of poetry and that of prose. Men of an elevated soul propose to themselves as the object of life to be the defenders of the weak, the support of the oppressed, the champions of justice and innocence. Like Don Quixote, they find on every side the image of the virtues they worship; they believe that disinterestedness, nobleness, courage—in short, knight errantry—are still prevalent; and with no calculation of their own powers, they expose themselves for an ungrateful world, they offer themselves as a sacrifice to the laws and rules of an imaginary state of society." †—vol. iii. pp. 667, 668.

Hence the inference that 'Don Quixote' is a most melancholy—some even have gone so far as to add, as destroying the generous poetry of life, a most immoral book. Mr. Hallam begins by observing, that as 'the mere enthusiasm of doing good if excited by vanity, and not accompanied by common sense, is seldom very serviceable to mankind . . . . ; or, as the world might be much the worse for such heroes, it might not be immoral, notwithstanding their benevolent enthusiasm, to put them out of countenance by a little ridicule.'

'This however is not, as I conceive, the primary aim of Cervantes; nor do I think that the exhibition of one great truth, as the predominant, but concealed, moral of a long work, is in the spirit of his age. He possessed a very thoughtful mind, and a profound knowledge of humanity; yet the generalization which the hypothesis of Bouterwek and Sismondi requires for the leading conception of Don Quixote, besides its being a little inconsistent with the valorous and romantic character of its author, belongs to a more advanced period of philosophy than his own. . . . .

'In the first chapter of this romance, Cervantes, with a few strokes of a great master, sets before us the pauper gentleman, an early riser and keen sportsman, who, "when he was idle, which was most part of the year," gave himself up to reading books of chivalry till he lost his wits. The events that follow are in every one's recollection; his lunacy consists no doubt only in one idea; but this is so absorbing that it perverts the evidence of his senses, and predominates in all his language. It is to be observed, therefore, in relation to the nobleness of soul ascribed to Don Quixote, that every sentiment he utters is borrowed, with a punctilious rigour, from the romances of his library; he resorts to them on every occasion for precedents; if he is intrepidly brave, it is because his madness and vanity have made him believe himself unconquerable; if he bestows kingdoms, it is because Amadis would have

\* Bouterwek, p. 334.

† *Littérature du Midi*, vol. iii. p. 339.

done the same; if he is honourable, courteous, a redresser of wrongs, it is in pursuance of those prototypes from whom, except that he seems rather more scrupulous in chastity, it is his only boast not to diverge. Those who talk of the exalted character of Don Quixote seem really to forget that, on these subjects, he has no character at all; he is the echo of romance; and to praise him is merely to say that the tone of chivalry, which these productions studied to keep up, and, in the hands of inferior artists, foolishly exaggerated, was full of moral dignity, and has, in a subdued degree of force, modelled the character of a man of honour in the present day. But throughout the first two volumes of Don Quixote, though in a few unimportant passages he talks rationally, I cannot find more than two in which he displays any other knowledge or strength of mind than the original delineation of the character would lead us to expect.

'The case is much altered in the last two volumes. Cervantes had acquired an immense popularity, and perceived the opportunity, of which he had already availed himself, that this romance gave for displaying his own mind. He had become attached to a hero who had made him illustrious, and suffered himself to lose sight of the clear outline he had once traced for Quixote's personality. Hence we find, in all this second part, that although the lunacy as to knights errant remains unabated, he is, on all other subjects, not only rational in the low sense of the word, but clear, acute, profound, sarcastic, cool-headed. His philosophy is elevated, but not enthusiastic; his imagination is poetical, but it is restrained by strong sense. There are, in fact, two Don Quixotes: one, whom Cervantes first designed to draw, the foolish gentleman of La Mancha, whose foolishness had made him frantic; the other a highly-gifted, accomplished model of the best chivalry, trained in all the court, the camp, or the college could impart, but scathed in one portion of his mind by an inexplicable visitation of monomania. One is inclined to ask why this Don Quixote, who is Cervantes, should have been more likely to lose his intellects by reading romances than Cervantes himself. As a matter of bodily disease, such an event is doubtless possible; but nothing can be conceived more improper for fiction, nothing more incapable of affording a moral lesson, than the insanity which arises wholly from disease. Insanity is, in no point of view, a theme for ridicule; and this is an inherent fault of the romance (for those who have imagined that Cervantes has not rendered Quixote ridiculous have a strange notion of the word); but the thoughtlessness of mankind, rather than their insensibility, for they do not connect madness with misery, furnishes some apology for the first two volumes. In proportion as we perceive below the veil of mental delusion a noble intellect, we feel a painful sympathy with its humiliation; the character becomes more complicated and interesting, but has less truth and naturalness—an objection which might also be made, comparatively speaking, to the incidents in the latter volumes, wherein I do not find the admirable probability that reigns through the former. But this contrast of wisdom and virtue with insanity, in the same subject, would have been repulsive in the primary delineation, as I think any one may judge

judge by supposing that Cervantes had, in the first chapter, drawn such a picture of Quixote as Bouterwek and Sismondi have drawn for him.'—vol. iii. pp. 669-672.

Mr. Hallam adheres therefore to the judgment of two centuries as to the aim of Cervantes in '*Don Quixote*,' and thus sums up his impartial testimony to the merit of this wonderful work:—

'Cervantes stands on an eminence below which we must place the best of his successors. We have only to compare him with Le Sage or Fielding, to judge of his vast superiority. To Scott indeed he must yield in the variety of his power; but in the line of comic romance, we should hardly think Scott his equal.'—vol. iii. p. 674.

While Spain was thus, as it were, exhausting its whole intellect in one brief era of poetry, France was more gradually yet rapidly maturing at once her short age of poetic excellence, and that perfection of her prose which, if she has maintained, she has assuredly not surpassed. We are not very partial to the old and misapplied phrase, '*the Augustan era of letters*;' but that of France—which began under the monarchy, we presume to say, of Richelieu, and reached its height under Louis XIV.—bears sufficient analogy, in its character and the principles of its formation, to that of imperial Rome, to justify its use. It seems to have arisen, like that of Virgil and Horace, out of the peace of despotism which followed and was still heaving, as it were, with the motion of the religious wars. Its marked characteristic was, that it was the literature of a court, the influence of which spread through a capital in which all France began to be concentrated. It was a literature of society, not in its narrow sense of a coterie, or even of an academy, but that of men constantly in contact with each other, exercising a perpetual—at times a refining and tasteful, at others a repressive and contracting—authority over its development. It fed on public applause; it lived on the immediate sympathy of those to whom it was addressed. Hence its purity, its perspicuity, its popularity, in the highest sense—an aristocratical popularity, indeed, but that of an aristocracy which comprehended the better part of France, or rather, we should say, of Paris. Montaigne, indeed, to whom France and Europe are indebted for bringing many difficult and abstruse subjects within the range of popular thought, happily for himself and for his fame as an author, lived in his country retirement, and there followed out in peace all his desultory but delightful speculations on his own nature and on that of man. Even during the exclusive dominion over French literature, exercised by the court and the capital, some of the more profound thinkers of France dwelt aloof, either in foreign countries, like Descartes, or in the retired sanctuary

sanctuary of their own imagination, like Malebranche; or, like Pascal, if we may so say, in the gloomy hermitage of a melancholy mind. Yet though Pascal, when he brooded over his sublime 'Thoughts,' secluded himself, if not from the society, from the intellectual intercourse of men, when he would effect his great moral purpose, the extirpation of the low Jesuit morality—when he would expose that subtle casuistry which, working outward from the confessional, was perplexing the moral sense of man, and substituting captious and subtle rules for the broad and vigorous principles which can alone guide or satisfy the conscience—Pascal himself felt the necessity of becoming popular, if we may so say, Parisian. The French language had never been written in a higher style of refinement, or spoke so vividly to the general ear, as in the 'Provincial Letters.' The fine sarcasm, the subtle irony, the graceful turn of expression, the poignant hint which cannot be mistaken, the suggestion which reckons, in some degree, on the quickness of the reader, the simplicity of statement which makes every one suppose that they are at once at the bottom of the profoundest subject, the quiet coolness with which the most monstrous tenets of his adversaries are at times illustrated—these consummate arts of writing, in which the art is concealed, would have been addressed in vain to a ruder age, or a more agitated society. Whether Pascal is occasionally unfair in his quotations, or uncandidly general in his inferences from insulated sentences, was, we suspect, as little inquired by the readers of the 'Provincial Letters' in Paris as it is by posterity. The style, the inimitable style, carried all before it; the most fastidious taste might learn a lesson from the purity and clearness of Pascal; and even now, when the questions which they agitate, and the passions to which they appeal, are obsolete and dead, we revert to the 'Provincial Letters' as to the perfection of composition. How much Voltaire was indebted to this extraordinary work for his own brilliancy of style, he acknowledges as fully as could be expected from his vanity. The keen and furbished weapons which Pascal had forged with such skill for the defence of the best interests of religion, were turned against it in the next age. We do not make this observation, however, to the disparagement of Pascal: that evil lay deeper than in the influence, the adventitious and unintentional influence, of any one man.

As might be expected in the literature which adapted itself to such a state of things, many of its cleverest writers were writers for society—shrewd and brilliant painters of the manners around them—such as La Bruyère and Rochefoucault in prose, and that model of the light and graceful in verse—whose elegance, wit, and taste, compensate for all the higher qualities of poetry—

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La Fontaine. But the two great spheres in which French poetry and French prose expanded themselves to maturity were those in which an idle, and, as it would be supposed, a cultivated aristocracy, whose atmosphere of life was public spectacle and amusement, were (let not our readers be shocked at the juxtaposition) the stage and the pulpit. No one will deny that there was something more than oratorical, something dramatic (we use the word in no invidious sense), in those splendid displays of eloquence which fell from the lips of Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and, at a later period, of Massillon, and which powerfully contributed to form the vivid and numerous character of French prose. These sermons were by no means a part of a general system of instruction; they were great exhibitions, to which the king and all his nobles crowded at peculiar seasons of the year, in Advent and in Lent. Not merely a particular preacher, but a particular sermon, was commanded by royal authority. The funeral orations were more peculiarly a kind of aristocratical religious spectacle, accompanied with all the impressive circumstances so well understood by the Roman Catholic Church, and no doubt for a time producing strong religious impressions. The year might indeed appear divided—not, in truth, in equal portions—between these solemn religious exhibitions and the profaner diversions of the drama. In Lent the king turned off his mistresses, the theatres were closed, and nothing was seen but the outward signs of penitence, and humiliation, and propriety; nothing was listened to by the court but the grave arguments of Bourdaloue, or the magnificent rhetoric of Bossuet. But Lent gone by, the old familiarities were again renewed; all Paris, at least the court, streamed again to the doors of the theatre, and Corneille and Racine resumed their empire. At length, when the last (as the doating old monarch himself perhaps fondly supposed) more legitimate *liaison* with the devout Maintenon was established, a still closer approximation took place between the religious and the theatrical passion; and by his pleasing ‘*Esther*’ and his noble ‘*Athalie*,’ Racine blended, as it might seem to some, the two incongruous characters—that of a dramatic writer for public representation, and a religious teacher.

Mr. Hallam, though so ardent a Shaksperian, as we have already shown, does not think it necessary to deny himself the enjoyment of the excellencies of the French drama. Bigotry in taste, like bigotry in religion, is its own punishment; the victim of the one who from mistaken rigour forbids himself the free use of the lavish bounties of Divine Providence, and thus seals his heart against many of the most delightful and blameless enjoyments of life, is an object of compassion to the wise and charitable

ritable Christian; the rigorist in taste may in the same manner be pitied for the narrow spirit with which he proscribes many works of genius and beauty, because they are not in harmony with his established theories, and thus shuts himself out, as it were, from half the world of letters. The French drama certainly appears to arise out of two singularly incongruous elements, the classical form of the simple old Greek republics, and the gallantry, which descended from the chivalry of the middle ages upon the luxurious courts of modern Europe. Nothing in fact can be less classical, or less Grecian, in its tone of sentiment, which is almost the vital energy of the drama. Yet even these discordant elements are wrought up in the best of the French dramas with such singular felicity; the construction of the drama is sometimes so skilful, the diction so pure and noble, the whole effect so unbrokenly solemn, dignified, and impressive, that even as works of consummate art, if not of creative genius and of truth, they cannot but demand our high admiration. Even if the serious drama, the Roman and Grecian Tragedy of France, seems to belong to a peculiar state of society, and, after all, may seem domiciliated by a forcible transplantation, rather than native and congenial to the region, still a brilliant court, and an actively-idle capital, was the soil, of all others, adapted to the comedy of character and manners. The great mistake in Schlegel's Lectures on the Drama, the evidence that theory will mislead even a mind so sagacious, profound, and discriminating as his, appears to us his depreciation of Molière. That Molière has not the poetry of comedy which animates the gay and fantastic scenes of Aristophanes, is unquestionable; but of all forms of poetry, comedy, we should conceive, is least to be limited by abstract theory, and without abandoning any one of its essential principles, may approximate the most closely to real life. And though the best French comedy falls far short of the Shaksperian in variety and richness of humour, we can only express our unfeigned commiseration for those who are insensible to the fine wit, the delicate satire, the inimitable truth of its delineation of character in its higher department, and its broader but still easy and playful mirth, its inexhaustible gaiety, its brilliant epigram, the fun of its exposure of the lighter follies and pretensions in the *Précieuses Ridicules* and the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

We must not, however, linger on these points, nor extract, either for the purpose of expressing our difference, as we might in some cases, or, as would more often be the case, our accordance with Mr. Hallam, in the analysis which he has given of many of the best French dramas; we have dwelt so almost exclusively on questions of taste, that we are conscious that we should

should do injustice to a work of such various and comprehensive character, if we did not likewise show the author's manner of treating more profound and solemn subjects. We are constrained to pass over, as less suited to the general reader, the chapters which trace the progress of classical learning and general scholarship, and those which follow out the discoveries of physical science; but we must not so hastily dismiss the abstruse indeed, but grave and all-interesting subjects of religion and speculative philosophy. France certainly owes, if not entirely, in great part, the brilliancy, life and eloquence of her prose to her ecclesiastical writers. However Religion might seem to stoop in some degree from her elevated position to assume the theatric manner required by the state of society, yet from this condescension to popularity she unquestionably derived great and lasting advantages. Religion was at this period one of the great dominant impulses of the French mind; the wars of the League had left a violent agitation in the heart of man; a burning zeal, darkening into intolerance, which all the gentleness of Fenelon could not allay, and of which he himself was the victim, still actuated the courtly bishops, who administered religious flatteries, or at least condescended to make their solemn admonitions acceptable to the royal ear, by their dazzled and obsequious homage to his sovereignty. The unexhausted controversy with the protestants, which was terminated by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, fatally, indeed, for the Gallican Church, by allowing it to relapse into indolent security, as well as for the faith, justice, and humanity of Louis XIV.; the strife with Jansenism, and even the controversy about Quietism, kept the intellect of the higher French clergy in a state of fertile excitement. Nor can it be doubted that their constant habit of preaching for effect acted with a powerful influence on their polemic writings. It was as the practised orator of the pulpit, addressing a refined and fastidious audience, that the greatest controversialist of modern times, Bossuet, acquired that force, pregnancy and rapidity of style, that perspicuity when treating on the abstrusest topics—that power of sweeping the mind along with an irresistible torrent, as it seems, while we are borne away upon it, of unanswerable argument; of awing and confounding the intellect till it dares not, or is almost too much paralysed to venture on examination. The training in this same school of popular eloquence enabled the eagle of Meaux to cast that clear, and rapid, and comprehensive survey over ancient universal history. However, it may not satisfy either by its depth or its accuracy the demands of philosophic history, though it is the view of a strictly Romish ecclesiastic, and clearly shows from what position it is taken; yet as a composition, this work of

Bossuet's



Bossuet's may be considered among the imperishable records of human genius. We must return, however, to our author, and will select his observations on another great, though unfinished, work of this period, the *Pensées*, which Mr. Hallam criticises with the boldness of an independent mind, yet with all the respect due to the character and genius of Pascal. We have already spoken of Pascal as a controversialist—it is curious to contrast him in this respect with Bossuet, and to remark with what skill, or rather, perhaps, from what conscious congeniality of their own character with their style, these eloquent men used such different weapons, though in some degree forged in the same furnace, to encounter such different antagonists. They are alike, indeed, in purity and perspicuity of style;—while the overwhelming vehemence of Bossuet would have recoiled, if we can suppose it employed against it, from the hard and impassive ice which had formed over the jesuit mind; on the other hand, the fine and cutting irony, the latent sarcasm, the wit and the elegance of the Provincial Letters, would have been repelled by the ruder yet severer reasonings of the Protestants, and produced no effect on their stubborn and earnest, if we may so say, their homely piety. But we return to the Thoughts of Pascal. After having observed their unsystematic and fragmentary character, Mr. Hallam proceeds:—

‘ Among those who sustained the truth of Christianity by argument rather than authority, the first place both in order of time and of excellence is due to Pascal, though his Thoughts were not published till 1670, some years after his death, and, in the first edition, not without suppressions. They have been supposed to be fragments of a more systematic work that he had planned, or perhaps only reflections committed to paper, with no design of publication in their actual form. But, as is generally the case with works of genius, we do not easily persuade ourselves that they could have been improved by any such alteration as would have destroyed their type. They are at present bound together by a real coherence through the predominant character of the reasonings and sentiments, and give us everything that we could desire in a more regular treatise without the tedious verbosity which regularity is apt to produce. The style is not so polished as in the Provincial Letters, and the sentences are sometimes ill constructed and elliptical. Passages almost transcribed from Montaigne have been published by careless editors as Pascal's.

‘ But the Thoughts of Pascal are to be ranked, as a monument of his genius, above the Provincial Letters, though some have asserted the contrary. They burn with an intense light; condensed in expression, sublime, energetic, rapid, they hurry away the reader till he is scarcely able or willing to distinguish the sophisms from the truth they contain. For that many of them are incapable of bearing a calm scrutiny is very manifest to those who apply such a test. The notes of Voltaire, though  
always

always intended to detract, are sometimes unanswerable; but the splendour of Pascal's eloquence absolutely annihilates, in effect on the general reader, even this antagonist.

Pascal had probably not read very largely, which has given an ampler sweep to his genius. Except the Bible and the writings of Augustin, the book that seems most to have attracted him was the Essays of Montaigne. Yet no men could be more unlike in personal disposition and in the cast of their intellect. But Pascal, though abhorring the religious and moral carelessness of Montaigne, found much that fell in with his own reflections in the contempt of human opinions, the perpetual humbling of human reason, which runs through the bold and original work of his predecessor. He quotes no book so frequently; and indeed, except Epictetus, and once or twice Descartes, he hardly quotes any other at all. Pascal was too acute a geometer, and too sincere a lover of truth to countenance the sophisms of mere Pyrrhonism; but like many theological writers, in exalting faith he does not always give Reason her value, and furnishes weapons which the sceptic might employ against himself. It has been said that he denies the validity of the proofs of natural religion. This seems to be in some measure an error, founded on mistaking the objections he puts in the mouths of unbelievers for his own. But it must, I think, be admitted that his arguments for the being of a God are too often *à tunciori*, that it is the safer side to take.

But the leading principle of Pascal's theology, that from which he deduces the necessary truth of revelation, is the fallen nature of mankind; dwelling less upon scriptural proofs, which he takes for granted, than on the evidence which he supposes man himself to supply. Nothing, however, can be more dissimilar than his beautiful visions to the vulgar Calvinism of the pulpit. It is not the sordid, grovelling, degraded Caliban of that school, but the ruined archangel that he delights to paint. Man is so great, that his greatness is manifest, even in his knowledge of his own misery. A tree does not know itself to be miserable. It is true that to know we are miserable is misery; but still it is greatness to know it. All his misery proves his greatness; it is the misery of a great lord, of a king, dispossessed of their own. Man is the feeblest branch of nature, but it is a branch that thinks. He requires not the universe to crush him. He may be killed by a vapour, by a drop of water. But if the whole universe should crush him, he would be nobler than that which causes his death, because he knows that he is dying, and the universe would not know its power over him. This is very evidently sophistical and declamatory; but it is the sophistry of a fine imagination. It would be easy, however, to find better passages. The dominant idea recurs in almost every page of Pascal. His melancholy genius plays in wild and rapid flashes, like lightning round the scathed oak, about the fallen greatness of man. He perceives every characteristic quality of his nature under these conditions. They are the solution of every problem, the clearing up of every inconsistency that perplexes us. "Man," he says very finely, "has a secret instinct that leads him to seek diversion and employment from

from without ; which springs from the sense of his continual misery. And he has another secret instinct, remaining from the greatness of his original nature, which teaches him that happiness can only exist in repose. And from these two contrary instincts there arises in him an obscure propensity, concealed in his soul, which prompts him to seek repose through agitation, and even to fancy that the contentment he does not enjoy will be found, if by struggling yet a little longer he can open a door to rest."

' It can hardly be conceived that any one would think the worse of human nature or of himself by reading these magnificent lamentations of Pascal. He adorns and ennobles the degeneracy he exaggerates. The ruined aqueduct, the broken column, the desolated city, suggest no ideas but of dignity and reverence. No one is ashamed of a misery which bears witness to its grandeur. If we should persuade a labourer that the blood of princes flows in his veins, we might spoil his contentment with the only lot he has drawn, but scarcely kill in him the seeds of pride.'—vol. iv. pp. 156—160.

We have no space for Mr. Hallam's observations on the profound and difficult problem which is here forced upon the consideration, the origin of evil in man, but we can recommend them as worthy the serious consideration of all who are disposed to such grave inquiries. To the Christian, after all, this must be a question of pure revelation. Experience, observation, reason, may show what man is, but whether man ever existed in a higher state can only be known, and, therefore, can only be communicated, by an intelligence anterior to, and cognisant of, that pre-existent or paradisaical state. All the noble contrasts between the dignity and insignificance, the power and weakness, the crimes and virtues of man prove nothing, beyond the actual condition of humanity, which, for aught we can know from reason, may have been created for wise purposes in this imperfect state ; and genius, like Pascal's, ranging through creation, might, no doubt, find a close analogy, at least in the intervening links, if not through the whole infinite series of created things. All beyond our actual world, we repeat, must rest on revelation.

While France was thus proceeding undisturbed in her peculiar course of intellectual development, the civil wars made a violent breach and interruption in the literary progress of England. Not that there was any complete cessation of intellectual activity ; as the collision arose out of the conflict of great religious and political principles, the warfare was waged by the pen as well as by the sword ; the press poured forth its desultory myriads as the land its armed legions. Bear witness the huge tomes of Puritan divinity and the countless quartos of pamphlets ; but, as is always the case, the publications were too hasty, too temporary, too much coloured by the violent passions of the time, to have any

any lasting influence, as literary productions, on the history of the human mind. Poetry, indeed, shrunk into silence amid the polemic strife, the noise and agitation of actual war. Here and there romantic loyalty, or even stern republicanism struck out a few short notes, which rose above the tumult, and showed that poetry was not yet extinct in the heart of man; we allude to the two or three exquisite songs of Lovelace, and to some of Milton's sonnets. But, in general, verse aspired no higher than the political song, the roaring bacchanal of the cavalier, or the quaint hymn of the conventicler. The stage was proscribed; the Shaksperian drama had uttered her last strains in the feebleness though still lively, the comparatively unimpassioned though not unimaginative plays, of Shirley. The sweet promise of George Withers' early verse was soured into the acrid harshness of puritanical satire. With the few exceptions above alluded to, there was a comparatively dreary period of sublime, occasionally, but harsh, polemical, and political prose, which intervened between the unrivalled melody of Milton's youthful poems, the 'Allegro' and 'Penseroso,' the 'Comus' and the 'Lycidas,' and the solemn, mature, meditative grandeur of the 'Paradise Lost.' In some, indeed, of the State Papers, those on the royal side which were written by Clarendon, and in some fragments which remain of the parliamentary and judicial eloquence, there is a grave dignity and force, as yet, perhaps, scarcely ever attained by English prose. For terseness, fine irony, and biting sarcasm, the singular pamphlet, 'Killing no Murder,' was unrivalled till the days of Junius. But our general literature must look back to the age of Elizabeth and James, or forward beyond the Restoration, for any of the great productions of the human intellect. Never, perhaps, was a great cause more unworthily pleaded than in the 'Arraignment and Defence of the People of England for the Execution of Charles the First.' Milton could not write for a long time without flashes of his nobility of thought and language; but, in general, his victory over his antagonist Salmasius is obtained solely by his more perfect command of Latin Billingsgate. The controversy is more like that of two schoolmasters quarrelling about points of grammar and expression, and lashing each other into the coarsest personalities, than the advocates of two great conflicting principles debating a solemn question before astonished Europe.

But when the fury of the storm was over, men's minds, more temperately agitated, had leisure, and had still a strong impulse towards intellectual study and productiveness; as they gradually cooled down to more sober reasoning, without altogether quenching the vivifying fire within, they grappled with all the great questions which

which had been set afloat during the period of turbulence. In poverty, and neglect, and blindness, the fierce gladiator, who had struggled with stern energy against Prelacy and Monarchy, isolated from the world around in his religious no less than in his political sentiments, came forth the Poet of 'Paradise Lost.' The stage revived, but, unhappily, foreign influences had streamed in at the Restoration; our drama began to imitate the versification of the French and the wild extravagance of the Spanish, without the dignity and elegance of the former, or the inexhaustible invention of the latter,—if not without a native vigour of language and much sparkling wit, with a deeply-rooted immorality of tone and profligacy of language entirely our own. The period of Charles the Second is that to which we may look with the greatest shame upon our more popular literature—the literature, that is, of our court and capital; and in no respect so much as in the comparative waste of him, whom we may yet call, 'Glorious John.' What might Dryden have been in better days? There are few lines to us more melancholy than those in which he deplores his fatal subservience to a 'lubrique and adulterous age.' Dryden was, perhaps, the first, and the greatest, of the writers for bread—the actors on the stage of literature, who, in old Johnson's phrase, 'as they live to please, must please to live.' We mean not those who, by partial compliance with the spirit of their age, command it; who, by seeming obedience, direct it to better things; but those who throw themselves headlong into the current, and yield to its impulse wherever it may bear them. To please the age of Dryden, unhappily, it was necessary to be pompous and inflated in tragedy, coarse and filthy in comedy, and, with a reluctant and mournful heart, Dryden stooped to the service by which he lived. Yet though we deplore the waste of high talents and of powers which, if they had girt themselves up to some great task, might have obtained a permanent rank in literature; perhaps those poets whose poverty, if not their will, consents to sacrifice lasting fame for ephemeral influence and popularity, are not without use in their generation. If they vulgarise they likewise popularise literature; they are constrained to speak in a more intelligible and colloquial tone (except in short periods where the fashion enforces some peculiar affectation), in order to address the many; they give a certain elevation to, even in some cases they scatter something like poetry over, the events of the day; they bring down literature from its heights, they draw it forth from its meditative hermitage to converse with man, and thus, by a kind of self-sacrifice without dignity, by an unintentional assertion of their own superiority to the mass, they

they diffuse literary tastes, and extend the empire of mind over classes which have been long excluded from its operation. Except the 'Fables,' all Dryden's works may be considered as written on occasional and temporary subjects. 'Alexander's Feast' was composed for music on St. Cecilia's day; 'Absalom and Achitophel' is, as every one knows, a political satire. The prefaces to his plays, and the 'Essay on Dramatic Poetry' were dashed off to serve immediate purposes;\* and, perhaps, all their faults and some of their beauties arose from these circumstances of their composition. English prose, in the hands of Dryden, threw off that still somewhat scholastic and unfamiliar tone which it had retained even in the great writers of the former period. Hooker might still appear to address divines, Bacon philosophers, at least, thinking and accomplished minds; in Dryden, the literary language first approached to the plain, the idiomatic, the vernacular. The pedantry of quotation, the endless illustration, the quaint metaphor seemed to fall off as cumbersome or superfluous. It had all the faults, on the other hand, of haste. It was, doubtless, too frequently coarse, careless, not merely unpolished, but unfinished; as it drew nearer to the conversation of educated and intelligent men, it was too apt to degenerate into the cant and fashionable terms and phrases which prevail at every period. The poetry of Dryden partook in these merits and defects. As it usually treated on subjects in themselves less essentially poetical, so it could not speak in anything like a poetical vocabulary. Approaching nearer to common life, it used something far more like common language; it was distinguished by its vigour, its pregnancy, its solidity, rather than by its imaginative or suggestive richness and grace: it was language which, stripped of its rhyme and cadence, of its poetic form, might have been employed at the bar or in the senate.

But happily the Court circle, even London itself, was not England. There were great minds far removed from the contagion of the metropolis, who, either in academic retirement, or in other places more favourable to study, as well as to independent dignity of intellect, maintained the native character of English literature, and employed themselves in the solution of those problems on which the age required satisfaction. During the political and religious agitations of the civil wars, the mind of man had broke loose from all its ancient moorings; every question of social or spiritual interest was in a floating and unsettled state—

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\* 'Cousin Swift' puts it coarsely:—

— Merely writ at first for filling,  
To raise the volume's price a shilling.

every established opinion had been rudely shaken, or torn up by the roots—men were wildly rushing from one extreme to another—the most opposite doctrines met and embraced;—servility in political theory reconciled itself to more than freedom in religious creed; while enthusiastic religion threw off, or attempted to supersede, all civil control. Profound and commanding minds were imperiously required to restore anything like peace to the intellect, as the Restoration had, to a certain extent, to the State of England: and they were not found wanting. The impulse of the great movement was still working, and with its most powerful influence, on minds which were either repelled by, or kept aloof from, the degrading intrigues and debauchery of the court. Clarendon, in exile, composed that immortal history, which, if written under great disadvantages, from memory alone, and at a distance from those documents, which can alone insure minute accuracy in the historian, had still a faithfulness more impressive and more valuable. If the memory of Clarendon had let fall some petty circumstances, dates and names, it had preserved the impressions, the actual being and presence of his times, as it appeared to, and left its indelible stamp upon, his mind. No one is better qualified to appreciate, and no one can praise, moreover, with greater freedom and justice, than Mr. Hallam, the consummate skill with which Clarendon draws the characters of men; but there has always appeared to us, besides this, to a peculiar degree, this faithfulness of impression—this power of realising the scenes and events of the period, with their workings on the minds of men, which is among the highest and rarest functions of a great historian. We read not merely the barren facts, and learn the names, and become acquainted with the characters, of the principal actors, but the whole tragic drama, with the emotions it excited, its fears, its hopes, its passions, its vicissitudes, passes before us, in all the energy and movement of life.

But History, however nobly written, still less History written by the acknowledged hand of a partisan, could not decide, even had it been published at that time, any of those solemn questions, of which the impatient mind of man demanded the settlement. The very depths of metaphysical, ethical, and theological speculation were to be sounded, not by men obstinately wedded to one theory, but by patient and impartial reasoners, still, in some cases, sufficiently impassioned to follow out their inquiries with unexhausted perseverance, and to present its results in a vivid and earnest tone, but with the passion subordinate to the reason, or lingering only in the more fervid or metaphoric diction. Some, indeed, were of still severer temperament. Neither the political  
nor

nor the religious theories of Hobbes are likely to find too much favour with Mr. Hallam; but he does ample justice to the singular acuteness and metaphysical originality, to the yet unrivalled pregnancy, perspicuity, and precision of language, in the philosopher of Malmesbury. Chillingworth was likewise among the more austere and sternly logical writers. This great man, with Jeremy Taylor, in his *Liberty of Prophesying*, and the admirable John Hales of Eton, first established in this country that which had already been developed by the Arminians of Holland—the true principles of Protestant toleration. We must not venture at any length upon Taylor. This extraordinary man was endowed to excess with all the gifts of a great writer, but, instead of balancing and correcting each other, each seems to seize upon him in turn, and hurry him away in unresisted mastery. His consummate reasoning powers are perpetually betraying him into refinements and subtleties; he is not merely a casuist in his professed book on Casuistry, his *Ductor Dubitantium*, but in many other parts of his works. In the *Ductor* he is often cool, analytical, and runs as near the wind on moral points, as a Jesuit. Pascal, with but little unfairness, might have found rich scope, even in this last of the vast tomes of casuistry, for his satire. The inexhaustible learning of Taylor is uncritical beyond his time; passages from every quarter are heaped up with indiscriminate profusion—loose, fragmentary, of all ages, of every shade of authority. His poetic imagination is not merely redundant of the richest and most various imagery, but works out every image and illustration to the most remote and fanciful analogies. His very command of language seems to involve him in intricate and endless sentences, in order that he may show his wonderful power of evolving himself with apparent ease, and of giving a kind of rhythm and harmony, a cadence sometimes sweet to the ear, to this long drawn succession of words and images.\* Even the virtues, which breathe throughout all his works, are of this exuberant character. His piety soars, at times, into mysticism; his practical earnestness becomes ascetic: even his charity—though, for our own parts, we find the excess of that virtue so rare, that

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\* We are rather surprised, in Mr. Hallam's comparison of Taylor and Bishop Hall, to read this sentence:—'These two great divines resemble each other, on the whole, so much, that we might, for a short time, not discover which we were reading.'—*Vol. III. p. 127.* They are like each other, to our judgment, only in the fervour of their devotion. The fancy of Hall is barren in comparison to that of Taylor. There is almost a perpetual quaintness; and in almost all his works he continues to affect a brevity of period, with which Milton taunted him in their controversy about Episcopacy. 'To be ordered by one who makes sentences by the statute, as if all above three were confuted.' This is very different from Taylor's redundant flow.



perhaps we had rather err with Taylor, than be right with some sterner dogmatists—has been thought, in its strong recoil from the harshness of Calvinism, to approximate to the other extreme. But, on the whole, Taylor was of inestimable service to the religion of England; he softened the asperity and mitigated the sternness which it had assumed during the long and angry strife; he showed that a more expansive and less rigidly dogmatic tone was consistent with the most angelic piety.

To the other great divine of this period, the greatest, we had almost ventured to say, of English divines, Mr. Hallam does not appear to us to have assigned quite his proper position. He has seized the main characteristics of Barrow's mind and manner, with his usual discrimination; but we should be inclined, both as to the actual merit of his writings and his influence on his age, to claim a more separate and elevated rank for this solid thinker and unrivalled master of the English language. The sermons of Barrow, with his *Treatise on the Pope's Supremacy*, include the whole domain of theology and of morals. There is scarcely a question which is not exhausted, and, by his inimitable copiousness of language, placed in every point of view, and examined with the most conscientious accuracy. Barrow is high above indifference or Pyrrhonism, but his commanding reason can venture to give every fair advantage to the arguments of his adversaries. He is not, indeed, so much a polemic writer as an honest, though devout, investigator of truth. With Barrow we are not haunted with the apprehension that we are following out a partial or imperfect theory; it is all before us in its boundless range and its infinite variety; and it is not till we have received the amplest satisfaction that our assent is demanded to the inevitable conclusion. For this, indeed; and the firm, we trust, inseparable reunion of religion and the highest morality, which had been forced asunder in the reckless contests of fanaticism in all its various forms, we are more indebted to this great divine than to any other single writer. Barrow gave its character of strong sense, solidity, and completeness to English theology. To some of us he will appear, no doubt, insufferably prolix, and unnecessarily multifarious in his divisions. The well-known speech of Charles II., that *he was not a fair man—he left nothing to be said by any one who came after him*, was no doubt true; and perhaps we, being accustomed to a more rapid and effective style, may feel some of the impatience of the merry monarch; yet we think the station to be adjudged both to his intellectual powers and the influence which those powers have exercised on English

English literature and English thinking, must set him far apart from most of the writers either of his own or of any other period.

In our examination of Mr. Hallam's work, we are conscious that we have dwelt almost exclusively on what may be called the high places of literature, while much of the merit of such a summary must depend on the judgment with which the inferior writers are admitted into the company of the 'gods and demigods,' and the skill with which the more feeble and undistinguished lineaments of their literary character are caught and painted. We might, no doubt, if captiously disposed, have found much debatable matter on these minor subjects; we might have complained of the exclusion of some, and protested against the freedom of the literary republic being granted to others. The bibliographers, again, who are apt to judge of the merits of a writer from the rarity of his book, will complain, that volumes over which the hammer of Mr. Evans has been suspended for many minutes of breathless anxiety, have received no more notice from Mr. Hallam than from their own age, which allowed them to sink into undisturbed obscurity; but bibliography, we apprehend, was not the object of our author. The searchers of the recondite treasures of the Bodleian and British Museum will look in vain, perhaps, to this work for its guidance in unearthing or undusting writers, not without merit or influence in their day, who were either unknown, or have been forgotten or disregarded by Mr. Hallam. But neither was this case, we conceive, contemplated in his design. We must remember that this is the first great general map or chart of the intellectual world attempted in this country. To all lovers of literature it will be acceptable; to the young, we conceive, invaluable. We almost wish that we could renew our own youth, in order to profit by its instructions; it would have prevented us from reading a vast number of very bad books, and induced us, perhaps, to read some good ones. The more extensive the surface of literature, the more we are inclined not to rest in the narrow circle of our native libraries, but to consider Europe as one literary republic; the greater therefore becomes the necessity of introductions to literary history. We have dwelt much on the adaptation of intellectual studies to the necessities of each age; nothing was perhaps more imperatively demanded by our own than that which we now possess in the work of Mr. Hallam—a systematic, comprehensive, and trustworthy Retrospective Review.

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- ART. III.—1. *Catlin's Indian Gallery, containing Portraits, Landscapes, Costumes, &c., and Representations of the Manners and Customs of the North American Indians.* Egyptian Hall. London. 1840.
2. *A Report to the Secretary of War of the United States on Indian Affairs, comprising a Narrative of a Tour performed in the Summer of 1820, under a Commission from the President of the United States, for the purpose of ascertaining for the use of the Government the actual state of the Indian Tribes in our Country.* By the Rev. Jedediah Morse, D.D. 8vo. pp. 496. Newhaven. 1822.
3. *Life of Thayendanegea.* By William L. Stone. 8vo. pp. 1142. 2 vols. New York. 1838.

**T**HERE exists no trait more characteristic of that innate generosity which has always distinguished the British nation, than the support which an individual, in proportion as he is weak, friendless, and indeed notwithstanding his faults, has invariably received from it whenever he has been seen, under any circumstances, ruined and overwhelmed in a collision with superior strength. It little matters whether it be the Poles overpowered by the Russians, or merely a school-boy fighting with a man, for, without the slightest inquiry into the justice of the quarrel, the English public are always prone to declare themselves in favour of the 'little one;' and this assistance is so confidently relied upon, that it is well known the basest publishers, when they find they can attract nothing but contempt, as a last resource wilfully incur a *government prosecution*.

Yet, while this has been the case among us at home, the aborigines of America in both hemispheres have been constantly fading before our eyes; and this annihilation of the real proprietors of the New World has excited no more sympathy than has been felt for the snow of their country which every year has rapidly melted under the bright sun of heaven! Sovereigns from time immemorial of the vast territory bestowed upon them by the Almighty, they have gradually been superseded by the usurpers of their soil, until thousands of miles have been so completely dispeopled, that there does not remain a solitary survivor to guard the revered tombs of his ancestors, or to stand among them, the mourner and representative of an extinguished race! By an act of barbarism unexampled in history, their title of '*Americans*' has even been usurped by the progeny of Europe, and, as if to perpetuate the ignorance which existed at the period of their discovery, we continue, in the illiterate jargon of that day, to call them '*Indians*,'

'Indians,' although the designation is as preposterous as if we were to persist in nick-naming them 'Persians' or 'Chinese.'

If the annihilation of our red brethren had been completed, it might be declared to be now as useless, as it certainly would be unpopular, to enter into any painful speculation on the subject; but a portion of their race still exists. By the bayonet, by the diseases we bring among them, by the introduction of spirituous liquors, by our vices, and last, though not least, by our proffered friendship, the work of destruction is still progressing; and if, in addition to all this, it be true, as in documentary evidence it has confidently been asserted, that every day throughout the year the sun sets upon 1000 negroes, who in anguish of mind, and under sea-sickness, sail as slaves from the coast of Africa—*nunquam redituri*—surely the civilised world is bound to pause ere it be too late, in an equally merciless course of conduct towards the 'Indians,' which must sooner or later bring upon us a day of retribution, the justice of which we shall not be able to deny. But even dismissing from our minds the flagrant immorality of such conduct, as well as its possible results, it certainly appears unaccountable that we should have interested ourselves so little in the philosophical consideration of the condition of man in that unlettered, simple state, in which only a few centuries ago we found him on the two continents of America.

If a flock of wild grey geese following their leader in the form of the letter >, and flying high over our heads at the rate of 1000 miles a day, be compared with the string of birds of the same species which at the same moment are seen in single file waddling across their 'short commons' to their parish puddle;—if a flight of widgeon, hundreds of miles from land, and skimming like the shadow of a small cloud over the glassy surface of the boundless ocean, be compared with a brood of 'lily-white ducks' luxuriously dabbling in a horse-pond;—if the wild boars, which with their progeny are roaming through the forests of Europe and Asia in quest of food, be compared to our sty-fed domestic animals which, with every want supplied, lie with twinkling eyes grunting in idle extacy as the florid bacon-fed attendant scratches their hides with the prongs of his pitch-fork;—if a herd of buffalo with extended tails, retreating across their plains at their utmost speed from that malignant speck on the horizon which proclaims to them the fearful outline of the human form, be compared with a Devonshire cow chewing the cud before a barn-door, while at every stroke of John's flail honest Susan, leaning her blooming cheek against her favourite's side, with her bright tin milk-pail at her feet, pulls, pulls, pulls, so long as she can say, as John Bunyan said of his book,

'still

'still as I pull'd it came;'—if the foregoing, as well as many similar comparisons which might be brought before the mind, were duly considered, it would probably be declared that there does not exist in the moral world, and that there can scarcely exist in the physical, a more striking contrast than that which distinguishes the condition and character of birds and animals in a wild and in an artificial condition.

But there is a contrast in nature even stronger than any we have mentioned—we mean that which exists between man in his civilised and uncivilised (or, as we term the latter), his 'savage' state; and, great as the contrast is, and self-interesting as it undoubtedly ought to be, it is, nevertheless, most strange how small a proportion of our curiosity has been attracted by it. The scientific world has waged civil war in its geological discussions on the Huttonian and Wernerian theories. In exploring the source of the Nile—in seeking for the course of the Niger—in making voyages of discovery, in order triumphantly 'to plant the British flag on the North Pole of the earth,' man has not been wanting in enterprise. In his endeavours to obtain the most accurate knowledge of every ocean, sea, or river—of every country—of every great range of mountains—of every cataract, or even volcano—and of every extraordinary feature of the globe;—in the prosecution of these and of similar inquiries he has not been wanting in curiosity or courage. Into the natural history of almost every animal, and even of insects, he has microscopically inquired. To every plant and little flower he has prescribed a name. He has dissected the rays of light, and has analysed and weighed even the air he breathes: and yet, with volumes of information on all these subjects, it is astonishing to reflect how little correct philosophical knowledge we possess of the real condition of man in a state of nature.

The rich mine which contained this knowledge has always been before us, but, because its wealth was not absolutely lying on the surface, we have been too indolent to dig for it. In short, between the civilised and uncivilised world a barrier exists, which neither party is very desirous to cross; for the wild man is as much oppressed by the warm houses, by the short tether, and by the minute regulations of civilised men, as they suffer from sleeping with him under the canopy of heaven, or from following him over the surface of his trackless and townless territory; besides which, if we reflect for a moment how grotesque the powdered hair, pig-tails, and whole costume of our fathers and forefathers now appear to our eyes, and how soon the dress we wear will, by our own children, be alike condemned; we need not be surprised at the fact, which all travellers have experienced,  
namely,

namely, that on the first introduction to uncivilised tribes, the judgment is too apt to set down as utterly and merely ridiculous, garments, habits, and customs, which on a longer acquaintance it often cannot be denied, are not more contemptible than many of our own; in fact, in the great case of 'civilisation *versus* the savage' we are but bad judges in our own cause.

But even supposing that our travellers had been determined to suspend their opinions and to prosecute their inquiries, in spite of hardships and unsavory food, yet when the barrier has apparently been crossed, the evidence which first presents itself bears false witness in the case;—for just as the richest lodes are covered at their surface with a glittering substance (termed by miners 'mundic'), resembling metal, but which on being smelted flies away in poisonous fumes of arsenic—so is that portion of the uncivilised world which borders upon civilisation always found to be contaminated, or, in other words, to have lost its own good qualities without having received in return anything but the vices of the neighbouring race.

It is from the operation of these two causes, that so many of our travellers in both continents of America, mistaking the mundic for the metal, have overlooked the real Indian character, first, from a disinclination to encounter the question; and, secondly, having attempted to encounter it, from having been at once, and at the outset, disgusted with the task. In order, therefore, to take a fair view of the Indian, it is evidently necessary that we should overleap the barrier we have described, and thus visit him either in the vast interminable plains,—in the lofty and almost inaccessible mountains,—or in the lonely interior of the immense wilderness in which he resides.—In each of these three situations we have had a very transient opportunity of viewing him, but it will be on the more ample experience of others that we shall mainly rely in the following sketches and observations.

It is a singular fact, that while in Europe, Asia, and Africa, there exist races of men whose complexion and countenances are almost as strongly contrasted with each other as are animals of different species, the aborigines of both continents of America everywhere appear like children of the same race; indeed the ocean itself under all latitudes does scarcely preserve a more equable colour than the red man of America in every situation in which he is found.

Wherever he has been wronged by injustice, his reception of his white brother is an affecting example of that genuine hospitality which is only to be met with in savage tribes. However inferior the stranger may be to him in stature or in physical strength, he at once treats him as a superior being. He is proud to serve him: it is his highest pleasure to conduct him—to protect him—  
and

and to afford him, without expecting the slightest recompense, all that his country can offer—all that his humble wigwam may contain. If his object in visiting the Indian country be unsuspected, the stranger's life and property are perfectly secure; under such circumstances, we believe, there has scarcely ever been an instance of a white man having been murdered or robbed. Mr. Catlin, who has had, perhaps, more experience of these simple people than any other white inhabitant of the globe, unhesitatingly adds his testimony to this general remark. From the particular objects of his visit to the *Indians*, he had more baggage than any individual would usually carry. At no time, however, was his life in greater danger than theirs, and in no instance was he pilfered of a single article—on the contrary, it was not until he reached the contaminated barrier that he found it even necessary to watch over his baggage; and, indeed, it was not until he returned to people of his own colour, that he found it almost impossible to protect the various items of his property.

The Indians talk but little; and though their knowledge is of course limited, yet they have at least the wisdom never to speak when they have nothing to say; and it is a remarkable fact, which has repeatedly been observed, that they neither curse nor swear.

When an Indian arrives with a message of the greatest importance to his tribe, even with intelligence of the most imminent danger, he never tells it at his first approach, but sits down for a minute or two in silence, to recollect himself before he speaks, that he may not evince fear or excitement; for though these people admit, that when individual talks to individual, any licence may be permitted, they consider that in all dealings between nation and nation the utmost dignity should be preserved. The public speakers are accordingly selected from the most eloquent of their tribes; and it is impossible for any one who has not repeatedly listened to them, to describe the effects of the graceful attitude, the calm argument, and the manly sense with which they express themselves. Indeed, it seems perfectly unaccountable how men—who have never read a line, who have never seen a town, who have never heard of a school, and who have passed their whole existence either among rugged mountains, on boundless plains, or closely environed by trees—can manage, all of a sudden, to express themselves without hesitation, in beautiful language, and afterwards listen to the reply as calmly and as patiently.

It has often been said *ex cathedra* that the Indians are inferior to ourselves in their powers of body and mind. With respect to their physical strength, it should on the outset be remembered that men, like animals, are strong in proportion to the sustenance they receive.

receive. In many parts of America, where the country, according to the season of the year, is either verdant or parched, it is well known that not only the horses and cattle are infinitely stronger at the former season than at the latter, but that the human inhabitants who feed on them are sympathetically fat and powerful at the one period, and lean and weak at the other. Even in our own country, a horse or a man in condition\* can effect infinitely more than when they are taken either from a meadow or a gaol; and accordingly a sturdy well-fed Englishman may with truth declare, that he has been able to surpass in bodily strength his red brother; but let him subsist for a couple of months on the same food, or on only twice or thrice the same quantity of food, and he will soon cease to despise the physical powers of his companion. The weights which Indian carriers can convey, the surprising distances which their runners can perform, the number of hours they can remain on horseback, and the length of time they can subsist without food, are facts which unanswerably disprove the alleged inferiority of their strength.

In one of the most remote and mountainous districts of their country, when it was completely enveloped in snow, we happened, at the bottom of a deep mine, to see a naked Indian in an adit, or gallery, in which he could only kneel. We had been attracted towards him by the loud and constant reverberation of the heavy blows he was striking; and so great was the noise he was making that we crawled towards him unobserved, and for a minute or two knelt close behind him. Not the slightest perspiration appeared on his deep red body; but with the gad or chisel in his left hand, he unremittently continued at his work, until we suddenly arrested his lean sinewy right arm; and as soon as he had recovered from his astonishment, we induced him to surrender to us the hammer he was using, which is now in our possession. Its weight is no less than eighteen pounds, exactly twice as much as a blacksmith's double-handed hammer; and we can confidently assert that no miner or labourer in this country could possibly wield it for five minutes, and that, among all the sturdy philosophers who congregate at Lord Northampton's *soirée* or Mr. Babbage's *conversations*, hardly one besides Professor Whewell could use it for a tenth of that time.

Mr. Gatlin states, that in another very distant part of America, a short, thick-set warrior, known by the appellation of the Brave, amicably agreed, before a large party of spectators, to wrestle with some of the most powerful troopers in a regiment of

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\* The Indians train themselves for war by extra food, and by sweating themselves in a vapour bath, which they ingeniously form by covering themselves over with a skin, under which they have placed hot stones, kept wet by a small stream of water.



United States' dragoons; and that the Indian, grappling with one after another, dashed them successively to the ground with a violence which they did not at all appear to enjoy, but with about as much ease seemingly to himself as if they had been so many maids of honour. *Quarterly Review*

With respect to the moral power of the redaborigines, in addition to the few short specimens of their speeches and replies which we mean by and by to notice, we must observe, that the tortures which these beardless men can smilingly and exultingly endure, must surely be admitted as proofs of a commanding fibre of mind, of a self-possession—in short, of a moral prowess which few among us could evince, and which we therefore ought to blush to deny to them as their due. In justice, however, to the Indian character, we deem it a painful duty to quote a single authenticated instance of the triumph of the red man's mind over the anguish of his body. We hope that 'the better-half' of our readers will pass it over unread, as revolting to the soft feelings of their nature; but the question is too important for us to shrink from the production of real evidence; and, having undertaken their defence, we feel we should not be justified in suddenly abandoning it, from the apprehension lest any man should call it 'unmannerly to bring a slovenly unhand-some corse betwixt the wind and his nobility.'

The Hon. Cadwallader Colden, who, in 1750, was one of his Majesty's counsel, and surveyor-general of New York, in his 'History of the Five Indian Nations of Canada,'\* says,—

'The French, all this summer, were obliged to keep upon the defensive within their forts, while the Five Nations, in small parties, ravaged the whole country, so that no man stirred the least distance from a fort but he was in danger of losing his scalp.

'The Count de Frontenac was pierced to the heart when he found he could not revenge these terrible incursions; and his anguish made him guilty of such a piece of monstrous cruelty, in burning a prisoner alive after the Indian manner, as, though I have frequently mentioned to have been done by the Indians, yet I forbore giving the particulars of such barbarous acts, suspecting it might be too offensive to Christian ears, even in the history of savages. . . .

'The Count de Frontenac, I say, condemned two prisoners of the Five Nations to be burnt publicly alive. The Intendant's lady entreated him to moderate the sentence; and the Jesuits, it is said, used their endeavours for the same purpose; but the Count de Frontenac said, "There is a necessity of making such an example, to frighten the Five Nations from approaching the plantations." But, with submission to the politeness of the French nation, may I not ask whether every (or any) horrid action of a barbarous enemy can justify a civilised nation in

\* We quote from the London edition, 8vo. p. 487 — 1750.

doing the like? When the Governor could not be moved, the Jesuits went to the prison to instruct the prisoners in the mysteries of our holy religion, viz., of the Trinity, the incarnation of our Saviour, the joys of Paradise, and the punishments of Hell, to fit their souls for Heaven by baptism, while their bodies were condemned to torments. But the *Indians*, after they had heard their sentence, refused to hear the Jesuits speak; and began to prepare for death in their own country manner, by singing their death-song. Some charitable person threw a knife into the prison, with which one of them despatched himself. The other was carried out to the place of execution by the Christian *Indians* of *Loretto*, to which he walked, seemingly, with as much indifference as ever martyr did to the stake. While they were torturing him, he continued singing, that he was a warrior brave, and without fear; that the most cruel death could not shake his courage; that the most cruel torments should not draw an indecent expression from him; that his comrade was a coward, a scandal to the *Five Nations*, who had killed himself for fear of pain; that he had the comfort to reflect that he had made many *Frenchmen* suffer as he did now. He fully verified his words, for the most violent torments could not force the least complaint from him, though his executioners tried their utmost skill to do it. They first broiled his feet between two red-hot stones; then they put his fingers into red-hot pipes, and though he had his arms at liberty, he would not pull his fingers out; they cut his joints, and taking hold of the sinews, twisted them round small bars of iron. All this while, he kept singing and recounting his own brave actions against the *French*. At last they flayed his scalp from his skull, and poured scalding hot sand upon it, at which time the Intendant's lady obtained leave of the Governor to have the *coup de grace* given; and I believe she thereby likewise obtained a favour to every reader, in delivering him from a further continuance of this account of *French* cruelty.'

We have selected this tragic story out of many, because it offers a double moral; for it not only evinces the indomitable power of an Indian mind, but it at once turns the accusation raised against the cruelty of his nature, upon a citizen of one of the politest and bravest nations of the civilised globe, and with this fact before him well might the red man say, "*suo sibi gladio hunc jugulo!*"

• With a view, however, to show that an Indian heart is not *always* unsusceptible of the horror we must all feel at the torture they are in the habit of inflicting upon their prisoners of war, we have pleasure in offering, especially to the fairer sex, the following anecdote related by Captain Bell and Major Long, of the United States Army, and certified by Major O'Fallan the American agent, and also by his interpreter who witnessed it.

A few years ago a Pawnee warrior, son of 'Old Knife,' known that his tribe, according to their custom, were going to torture a *Madeca* woman, whom they had taken in war, resolutely determined, at all hazards, to rescue her, if possible, from so cruel a fate.

fate. The poor creature, far from her family and tribe, and surrounded only by the eager attitudes and anxious faces of her enemies, had been actually fastened to the stake—her funeral pile was about to be kindled, and every eye was mercilessly directed upon her, when the young chieftain, mounted on one horse, and, according to the habit of his country, leading another, was seen approaching the ceremony at full gallop.—To the astonishment of every one, he rode straight up to the pile—extricated the victim from the stake—threw her on the loose horse, and then vaulting on the back of the other, he carried her off in triumph!

‘She is won! we are gone—over bank, bush, and scaur;

‘“They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young Lochinvar.’

The deed, however, was so sudden and unexpected—and, being mysterious, it was at the moment so generally considered as nothing less than the act of the Great Spirit, that no efforts were made to resist it, and the captive after three days’ travelling, was thus safely transported to her nation, and to her friends. On the return of her liberator to his own people, no censure was passed upon his extraordinary conduct—it was allowed to pass unnoticed.

On the publication of this glorious love story at Washington, the boarding-school girls of Miss White’s seminary were so sensibly touched by it, that they very prettily subscribed among each other to purchase a silver medal, bearing a suitable inscription, which they presented to the young Red-skin, as a token of the admiration of *white-skins* at the chivalrous act he had performed, in having rescued one of their sex from so unnatural a fate. Their address closed as follows:—

‘Brother! accept this token of our esteem; always wear it for our sakes; and when again you have the power to save a poor woman from death, think of this, and of us, and fly to her relief.’

The young Pawnee had been unconscious of his merit, but he was not ungrateful:—

‘Brothers and sisters!’ he exclaimed, extending towards them the medal which had been hanging on his red naked breast, ‘this will give me ease more than I ever had, and I will listen more than I ever did to white men.’

‘I am glad that my brothers and sisters have heard of the good act I have done. My brothers and sisters think that I did it in ignorance; but I now know what I have done.’

‘I did it in ignorance, and did not know that I did good; but by giving me this medal I know it!’

The tranquillity and serenity which characterise an Indian in time of peace are strangely contrasted with the furious passions which convulse him in war. The moral thermometer, which, in the English character, is generally somewhere about ‘temperate,’ is with the Indians either many degrees below zero or high above

the point at which it is declared that 'spirits boil.' The range of the red man's emotions is infinitely greater than that of his white brother; and to all who have witnessed only the calmness, the patience, the endurance, and the silence of the Indians, it seems almost incredible that the most furious passions should be lying dormant in a heart that seems filled with benevolence; and that under the sweet countenance which blossoms like the rose there should be reposing in a coil a venomous serpent which is only waiting to spring upon its enemy!

Although, therefore, it might perhaps be said, that if the two extremes of the Indian character were allowed to compensate each other, they would not be far distant from the mean of our own, yet vices and virtues ought not to be thus considered. In designating the human character, there should be no compromise of principle; no blending of colours; and accordingly we confess, without hesitation, that nothing can be more barbarous than the manner in which the Indians occasionally treat their prisoners of war; yet in this also they have two most remarkable extremes of conduct; for on presenting their captives to those who have lost relations in battle, if they are accepted, they immediately become free, and enjoy all the privileges of the persons in lieu of whom they have been received. In fact they are adopted, and in one moment suddenly find themselves surrounded by people who address them, and who act towards them, as brothers, sisters, parents, and even as wives! On the other hand, if they are rejected by the families of the slain, then their doom is fixed, their torture is prepared, and when the fatal moment arrives, there again appear before the observer of the Indian character two extremes, in both of which they infinitely surpass us. For the noblest resignation, the purest courage, the most powerful self-possession are contrasted in the same red race with the basest vengeance, the most barbarous cruelty, and the most unrelenting malice that it is possible even for poetry to conceive.

'About the time,' says Cadwallader Colden, 'of the conclusion of the peace at Reswick, the noted Theronet died at Montreal. The French gave him Christian burial in a pompous manner; the priest that attended him at his death having declared that he died a true Christian; for, said the priest, while I explained to him the passion of our Saviour, whom the Jews crucified, he cried out, "*Oh, had I been there I would have repented his death, and brought away their scalps!*"'

We have no desire to attempt to wash out the 'damned spot' which we have just described. Its stain upon the Indian character is indelible: at the same time we must offer a few observations on the subject.

The feelings which actuate the great armies of Europe are altogether

altogether different from those under which two tribes of Indians meet each other in battle. In the former case the soldiers but imperfectly understand the political question in dispute, and they come into action very much in the same state of mind in which an individual would take his ground to fight a duel for his friend with a person he had never before seen, in defence of some unknown lady, who had received some sort of insult which he could not clearly comprehend. Accordingly, the word of command regulates their attack; and at the sound of the bugle or the trumpet they advance or retreat, as the judgment of a distant individual may deem it proper to ordain.

Nevertheless, though they be in cool possession of their senses, let any man,—after having witnessed the misery and anguish of a field of battle, after having mourned over this dreadful sacrifice of human life, and after having, perhaps a few days later, found on the plain, still writhing, hundreds of wounded men, robbed of their clothes by sutlers, and even by women, who, like a flock of vultures, follow every civilised army to prey upon the fallen—declare whether, on reflecting upon such a scene, he has not devoutly wished that it could wholly be attributed to the angry passions of man, rather than to the cold judgment of the statesmen of the nations that had been engaged. At all events, to be a party in such a scene is not the habit of the Indians. On the other hand, if a foreign tribe, with faces painted for war, invade their territory to deprive them of the game on which they subsist—if in time of peace they treacherously murder any of their families—carry off their women—or if they offend their rude notions of honour by an insult;—when enmity against an individual or against a tribe, under such provocation, is once imbibed, it flows in their veins, at every pulsation it reaches their heart, and continues to infect it, until revenge has washed away the injury that has been received. With their passions violently self-excited by every artifice in their power, they accordingly prepare for death or vengeance, and, under these circumstances, the sole object they have in view is to take the life of their enemy, or, if he surrenders, to demonstrate the inferiority of his tribe by subjecting him to a torture which they themselves, be it always remembered, were fully prepared to have endured with songs of triumph, had the fortune of war sentenced them to the test.

However revolting such barbarous cruelties must be to every mind, yet surely no one can deny that the difference between the two pictures we have described is nothing but the necessary difference between two opposite systems. The cold, bloodless system of the civilised world is undoubtedly the best; on the other hand

so long as our laws mercifully refrain from punishing with death the man who has destroyed his fellow-creature in a paroxysm of passion, we may justly claim for the Indian that the same consideration may be extended to his guilt. And if, moreover, white men, fighting in *cold blood*, be justly declared by us to have 'covered themselves with glory' by the scenes which have been witnessed in European warfare, may not the savage tribes of America humbly sue, at least to Heaven, for comparative pardon, for the excesses they have committed in a fit of anger?

With respect to their scalping system (which is not perpetrated by the Indians as a punishment, but on the principle on which our hunters proudly carry home with them, as a trophy, 'the brush' of the fox they have run to death), it is of course horrible in the extreme; at the same time, it may be said, that if war can authorise us to blow out the brains of our enemies—run them through the body with our bayonets—hash them with our swords—riddle them with round shot, grape, and canister—and if, while the wounded are lying on the ground, it is our habit, from necessity, to ride over them with our cavalry, and with our artillery and ball-cartridge carts to canter over them as if they were straw—if we can burn them with rockets, scald them with steam, and by the explosion of well-constructed mines blow them by hundreds into the air—surely we are not altogether authorised in so gravely declaring that, the civilised world having determined the precise point to which war ought to be carried, it is therefore undeniable that all who copy our fashions are '*valientes*,' and that whoever exceed it are 'savages' and 'brutes!' No doubt Achilles thought himself at the very height of the fashion when he dragged the body of Hector round the walls of Troy. The Phœnicians no doubt thought it exquisitely fashionable to burn their children in sacrifice. Many of us can remember when the guillotine was in fashion; and, lastly, the alterations which have taken place in our own criminal laws show, that though the scales of justice remain unaltered, the Goddess's sword has within the last few years been deliberately shortened by us to half its ancient length.

In the few schools in which they have been educated by us, the red children have evinced, not only many estimable virtues, but considerable ability.

'All the children of Indian schools,' says Dr. Morse, in his Report to the Secretary at War, 'make much greater progress than is common in our schools, and the missionaries declare that the children are more modest and affectionate, and are more easily managed.'

To the above statement we are enabled to add our own testimony, for in several seminaries which we have chanced to inspect, we have seen the Indian boys perform sums in practice and in

vulgar fractions with a surprising quickness, and, on our expressing our astonishment, we have been assured by one of their masters, who for many years had conducted a respectable school in England, that he was deliberately of opinion that the red children learnt quicker than those of the same age at home.

The honesty of the Indian is sufficiently evinced by the universal custom of our fur-traders to sell to him almost all their goods upon credit. Beads, trinkets, and paint, gun-powder, whiskey, and many other perishable articles, are willingly made over to him, under the mere promise that when the hunting season is ended he will pay the number of skins that has been settled as their price. The Indian then darts away into his recesses, as the dolphin dives through the ocean from a vessel's side, and before a month or two have elapsed he is lost in space, beyond the control of anything but his own honour; nevertheless, as the 'busy bee' faithfully returns to its hive, and as the eagle affectionately revisits its young, so does the red debtor reappear before his creditor, silently to liquidate the debt of honour he had incurred.

The religion of the red man in both continents of America consists universally of a belief in a Great and Good Spirit, and in a 'Manito,' or, Evil Genius. They address themselves to both, and accordingly the young modest Indian girl, with her arms folded across her bosom, as fervently entreats the Fiend 'to lead her not into temptation' as her parents, under every affliction, pray to the Great Spirit 'to deliver them from evil.'

The various nations have different notions of the origin of their race:—it is nevertheless an extraordinary fact, vouched for by Mr. Catlin, that of all the tribes he visited there was no one which did not by some means or other connect their origin with 'a big canoe,' which was supposed to have rested on the summit of some hill or mountain in their neighbourhood. The Mandan Indians carry this vague Mount Ararat impression to a very remarkable extent, for Mr. Catlin found established among them an annual ceremony held round a great canoe, entitled in their language 'the settling of the waters,' which was held always on the day in which the willow trees of their country came into blossom. On asking why that tree out of all others was selected, Mr. Catlin was informed that it was because it was from it that the bird flew to them with a branch in its mouth; and when it was inquired *what* bird it was, the Indians pointed to the dove, which, it appears, was held so sacred among them, that neither man, woman or child would injure it; indeed, the Mandans declared that even their dogs instinctively respected that bird.

ritories than that of mere occupancy. . . . The complete title to their lands rests in the government of the United States ! !'

The opinion of the Honourable John Quincy Adams on the subject was thus expressed :—

' There are moralists who have questioned the right of the Europeans to intrude upon the possessions of the aborigines in any case, and under any limitations whatsoever;—but have they maturely considered the whole subject? The Indian right of possession itself stands, with regard to the greatest part of the country, upon a *questionable* foundation. Their cultivated fields, their constructed habitations, a space of ample sufficiency for their subsistence, and whatever they had annexed of themselves by personal labour, was undoubtedly, by the laws of nature, theirs. But what is the right of a huntsman to the forest of a thousand miles, over which he has accidentally ranged in quest of prey? Shall the liberal bounties of providence to the race of man be monopolised by one of ten thousand for whom they were created? Shall the exuberant bosom of the mother country, amply adequate to the nourishment of millions, be claimed exclusively by a few hundreds of her offspring? Shall the lordly savage not only disdain the virtues and enjoyments of civilization himself, but shall he control the civilization of the world? Shall he forbid the wilderness to blossom like the rose? Shall he forbid the oaks of the forest to fall before the axe of industry, and rise again, transformed into the habitations of ease and elegance? Shall he doom an immense region of the globe to perpetual desolation, and to hear the howlings of the tiger and the wolf silence for ever the voice of human gladness? Shall the fields and the valleys, which a beneficent God has framed to teem with the life of innumerable multitudes, be condemned to everlasting barrenness? Shall the mighty rivers, poured out by the hands of Nature, as channels of communication between numerous nations, roll their waters in sullen silence and eternal solitude to the deep? Have hundreds of commodious harbours, a thousand leagues of coast, and a boundless ocean, been spread in the front of this land, and shall every purpose of utility to which they could apply, be prohibited by the tenant of the woods? No, *generous philanthropists!* Heaven has not been thus inconsistent in the works of its hands! Heaven has not thus placed its moral laws at irreconcilable strife with its physical creation !'

The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States on the subject of Indian titles was as follows :—

' The majority of the Court is of opinion that the nature of the Indian title, which is certainly to be respected by all courts, *until it be legitimately extinguished*, is not such as to be absolutely repugnant to *seisin in fee on the part of the State.*' !!!

However the foregoing extracts may fail to explain satisfactorily to our readers the tenure of Indian lands, they will at least show the lamentable position in which the red native stands on his fighting-grounds in the United States. The poor creature is between white law on the one side, and white whiskey on



on the other ;—the one disputes his title—the other obliterates it by ‘dropping a tear on the word, and blotting it out for ever ;’ and thus, by the co-operation of both, without even the assistance of the bayonet, is the tenant finally ejected.

In several instances, indeed, the Indian tribes, instead of consenting to sell their lands and abandon the homes of their ancestors, have unburied the hatchet of war, and fought against the regular troops with a desperation and a courage which have proved almost invincible: thus it has lately been officially announced to Congress, that, notwithstanding the enormous expenses of the attack upon the Seminoles, no sensible effect has been produced. But these are rare cases—and even in these the ultimate result is quite clear. In many more instances, the red tenantry, seeing their inability to resist, have obediently consented to retire, in which case the government of the United States has agreed to pay them one and a half cent (the hundredth part of a dollar) per acre for their lands—which lands have been often immediately re-sold by the State for a dollar or a dollar and a half per acre. But besides this profit, the government has taken very good care always to exact from the white purchaser *prompt payment in silver*: whereas the Indian is not only at best paid his pittance in paper money, or in goods, but the government, when it is convenient, claim as their right that the purchase-money need not be paid by them until thirty years, by which time the poor Indians, who reluctantly surrendered their land, will probably all be dead! In short, these sales of land amount so very nearly to an ejectionment, that it may easily be conceived the Indians only consent to them where either the power of the law or the strength of whiskey proves greater than they can withstand.

Their attachment to their soil and to their own habits of life, are always affectingly evinced in their various answers to those whose official duty it has been to advocate the government recommendation that they should contract their dominions.

The President, about twenty years ago, recommended to a Pawnee chief who came to Washington on purpose to see him, that he and his tribe should, under the superintendence of Missionaries, till their land like white people. The unlettered ‘savage,’ after having listened with the gravest attention, made the following speech, translated by a sworn reporter, and which we present to our readers as a fair specimen of unpremeditated oratory :—

‘ *My great Father*, I have travelled a long distance to see you. I have seen you, and my heart rejoices: I have heard your words; they have entered one ear and shall not escape out of the other: I will carry them to my people as pure as they came from your mouth.

‘ *My*

' *My great Father*, I am going to speak the truth; the Great Spirit looks down upon us, and I call Him to witness all that may pass between us on this occasion. The Great Spirit made us all: He made my skin red, and yours white. He placed us on this earth, and intended we should live differently from each other. He made the whites to cultivate the earth and feed on tame animals, but He made us red men to rove through the woods and plains, to feed on wild animals and to dress in their skins. He also intended that we should go to war to take scalps, steal horses, triumph over our enemies, promote peace at home, and the happiness of each other. I believe there are no people of any colour on this earth who do not believe in the Great Spirit—in rewards and punishments. We worship Him, but not as you do. We differ from you in religion as we differ in appearance, in manners, and in customs. We have no large houses as you have, to worship the Great Spirit in. If we had them to-day, we should want others to-morrow, because we have not, like you, a fixed habitation, except our villages, where we remain but two moons out of twelve. We, like animals, roam over the country, while you whites live between us and Heaven, but still, my Father, we love the Great Spirit.

' *My great Father*, some of your chiefs have proposed to send good people [Missionaries] among us to change our habits, to teach us to work, and live like the white people. I will not tell you a lie. *You* love your country, *you* love your people: *you* love the manner in which they live, and *you* think your people brave. I am like you, my great Father! *I* love my country, *I* love my people, *I* love the life we lead, and think my warriors brave.

' Spare me then, my Father. Let me enjoy my country, let me pursue the buffalo, the beaver, and the other wild animals, and I will trade the skins with your people. It is too soon, my great Father, to send your good men among us. Let us exhaust our present resources before you interrupt our happiness and make us toil. Let me continue to live as I have lived, and after I have passed from the wilderness of my present life to the Good or Evil Spirit, my children may need and embrace the offered assistance of your good people.

' Here, *my great Father*, is a pipe which I offer you, as I am accustomed to present pipes to all Red-skins who are in peace with us. I know that these robes, leggins, moccasins, bears'-claws, &c, are of little value to *you*; but we wish them to be deposited and preserved, so that when we are gone, and the earth turned over upon our bones, our children, should they ever visit this place, as we do now, may see and recognise the deposits of their fathers, and reflect on the times that are past.'

It will readily be conceived, that if the Indian sachems were not afraid to avow to 'their great father' their disinclination to remove from their lands, they would with less hesitation express the same reluctance to subordinate authorities. By every possible argument, on hundreds of occasions, the officers of the United States Indian department have zealously endeavoured

to persuade the tribes to evacuate their lands; and the following extract from a speech of Dr. Morse himself to the Ottawas at L'Arbre Croche on the 6th of July, 1820, will sufficiently show in what proportion truth, sophistry, and well-disguised threats, have been mixed in these sort of official appeals to the doubts, hopes, and fears of the Indian race.

Their attention to the important subject of his communication is thus invoked:—

'Children, Your father, the President, thinks that a great change in the situation of his red children has become necessary, in order to save them from ruin, and to make them happy.

'Children, Listen attentively to what I am now about to say to you. It is for your life, and the life of your posterity.'

The title of the whites to the lands they had already cultivated, the especial favour shown to them from heaven, the inferiority of the red man, and the desperate dilemma in which he is placed, are thus explained:—

'Children, Your fathers once possessed all the country, east and south, to the great waters. They were very numerous and powerful, and lived chiefly by hunting and fishing. They had brave warriors, and orators eloquent in council.

'Two hundred years ago, a mortal pestilence spread wide among the Indians on the coast of the great ocean to the east, and swept away a great part of them. In some villages, all died—not one was left. Just after this great desolation, the white people began to come across the great waters. They settled first on lands where no Indians lived—where they all had died. Other white people, about the same time, settled at the south.

'These white people came not as enemies, but as friends of the Indians. They purchased of them a little land, to support them and their children by agriculture. They wanted but little while they were few in number. God prospered the white people. They have since increased and multiplied, and become a great and powerful nation. They are now spread over a wide extent of the country of your fathers; and are spreading still more and faster over other parts of it, purchasing millions of acres of your good land, leaving for you and your children reservations here and there, small indeed, compared with the extensive hunting-grounds you once possessed. What your brothers, the Osages, said to one of our missionaries is true:—"Wherever white man sets down his foot, he never takes it up again. It grows fast, and spreads wide." You have been obliged either to go back into the wilderness, and seek new hunting-grounds and dwelling-places, or to live on your small reservations, surrounded with white people. Indians cannot associate with the white people as their equals. While they retain their present language and dress, and habits of life, they will feel their inferiority to the white people. Where they have no game to hunt, to furnish them

them with furs for trade, and with food to eat, they become poor, and wretched, and spiritless, dependent on the white people for their support. They will give themselves up to idleness, ignorance, and drunkenness; and will waste away, and by-and-by have no posterity on the face of the earth. Already, many tribes who live among the whites can never more gain renown in war or in the chase. If this course continues, it will soon be so with the whole body of Indians, within the territories of the United States. Indians cannot go to the west, for the great ocean would stop them; nor turn to the north or south, for in either course are the hunting-grounds and dwelling-places of other tribes of your red brethren; no, nor can you go to any other country, for all the countries on the globe, where Indians can live as they now live, are already inhabited.

It will appear by the following extract, that the Indians next received a kind hint that their distress might proceed from their having offended the Great Spirit; and, though it has been a subject of constant regret among many very estimable people in the United States, with what heartless disrespect the ancient burial-places of the aborigines have been treated—with what shameless unconcern the skulls and bones of their ancestors are every day to be still seen turning over and over under the American plough—we cannot but admire the crocodile's tears which the paternal *agent* condescends to drop on *that* subject:—

'*Children*, Things being so, the wisest men among Indians know not what to advise, or what to do. They imagine that the Great Spirit, of whose character and government they have but very imperfect knowledge, is angry with the red people, and is destroying them, while he prospers the white people. Aged and wise men among Indians, with whom I have conversed, think and talk of these things, till their countenances become sad. *Our countenances are also sad*, when we think and talk of them. Hereafter, when these things shall have come to pass, Christian white people, who loved Indians, and wished and endeavoured to save them, will visit their deserted graves, and with weeping eyes exclaim, "Here Indians once lived—Yonder were their hunting-grounds. Here they are buried—In these mounds of earth the bones of many generations lie buried together—No Indian remains to watch over the bones of his fathers—Where are they?—*Alas! poor Indians!*" But I forbear to pursue these sad reflections. The prospect must fill your minds with sad apprehensions for yourselves and your children, and sink your spirits, *as it does my own!!!*'

The hearts of the auditory having been sufficiently depressed, the only means of relief is at last pointed out to them:—

'*Children*, I would not have presented this painful prospect before you, had I not another to present, that I hope will cheer your hearts, raise your spirits, and brighten your countenances. I have made you sorry, I will now endeavour to make you glad.

'*Children*, Be of good cheer. Though your situation and prospects are now gloomy, they may change for the better. If you desire to be

happy, you may be happy. The means exist. They are freely offered to you. Suffer them to be used

'Children, Listen. I will tell you in few words what your great Father, and the Christian white people, desire of you. *We impose nothing on you.* We only lay before you our opinions for you to consider. We do not dictate, as your superiors, but advise you as your friends. Consider our advice.

'Your father, the president, wishes Indians to partake with his white children in all the blessings which they enjoy; to have one country, one government, the same laws, equal rights and privileges, and to be in all respects on an equal footing with them.

'To accomplish these good purposes, your great father, the President, and your Christian fathers, will send among you, *at their own expense*, good white men and women, to instruct you and your children in every thing that pertains to the civilised and Christian life.'

The case and the predicament in which they stand having been pretty clearly stated, the poor Indians are finally summoned to surrender in the following significant words :—

'Children, other tribes are listening to these offers, and, we expect, will accept them. All who accept them will be in the way to be saved, and raised to respectability and usefulness in life. Those who persist in rejecting them must, according to all past experience, gradually waste away till all are gone. This we fully believe. *Civilisation or ruin are now the only alternatives of Indians!*'

The alternatives thus offered may be illustrated by the following ~~illustration~~. Once upon a time a white man and an Indian, who had agreed that, while hunting together, they would share the game, found at night that the bag contained a fine turkey and a buzzard, which is carrion. 'Well!' said the white man to the red one. 'we must now divide what we have taken, and therefore, if you please, *I* will take the turkey, and *you* shall take the buzzard; or else, *you* may take the buzzard, and *I* will take the turkey!' 'Ah,' replied the native hunter, shaking his black shaggy head, 'you no say *turkey* for poor Indian *ONCE!*' ~~and then he said~~

The cruel manner in which the unsuspecting Indians have invariably been overreached has, to a certain degree, planted in their bosoms suspicion which is not indigenous to their nature. 'Your hearts seem good *outside now*,' said an Indian to a party of white people who were making to his tribe violent professions of friendship; 'but we wish to try them three years, and then we shall know whether they are good *inside*.'

Dr. Morse, in his report to the Secretary at War, says, 'Distrust unfortunately exists already extensively among the Indians. In repeated interviews with them, after informing them what good things their great father the President was ready to bestow on them, if they were willing to receive them, the chiefs significantly

ficantly shook their heads and said, '*It may be so, or it may be not : we doubt it : we know not what to believe !*'

Now, surely there is something very shocking as well as very humiliating in the idea of our having ourselves implanted this feeling against our race, in the minds of men who, when any treaty among themselves has been once ratified, by the delivery of a mere string of wampum shells, will most confidently trust their lives, and the lives of their families, to its faithful execution !

In order to assist the officers of the Indian department in their arduous duty of persuading remote tribes to quit their lands, it has often been found advisable to incur the expense of inviting one or two of their chiefs 3000 or 4000 miles to Washington, in order that they should see with their own eyes, and report to their tribes the irresistible power of the nation with whom they are arguing. This speculation, has, it is said, in all instances, more or less effected its object ; and one of Mr Catlin's pictures is a portrait of a Sachem, whose strange history and fate may be worth recording.

For the reasons and for the object we have stated, it was deemed advisable that he should be invited from his remote country to Washington ; and accordingly in due time he appeared there. After the troops had been made to manœuvre before him ; after thundering volleys of artillery had almost deafened him ; and after every department had displayed to him all that was likely to add to the terror and astonishment he had already experienced, the President, in lieu of the Indian's clothes, presented him with a colonel's uniform, in which, and with many other presents, the bewildered chief took his departure.

In a pair of white kid gloves, tight blue coat, with gilt buttons, gold epaulettes, and red sash, cloth trousers with straps, high-heeled boots, cocked hat and scarlet feather, with a cigar in his mouth, a green umbrella in one hand, and a yellow fan in the other, and with the neck of a whisky-bottle protruding out of each of the two tail-pockets of his regimental coat, this 'monkey that had seen the world' suddenly appeared before the chiefs and warriors of his tribe, and as he stood before them, straight as a ramrod, in a high state of perspiration, caused by the tightness of his finery, while the cool fresh air of heaven blew over the naked unrestrained limbs of his spectators, it might, perhaps, not unjustly be said of the two costumes, '*Which is the savage ?*'

In return for the presents he had received, and with a desire to impart as much real information as possible to his tribe, the poor jaded traveller undertook to deliver to them a course of lectures, in which he graphically described all that he had witnessed.

For

For a while he was listened to with attention; but as soon as the minds of his audience had received as much as they could hold, they began to disbelieve him. Nothing daunted, however, the traveller still proceeded. He told them about wigwams, in which 1000 people could at one time pray together to the Great Spirit; of other wigwams five stories high, built in lines, facing each other, and extending over an enormous space; he told them of war-canoes that could hold 1200 warriors. Such tales, to the Indian mind, seemed an insult to common sense. For some time he was treated merely with ridicule and contempt—but when, resolutely continuing to recount his adventures, he told them that he had seen white people, who, by attaching a great ball to a canoe, could rise in it into the clouds, and travel through the heavens, the medicine, mystery, or learned men of his tribe pronounced him to be an impostor, and the multitude vociferously declaring, ‘*that he was too great a liar to live,*’ a young warrior, in a paroxysm of anger, levelled a rifle at his head, and blew his brains out.

Before, however, the civilised world passes its hasty sentence upon this wild tribe for their obdurate incredulity, injustice, and cruelty, we feel it but justice to these red men merely to *whisper* the name of JAMES BRUKE, OF KINNAIRD!

Although we cannot approve either of the extent to which, or of the manner in which the Indian tribes have been obliged to quit their lands in the republican states of America, yet, in spite of all our regard for this noble and injured race, we cannot but admit, that, to a certain degree, the government even of this country ought to effect their removal. We have painfully and practically reflected on the subject; and to those who may object to our opinions, we can truly say, that they cannot be more anxious than we have been to arrive at an opposite conclusion: but our judgment has reluctantly surrendered to facts which it found to be irresistible, and to impending circumstances, which, when considered upon the spot, appeared to be inevitable.

Where the white inhabitants of both continents of America are in possession of infinitely more land than they can cultivate, it is of course an act of cruelty, and of greedy injustice, to provide and speculate for the future by taking forcible possession of remote Indian territory, upon which the Aborigines are happily existing. But it occasionally happens, from rapid settlement caused by emigration from the old world, that a considerable tract of Indian land, which has long been in the immediate neighbourhood of whites, becomes absolutely surrounded, or, in military language, invested by agriculturists; in which case, it is as much a stumbling-

a stumbling-block to civilisation as an ancient rock would be if left standing in the middle of the Queen's highway. At what rate, and under what laws, civilisation *ought* to advance, it might be possible to prescribe; but wherever the banks which arrested it have given way, and wherever the torrent, under such circumstances, has rushed forwards, whether it be right or whether it be wrong, it becomes practically impossible to maintain anything *in the rear*.

In the instances to which we have alluded, we have seen the interests of a vast territory completely benumbed by the intervention between it and the capital, of an Indian hunting ground, which, like a tourniquet, has stopped the circulation that should naturally have nourished it.

This large expanse of rich land is occasionally found to be inhabited by perhaps only 100, or 120 Indians, the children of whom are, without a single exception, half-castes; the women dirty, profligate, and abandoned; the men miserable victims of intemperance and vice. A considerable portion of them are half-breeds; but even those whose red faces, shaggy locks, beardless chins, and small beautiful feet, prove them to be Indians, are so only in name; for the spirit of the wild man has fled from them, and, unworthy guardians of the tombs of their ancestors, they wander among them dishonoured,—

‘like Grecian ghosts

That in battle were slain, and unburied remain  
Inglorious on the plain.’

But besides their moral sufferings, they are often found almost starving from hunger, in consequence of their game having in all directions been cut off. Their country, like themselves, has apparently lost its character, and however we may have failed to describe it, nothing can be more miserable, more degrading, and more affecting than the real scene. In the mean while, the murmur of discontent uttered by the white population against the miasmatical existence of such a stagnant evil, is yearly so increasing in tone and in anger, that, unless their cry of ‘*Off, off!*’ be attended to, there can be little doubt that acts of violence will be committed; and yet, in spite of all these existing and impending calamities, it is often almost impossible to persuade the Indians to consent to move away; for the more their minds are degraded, the greater is the natural apathy they display: besides which, they are almost invariably under a secret intangible influence, which, for some self-interested object or other, successfully induces them most obstinately to decline changing their existence. Under these distressing circumstances, it therefore must eventually become necessary for the government to exert  
itself



itself in effecting the removal of a set of beings who will neither till the ground themselves, nor allow others, by the sweat of their brow, to do so.

To pay down to a squalid, degraded, miserable set of Indians, who are evidently in the clutches of designing men, and from whom anything could be abstracted by whisky, as much money as their country is worth to white people for the purpose of cultivation—to heap upon them the value of all the water-power, minerals, &c., it may possess—appears not only unnecessary, but absurd. On the other hand, it would be ungenerous, after all the game has been cut off from their country, to pay them no more for it than, under such circumstances, it is actually worth to *them*. Between these two extremes, it is, we humbly conceive, the duty of a powerful nation and of a just government parentally to make such arrangements for these poor people as shall materially better the condition of the remnant of any tribe that may be removed; and if this point be honourably effected, their migration is certainly one of those results of the white man's progress of which they have the least reason to complain.

We have now concluded our imperfect outline or chart of the main roads in both hemispheres of America, upon which the civilised world has been, and still is, gradually, recklessly, culpably and thoughtlessly pursuing 'its course to the Occident,' and certainly it must be impossible for any just man to witness the setting sun rest for a moment upon the country known in America by the appellation of 'the far-west,' without feeling that its blood-red brightness which, in effulgent beams is seen staining every cloud around it, is but an appropriate emblem of the Indian race, which, rapidly sinking from our view, will be soon involved in impenetrable darkness; and, moreover, that he might as well endeavour to make the setting planet stand still upon the summit of the Rocky Mountains before him, as attempt to arrest the final extermination of the Indian race; for if, while the white population of North America, before it has swelled into fourteen millions, has, as has actually been the case, reduced an Indian population of nearly fourteen millions to three millions, what must be the progressive destruction of these unfortunate people now that the dreadful engine which, like the ear of Juggernaut, has crushed all that lay before it, has got its 'steam up,' and that consequently its power, as well as its propensity to advance, has indefinitely increased? From the Pacific Ocean towards the East the same irresistible power is in operation. The white man's face along both the continents which are bordered by the Pacific is directed towards those of his own race, who, as we have seen, are rapidly advancing towards him from the

the regions of the Atlantic; and whenever the triumphant moment of their collision shall arrive—whether the hands of the white men meet in friendship or in war—WHERE, WE ASK, WILL BE THE INDIAN RACE?—echo alone will answer '*Where?*'

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Before we cast aside our hasty sketch, we must offer a few observations on the gallery of paintings now exhibiting in London, at the Egyptian Hall—the catalogue of which is named at the head of this paper.

Mr. Catlin, the American artist who has delineated them, was, we understand, intended by his parents to be 'a limb of the law;' but the innate genius of the painter rebelled; and accordingly, after three years of the desk, abandoning parchment and the lucrative prospects that were opening to him, he devoted his mind to canvass, the easel, and the brush.

His labours were soon rewarded by considerable success; as a proof of which we may observe that he was employed to paint the likenesses of all the members of the senate of Virginia, of the two ex-presidents Maddison and Munro, and of six ex-governors, all of whom sat to him for their pictures. But, alas! human talent, like the temper of the pig, is often obstinate; and though Mr. Catlin's friends, with uplifted arms, endeavoured in a crowd to drive him forwards on the broad professional road which he himself had selected, yet nothing could prevent him from running between their legs up a private path, which evidently led to neither profit nor reward; and so, bidding adieu to white wealthy faces, he galloped headlong towards 'the far-west,' for the sole object of obtaining likenesses of the penniless aborigines of America, in whose fate and appearance he felt strangely interested, notwithstanding that several of his mother's relatives had been cruelly murdered by them, in the well-known and well-sung massacre of Wyoming.

The objects which Mr. Catlin had in view in undertaking the dangers and hardships he thus incurred cannot be better or more modestly explained than by the following extract from the preface to his catalogue.

'I wish to inform the visitors to my gallery that, having some years since become fully convinced of the rapid decline and certain extinction of the numerous tribes of the North American Indians, and seeing also the vast importance and value of which a full pictorial history of these interesting but dying people might be to future ages—I set out alone, unaided and unadvised, resolved (if my life should be spared), by the aid of my brush and my pen, to rescue from oblivion so much of their primitive looks and customs as the industry and ardent enthusiasm of

one lifetime could accomplish, and set them up in a gallery, unique and imperishable, for the use and benefit of future ages.

I have already devoted more than seven years of my life exclusive to the accomplishment of my design, and that with more than expected success. I have visited with great difficulty, and some hazard to life, forty-eight tribes (residing within the United States, and British and Mexican territories), containing about 300,000 souls. I have seen them in their own villages, have carried my canvases and colours the whole way, and painted my portraits, &c., from the life, as they now stand and are seen in the gallery. The collection contains (besides an immense number of costumes and other manufactures) 310 portraits of distinguished men and women of the different tribes, and 200 other paintings, descriptive of Indian countries, their villages, games, and customs; containing in all above 3000 figures.

'As this immense collection has been gathered, and every painting has been made from nature, by my own hand—and that, too, when I have been paddling my canoes, or leading my pack-horse over and through trackless wilds, at the hazard of my life—the world will surely be kind and indulgent enough to receive and estimate them, as they have been intended, as true and *fac-simile* traces of individual and historical facts; and forgive me for their present unfinished and unstudied condition, as works of art.'

The portraits, landscapes, and groups which Mr. Catlin exhibits, are officially attested by a long array of United States' officers, and other public functionaries, as being '*entitled to full credit*.' By our intelligent countryman, the Hon. C. A. Murray, who gallantly travelled some thousand miles with Mr. Catlin, as well as by several other English gentlemen who have compared the pictures with the tribes and scenery they have respectively visited, their accuracy is, we understand, vouched for not less strongly; and we have thus before us a faithful, professional, and well-authenticated delineation not only of a most interesting portion of the globe as it at present exists in a state of nature, but of a race of innocent unoffending men so rapidly perishing, that too truly may it now be said of them,

'Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.'

Indeed, the whole Mandan race, whose chiefs and warriors are now hanging in effigy on the walls of the Egyptian Hall, are already, as has been mentioned, *extinct*! The billows of civilisation have rolled over them—they have sunk for ever from our view—

'Their country blooms a garden and a grave.'

Mr. Catlin's avowed object in visiting England is to sell his collection to our Government, and we most sincerely hope that his reliance on the magnanimity of the British people will not be

disappointed. As a man of science, of enterprise, and of true philanthropy, he is justly entitled to be considered as a citizen of the world; and, although he reflects especial honour upon the intelligent nation to which he is so proud to declare that he owes his birth, yet, for that very reason, we are confident, a generous feeling will universally exist to receive him with liberality here. The task he has undertaken has been heavy, and we believe no one can have inspected the successful results of his labour, or listened to the eloquent lectures in which he expounds them,\* without feeling that such an appeal to the civilised world in behalf of the Indians ought not to be permitted to end in ruin; for, as his means are slender, it need not be concealed that he himself cannot long afford even house-room to his large family of pictures, which, if rejected, would hang as a mill-stone round his neck.

But, leaving the worthy artist's own interests completely out of the question, and in the cause of science casting aside all party feeling, we submit to Lord Melbourne, to Sir Robert Peel, to Lord Lansdowne, to Sir R. Inglis, and to all who are deservedly distinguished among us as the liberal patrons of the fine arts, that Mr. Catlin's Indian collection is worthy to be retained in this country, as the record of a race of our fellow-creatures whom we shall very shortly have swept from the face of the globe. Before that catastrophe shall have arrived, it is true, a few of our countrymen may occasionally travel among them; but it cannot be expected that any artist of note should again voluntarily reside among them for seven years, as competent as Mr. Catlin, whose slight, active, sinewy frame has peculiarly fitted him for the physical difficulties attendant upon such an exertion.

Considering the melancholy fate which has befallen the Indian race, and which overhangs the remnant of these victims to our power, it would surely be discreditable that the civilised world should, with heartless apathy, decline to preserve and to transmit to posterity Mr. Catlin's graphic delineation of them; and if any nation on earth should evince a desire to preserve such a lasting monument, there can be no doubt that there exists none better entitled to do so than the British people; for, with feelings of melancholy satisfaction, we do not hesitate to assert that, throughout our possessions on the continent of America, we have, from the first moment of our acquaintance with them to the present hour, invariably maintained their rights; and at a very great expense have honestly continued to pay them their annual

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\* Mr. Catlin has, we think, been ill advised to deliver these interesting lectures in the evenings. If he were to give them at four or five o'clock, when the ladies have done with their drive, and it is not yet time to dress for dinner, we are confident the benches would no longer be empty.

presents, for which we have received from them, in times of war as well as of peace, the most unequivocal marks of their indelible gratitude. Their respect for our flag is unsullied by a reproach—their attachment to our sovereign is second only in their breasts to the veneration with which they regard their 'Great Spirit'—while the names of Lord Dalhousie, of Sir Peregrine Maitland, and of Sir John Colborne, who for many years respectively acted towards them as their father and as their friend, will be affectionately repeated by them in our colonies until the Indian heart has ceased to beat there, and until the Red Man's language has ceased to vibrate in the British 'wilderness of this world.' Although European diseases, and the introduction of ardent spirits, have produced the lamentable effects we have described, and although as a nation we are not faultless, yet we may fairly assert, and proudly feel, that the English Government has at least made every possible exertion to do its duty towards the Indians; and that there has existed no colonial secretary of state who has not evinced that anxiety to befriend them which, it is our duty to say, particularly characterised the administration of the amiable and humane Lord Glenelg.

ART. IV.—1. *L'Ecole des Journalistes*. Par Madame Emile de Gerardin. Paris, 1839.

2. *Un Grand Homme de Province à Paris*. Par H. de Balzac. Paris, 1839.

CHAMFORT said of the ancient government of France that it was a monarchy tempered by songs. The present government is a monarchy tempered (or distempered) by newspapers. The stanza is superseded by the paragraph: the *chansonnier* gives place to the *feuilletoniste*; and Béranger is thrust out of fashion by Janin.

Enter the Chamber of Peers when a new batch are to take their seats, and the odds are that every third man of them is an editor or ex-editor. Attend the Chamber of Deputies on a field-day, and the most influential speaker will be a gentleman of the press. Dine at the Rocher de Cancale, and the chief room is engaged by a *rédauteur en chef*: ask for a stall at the *Théâtre Français*, when Mars or Rachel is to act, and the best are secured for his contributors. That suite of rooms, brilliantly lighted, has been fitted up by the founders of a journal, who give a ball to-night in honour of the undertaking: that grand-cross of the legion of honour, who is just coming out, gained his decorations

decorations by his articles: that splendidly-dressed woman, who is just going in, is the daughter of a millionaire, who lately bestowed her hand and fortune on a journalist: that gay cabriolet, now dashing through the street, belongs to a theatrical critic, who supports himself by levying contributions on the singers and dancers of the opera. *Vogue la galère!* Power, pleasure, places, wealth, ribands, stars, heiresses, truffled turkeys, and champagne, all showered down in endless profusion upon men, many of whom were living *au cinquième* in want of downright necessities until the glorious Revolution of July! No wonder that they are intoxicated with their success; that they have grown giddy with their elevation; that, like other usurpers, they have forgotten the principles which raised them to the throne, or, like other possessors of irresponsible authority, have become capricious, tyrannical, and corrupt: no wonder, lastly, that their dynasty is now tottering to its fall—

‘ Le trône a succombé par excès de puissance;  
La liberté mourut en devenant licence;  
Et la presse, Monsieur, nouvel astre du jour,  
Pour avoir trop brillé, va s’éteindre à son tour.’

Whilst that event is yet pending, it may be both amusing and instructive to inquire how this social and political anomaly has been brought about.

We need hardly say that the old régime afforded no scope for journalism, or that the moment the restrictive laws were repealed or became powerless, the conflicting parties eagerly resorted to the press. Within a short period after the breaking out of the Revolution each section of the National Assembly, and each of the clubs of Paris, had its organ.\* Bailly, Barnave, Lameth, and Madame Roland, were contributors; and the attempt of Mirabeau to establish a newspaper fills one of the most characteristic chapters of Dumont. It failed from bad management; nor are we at all astonished to find that no one else at that particular epoch was able to perfect the invention; for hardly had the writers begun to emerge and breathe freely, when, wave after wave, the revolutionary tide rolled over them, and taste, talent, feeling and information were swept away or lay buried in its depths; whilst the grossest ignorance, the most stupid prejudice, the most unmitigated brutality, raved, revelled, blasphemed, and celebrated revolting orgies, in their stead. During the height of the democratic phrensy no man's life would have been worth a minute's purchase who should have endeavoured to speak sense and reason, or impose the slightest check on the sovereign will.

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\* The first of these was *Le Démonstrateur*, edited by H. Maret, and afterwards by the Duc de Bassano.

and pleasure of the multitude. Chabot announced,—‘*Qu’elle (la presse) avait été nécessaire pour amener le règne de la liberté; mais que, ce bout une fois atteint, il ne falloit plus de liberté de la presse, de peur de compromettre la liberté elle-même.*’

‘It’s ill arguing with a king who has an army of a hundred and fifty thousand men, *and such very hard-soled boots!*’ said Quintus Sicilius (*alias* Guichard), after having had his shins well kicked by Frederick for suggesting a doubt as to his royal patron’s theory regarding the immortality of the soul. ‘It’s ill arguing with gentlemen who have a committee of public safety and a guillotine at their back!’ said the French journalists; and the 18th Fructidor effectually silenced the few who disregarded the warning, and wrote on. But no sooner had Napoleon enforced order than they re-appeared with renewed vigour; and were we required to name the period when the French press enjoyed the highest degree of influence and consideration, we should name the two or three concluding years of the consulate. Then the truth of Benjamin Constant’s aphorism,—‘the press is the mistress of intelligence, and intelligence is the mistress of the world!’—was admitted to its full extent. Power, according to the prevailing theory (for the practice turned out rather differently in the end), was only to be acquired or obtained through opinion; and about the year 1800 all that was most distinguished in literature and politics was in direct or indirect communication with the periodical press.

The journals which took the lead were the *Journal des Débats* and *Le Mercure*: the *Journal des Débats* with Delalot, Fievée, the Abbé de Boulogne, Dussault, and Geoffroy (who, according to Janin, then divided the attention of Europe with Napoleon), for contributors: *Le Mercure* with Fontanes, de Bonald, La Harpe (the author of the *Cours de la Littérature*), and Chateaubriand, who sprung, by one bold bound, into celebrity. Their principles were royalist, but with no peculiar predilection for individuals; and they both supported Napoleon, because they thought him alone capable of maintaining order, re-establishing religion, and protecting industry.

On the other hand, the movement party were wanting neither in talent nor energy; but the re-action had begun, the spirit of the epoch was against them, and it was difficult to persuade the people, with the impression of the reign of terror still fresh upon their minds, to risk a renewal of the tragedy. The grand organ of this party was *La Décade Philosophique*: the principal writers being Ginguéné, Chenier, Cabanis, Benjamin Constant, and Say. We have already mentioned the circumstances under which

three of them were expelled from the tribunat for opposing the wishes of the first consul;\* and it was hardly to be expected that they would be allowed the free use of their pens, by way of compensation for lost liberty of speech. Their journal was soon found troublesome and suppressed. The conservatives enjoyed a longer respite, and down to so late a period as 1807 the press enjoyed some semblance of liberty; but in the course of that year an eloquent article of Chateaubriand's—in which, apropos of M. Delaborde's Spanish journey, he spoke of Nero and Tacitus—proved fatal to the *Mercure*; whilst to rebut, at all events, the imputation of partiality, the *Journal des Débats*, metamorphosed into the *Journal de l'Empire*, was about the same time taken out of the hands of the proprietors (MM. Bertin, brothers) and placed under the management of official editors. Amongst these was M. Etienne, the author of the comedy of *Les Deux Gendres*, a man of tact and talent, who has since become a proprietor and conductor of the *Constitutionnel*, member of the Academy, and peer of France!

From this period until the Allies entered Paris there was no political paper worth mentioning but the *Moniteur*, which might well supply materials for a philosophic treatise on despotism. What ingenious comments on the text of *might makes right*! what garbling of facts! what perversion of motives! what Ossianic amplifications of victory! what sophistical apologies or mendacious subterfuges for defeat! And then the nightly conferences of the trembling editor with the imperial penman, expecting sense and grammar to wheel about at the word of command like grenadiers. The editor in question was M. Sauvo, who contrived to retain the office and discharge its duties to the entire satisfaction of his employers, through every change of dynasty, till after the Revolution of July. A well-authenticated anecdote may serve to convey some notion of his capacity. Late at night on the eve of that revolution, he was hastily summoned to attend the minister. The ordinances were put into his hands. He glanced over them to see that all was right; but, instead of making his bow and leaving the room as usual, he paused, and stood with the door in his hand, anxious yet hesitating to speak. 'Well, sir, were not your instructions plain?' 'Monseigneur,' replied M. Sauvo, 'I have had so much experience, I have known so many governments—' 'That,' broke in the prince, 'you must have learned by this time that you have nothing to do but to obey. Sir, I wish you a good evening.' The door closed, and the fate of the reigning dynasty was sealed.

On the very day of the Emperor's compelled abdication in

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\* Quarterly Review, No. cxxviii., p. 440.



1814, the Bertins, disregarding Talleyrand, who cautioned them to wait, rushed back to their old *bureau de reduction*, and were the first to raise and fling abroad the long prostrate banner of journalism. But it had a hard battle to fight, long after its fellest oppressor was overthrown, and during the next fifteen years, it struggled on through a series of restrictions—relaxed by Martignac, or tightened by Villele and Peyronnet. During the greater part of this trying period, Chateaubriand and Benjamin Constant bore the brunt; and when the censorship put an occasional stop to the contest in the newspapers, they went on plying opposing ministries and each other with pamphlets. The chief royalist journal was the *Conservateur*, under Chateaubriand, Bonald, La Mennais, Clausel de Cousserges, &c. &c. It was ably encountered by *La Minerve*, under Constant, Etienne, Jouy, Arnault, and others professing liberal and constitutional principles. MM. Comte and Dunoyer also, in *Le Censeur*, bravely maintained the cause of what they believed liberty, and endured all sorts of persecutions for its sake. M. Comte, in particular, was for many years an exile in consequence.

But the power and resources of the press could hardly be said to have been fully developed or made known until after the invasion of Spain in 1823, when the various and before conflicting elements of opposition formed themselves, as if by tacit combination, into one compact column, and bore down upon M. Villele. Amongst the most formidable of the attacking body was still, as ever, his former colleague, Chateaubriand, who, though fighting with his vizor down, was easily recognised, by the force of the stroke and the glitter of the weapon, in the *Journal des Débats*. The *Constitutionnel*, founded subsequently to the Restoration, first became remarkable for the good sense, tact, and cleverness with which it adapted political truths to ordinary apprehensions, and won over the feelings or prejudices of the mass. The principal writers were MM. Etienne, Buchon, Felix, Baudin, Jay, de Pradt, and Thiers—who had just then been brought forward and placed in connexion with this paper by Manuel. The doctrinaires, too, were then vehement against the government in the *Courrier Français*, where the school was ably represented by M. Guizot and his first wife,—a woman of great and varied accomplishments. They were seconded by M. Mignet, the historian, who was brought forward, at the same time as his friend Thiers, by Manuel.

The *Globe*, founded in 1824 with a view to literature and philosophy, obtained little consideration at starting, but when it diverged into politics, and persons of established reputation were currently named as contributors, it rapidly rose into importance, and took its station amongst the most influential journals of the day.

day. The best of the writers were M. Sainte Beuve, M. Dubois (now deputy, and councillor of the university), M. Tanneguy Duchatel (the minister), MM. Jouffroy and Damiron (the eclectic philosophers), M. Thiers, for a season, MM. Vitet, Charles de Remusat, Duvergier de Hauranne, &c. &c.—all men of undoubted talent, as every one conversant with modern French literature and politics must admit; and they had then advantages which few of them possess now—the high hopes, the warm feelings, the dash, the vigour, the elasticity and vivacity, of youth.

In 1827, M. Villele's patience gave way, and he re-established the censorship. Whilst this lasted, the demand for periodical writings of the more stimulating kind was almost exclusively supplied by the exertions of one man, M. de Salvandy (since Minister of Public Instruction), who sent forth weekly a pamphlet, or bundle of pamphlets, containing a sufficient number of pages to exempt it from the operation of the law. His *Lettres à la Giraffe* were published in this manner, and enjoyed a very large circulation. Nor must we forget to mention the songs of Béranger, or the pamphlets of Paul Louis Courier, who, on most critical emergencies, threw himself into the fray, without much regard to consequences. In his *Pamphlet des Pamphlets* he thus ludicrously describes the horror with which this mode of publication was then regarded by entire classes of the community:—

‘J’y ai réfléchi, et me souviens qu’avant lui M. de Broë, homme éloquent, zélé pour la morale publique, me conseilla de même, en termes moins flatteurs, devant la Cour d’Assises. *Vil Pamphlétaire!*—Ce fut un mouvement oratoire des plus beaux, quand se tournant vers moi qui, foi de paysan, ne songeais à rien moins, il m’apostropha de la sorte : *Vil Pamphlétaire, &c.*, coup de foudre, non, de massue, vu le style de l’orateur, dont il m’assomma sans remède. Ce mot soulevant contre moi les juges, les témoins, les jurés, l’assemblée (mon avocat lui-même en parut ébranlé), ce mot décida tout. Je fus condamné dès l’heure dans l’esprit de Messieurs, dès que l’homme du roi m’eut appelé pamphlétaire, à quoi je ne sus que répondre. Car il me semblait bien en mon ame avoir fait ce qu’on nomme un pamphlet; je ne l’eusse osé nier. J’étais donc pamphlétaire à mon propre jugement, et voyant l’horreur qu’un tel nom inspirait à tout l’auditoire, je demeurai confus.’

M. Villele fell, and was succeeded by M. Martignac, one of whose first steps was to free the journalists from the worst of the restrictions that weighed them down; but he failed in conciliating their favour—and whether it was that they distrusted his eventual intentions, or, intoxicated with their recent victory over M. Villele, had already begun to think of setting up for themselves, certain it is that they made no allowance for his peculiar position as regarded the court, but on the first disappointment assailed him without ceremony, and contributed largely to his fall. The

Doctrinaires committed the same mistake as that section of the Tory party who drove the Duke of Wellington from power in 1830; they assisted in overthrowing a moderate, constitutional, and truly conservative government, to precipitate a crisis which has shaken monarchy to its base in both countries.

It may be difficult to fix the precise period when a revolution became inevitable, but it is clear that it was confidently anticipated a considerable time beforehand; and the *National* was established in 1829 for the avowed object of accelerating the crash. The founders were Carrel, Mignet, Sautélet, and Thiers, who thought the *Constitutionnel* too tame and unenterprising for the emergency.\* They have been accused of republican projects, but there is no foundation for the charge. There is a current anecdote to the effect, that one day, during the Polignac ministry, M. Cousin (the present Minister of Public Instruction), who hides a good deal of worldly shrewdness and love of mischief under his philosophy, meeting Thiers, Mignet, and Carrel, laughingly exclaimed, '*Eh, bien! quand vous aurez renversé la monarchie légitime, que mettrez vous à la place?*' Carrel replied: '*Bah! mon cher Cousin, nous mettrons en place la monarchie administrative.*' An administrative monarch according to Carrel's acceptation of the term, would have been more like a president than a king; and the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe) was already under consideration, and an understood candidate for the post.

A report, drawn up at the time by M. Chantelouze, attributed all the evils of the country to the newspapers; and the struggle now lay entirely between the monarchy and the press. It was clear that one or the other must succumb; the movement party burnt their ships and threw away their scabbards; and the wisest statesmen in Europe were agreed that a *coup d'état* must be attempted, at all hazards, by the crown. The measure failed from the improvidence and irresolution of the projectors; to illustrate which a single incident may suffice.—A literary friend tells us that the moment (on Monday morning) he read the ordinances, and found that no unlicensed publication could appear, he hurried off to his printer, and requested that, as a good deal of the regular work would probably be discontinued, the extra hands might be put upon a purely scientific production of his own. The reply of the printer was, that he had already demanded licences for works unconnected with politics, and, having been informed that the bureaux of examination would not be ready until the Thursday following, he had given his establishment a holiday till then. Thus the capital were to be deprived of their daily reading—as necessary to a Parisian as his daily bread—for four days,

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\* M. de Talleyrand had shares.

and the most dangerous part of the population were set loose. By an unlucky coincidence also the printers hold a meeting every Monday evening, so that they were enabled to concoct their measures without delay.

The journalists acted, on the whole, with spirit and unanimity. Most of the leading writers signed the protest, and attended the consultation at Dupin's. The *Constitutionnel* gave way, and remained silent, the property being too valuable to risk; the *Journal des Débats*, and two or three others, entered into a composition with the government; but the majority set the law at defiance, and when their printing-presses were seized, placarded the walls of Paris with their articles. An article from the *Globe*, beginning, '*Le crime est commencé*,' was circulated in this manner, and produced a prodigious effect. It was written by M. de Remusat, now Minister of the Interior. A curious scene took place at the office of *Le Temps*, the proprietors of which (MM. Baude and Coste) acted like so many Hamdens. The functionaries of the police, finding the door locked and barred, sent for a blacksmith, who had just commenced operations, when a head, a book, and a blunderbuss, were protruded from a window, and the blacksmith was requested to take notice, that, by an express enactment of the code, any member of his fraternity aiding in an act of illegal violence might be treated as a housebreaker:—he threw down his tools, and before they could get another the tumult was at its height.

The conductors of the *National* were taken by surprise, and had no time to strengthen their position. The original protest with the signatures, which was lying on the table and might have fatally compromised some of the first men in the country, disappeared in the confusion, and has never been seen since. One of the most distinguished of the parties present is commonly suspected of having pocketed it.

It is, besides, our purpose to enter further into these details. The best proof, however, that the Revolution of July was well understood and acknowledged at the time to have been effected by journalism, is to be found in the fact, that when Chateaubriand, a professed royalist, appeared in the streets, he was actually laid hold of and carried in triumph by the populace, as the man, *par excellence*, of the press. Yet from this very period must its decline be dated—*ex illo retro fluere et sublapsa referri*—prosperity paved the way for corruption; another such victory and they are undone.

Smollett tells a story of a troop of monkeys, who, under the management of an animal-trainer, had been taught to go through a succession of military movements with surprising precision; till one evening, in the midst of their evolutions, a spectator threw a handful

handful of nuts amongst them, and in an instant they were scattered about the stage—chattering, screaming, biting, scratching, in hot contention for the spoil. Something of the same sort occurred, when the government of France, with its rich array of patronage, was surrendered at discretion to the movement party, and a good half of the best places were distributed, or rather flung, amongst the journalists.\* The compact line which they had presented since 1823 was broken in a moment, and all hurried forward to secure a share of the plunder. Far from seeking to restore order, the leaders made no other use of their authority than to acquire an advantage in the race; and so soon as any one of them gained a firm footing, he kicked down the ladder by which he mounted, often with so little caution, that it fell plump upon the noses of his followers.

In a country such as France, where there is no fixed landed or commercial aristocracy, nor any class set apart by circumstances for the service of the state, men like MM. Thiers and Mignet are only assuming their natural position, and exercising a legitimate right, when they aspire to the conduct of affairs; and it would be unfair to judge them by the rules of a country like England, where it is deemed necessary to send a reviewer to India with an exorbitant salary to enrich himself, before he is thought qualified for the Cabinet. They, therefore, cannot be blamed for making the best use of their opportunities, and in a former number we suggested the best excuse for any trifling discrepancy that might be traced between the principles they maintained before the revolution, and those they have professed since. Calling for liberal measures is one thing, the passing of them another; libellous denunciations and insurrectionary movements are often of great use to an opposition leader, but an invariable source of annoyance and embarrassment to a minister; and the same politician may have no objection to progressiveness when *out* of place, who, so long as he is left to his own natural tendencies, will manifest a marked predilection for permanence and stability when *in*. It should also be remembered, that many of the principal writers were not journalists by profession, but took to their pens when they deemed their liberties at stake, as their forefathers would have taken to their swords. Still they need not have thrown them down in such a hurry as to bring discredit on the calling; it was hardly prudent, even as

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\* We believe every writer of consequence in the *Journal des Débats* got something, and all the founders of the *National* were handsomely provided for, except Carrel, who declined the offered preferment, and Santelet, who, under the combined pressure of love and debt, committed suicide before the consummation of their hopes. In the course of a few months, M. Gизоt, as Minister of the Interior, displaced and replaced 70 prefects, 176 sub-prefects, and 38 secretaries.

regards themselves, to let the public into the secret of their real objects ; and they might have left to others the task of disabusing their associates.

There was something almost ludicrous in the eagerness with which the example was followed by the less distinguished members of the press, and the greediness (it deserves no better name) with which they gorged themselves on the good things. Some of them (a well-known *Garde des Sceaux*, for example) fattened, literally and physically, in six months ; and the entire scene irresistibly recalls the description given by Tacitus of the effects of long-fasting on such adventurers. Their places were instantly supplied ; for the news—or rather the visible, palpable signs—of their success, acted on such of the rising generation as had their fortunes to make, much in the same manner as the first importation of gold from the New World, or the return of the first race of nabobs from the East. The new Eldorado and Golconda was journalism ; the returns of commerce and the regular professions were voted too slow for the rising genius of the capital ; and crowds of provincials, *grands hommes de province*, hurried up to compete with the metropolitan celebrities. Many of the old hands who had come off second-best in the distribution, also continued at their posts ; so that there was no want of talent, vigour, experience or audacity. But the veil was rent asunder, and the illusion at an end : principles were no longer the real, and hardly the avowed, object ; there was neither concert, steadiness of purpose, conviction, or enthusiasm ; they did not respect themselves, and were not respected ; they distrusted one another, and the public distrusted them : their tone partook at once of the blighting bitterness of the veteran, and the compromising indiscretion of the recruit ; and so soon as it became evident that their more fortunate predecessors neither could nor would provide places for the whole, they grew irritated, angry, almost savage, in their denunciations of such base, such shameless, such unheard-of and profligate apostacy—as they termed a course of conduct which they had been most anxious to anticipate, and would be most happy to pursue. The storm of fierce, reckless, unblushing calumny which has ever since been pouring upon M. Thiers, and under which, had he been other than a man of first-rate talents and unflinching resolution, he must have sunk, is principally attributable to the jealousy with which his former equals and rivals saw him raised so immeasurably above their heads ; and an edifying spectacle, well calculated to inspire general confidence and advance their own interests, it has been—to see almost the whole press of Paris making

making cause against an individual *because* he had risen from their ranks. The worst is yet to come: their ambition sunk as their hopes fell, and they soon began to regulate their objects by their means. To revert to our former illustration—the first Spanish invaders of Mexico, and the first English proprietors of Bengal, sacked royal treasuries and extorted ransoms from kings: the second flight were obliged to content themselves with squeezing revenue-collectors and nobles: the third were petty larceny depredators, who dealt in speculation and took bribes. Just so the most eminent or most active of the French journalists got places in the ministry; the next best were made prefects, masters of requests, librarians, or councillors of boards: the last comers were obliged to rest satisfied with *douceurs*.

Dating from this period, far the most remarkable of the regular writers was Armand Carrel, henceforth the main support and animating spirit of the *National*. Indeed, parodying the *mot* of Louis XIV., he might have exclaimed *Le National, c'est moi*. So long as he lived, it was hardly possible, and would have been extremely dangerous, to speak disparagingly of journalism. When he died, its best title to consideration died with him. His errors were those of temperament, of undue confidence, of limited cultivation, of political shortsightedness: there was no taint of meanness in his disposition or motives, and not a breath of suspicion ever rested upon his character.

Carrel was educated at the college of Rouen and the military school of Saint Cyr. He entered the army, but left it after obtaining the rank of sub-lieutenant, and was about to start in commerce when he was offered the appointment of secretary to M. Thierry, the historian, which his literary tastes induced him to accept. His duty consisted in verifying the references, arranging the notes, and correcting the proofs of M. Thierry's publications, particularly the History of the Conquest of England by the Normans; and the time thus occupied was subsequently turned to good account. At the end of six months, a bookseller having applied to M. Thierry to write a summary of the history of Scotland, he excused himself on the ground of prior engagements, and recommended his assistant for the work. It was undertaken by Carrel, and completed accordingly; and, with the aid of an introduction by M. Thierry, succeeded sufficiently to embolden the author to aim at independence. A small sum of money being collected from his family, he set up a circulating library in partnership with a friend; and in the back room of this establishment, with his favourite Newfoundland dog at his feet, he composed his *Histoire de la Contre-Révolution en Angleterre*,

*Angleterre*, a work principally interesting from the illustration it affords of his own political opinions at the time; for it is obvious that the Stuarts and the Bourbons are identified throughout. The book was thought sound and well-judging, but rather heavy; and it possessed few attractions for readers accustomed to the antithetical sententiousness of a Mignet, the comprehensive speculations of a Guizot, or the living, moving, dioramic pages of a Thiers.

The first productions of Carrel which gave promise of his future excellence, were two articles in the *Revue Française* on the Spanish war of 1823, in which he had taken part against his countrymen. These appeared in 1828, and probably led to his engagement in the *National*, in which he played only a subordinate part at starting; and an opinion, sanctioned by M. Thiers, had got abroad that he required time to meditate his articles, and was consequently unequal to the daily demands of a newspaper. The truth is, he was one of those men who only grow great with circumstances, and cannot put forth their full strength until they feel the entire responsibility resting upon them; for no sooner did Carrel find himself editor-in-chief, than the slow, painful, laborious, sterile writer became ready, rapid, and abundant. Even those who knew him best stood astonished at the combined freedom and purity of his style, the logical closeness of his reasoning, the occasional richness of his illustrations, his singular power of painting or conveying images by words, and the command of language which enabled him to disclose or keep back just so much of his meaning or eventual intentions as he thought fit. It was then too remarked amongst his friends, that, as his capacity for acting the part of leader came to be appreciated, his temper perceptibly improved, and much of his morbid susceptibility to fancied slights, evidently originating in the fear or consciousness of being undervalued, disappeared. He might be almost said to have loved danger for its own sake, such was his chivalrous eagerness to press forward at the sound of a menace or the semblance of a risk. When four successive *gerants* of the *National* had been imprisoned for articles notoriously of his writing, he could endure this sort of vicarious punishment no longer: he designedly composed another of such a character as to compel the government to proceed against himself, and his imprisonment in Ste. Pélagie was the result. When it became the fashion to summon editors to the field, he accepted cartel after cartel till he fell.

About the time when MM. Thiers and Mignet were provided for, a prefecture of the third class was conferred on Carrel without consulting him; but he thought the appointment inferior



inferior to his just claims, and there were weighty personal considerations which attached him to the capital. He adhered to the journal, but was rather the supporter than the opponent of the government till the end of the ministry of Dupont de l'Eure and Lafitte. The accession of Casimir Perier to power was the signal for the commencement of the dogged uncompromising hostility with which he assailed Louis Philippe, for he saw or thought he saw in that event the first decided step in a retrograde direction, the first outward and visible sign of the citizen king's prédilection for the substance as well as the trappings of monarchy.

The nature of Carrel's views, and the secret of the influence which he long exercised, are thus described in a short essay on his life and opinions by M. Nisard.

'La révolution de juillet, si extraordinaire entre toutes les révolutions, par le spectacle d'un peuple laissant au vaincu la liberté de se plaindre et de se railler de la victoire, avait permis d'espérer un retour éclatant et définitif au droit commun. Carrel se fit l'organe de ces espérances et le théoricien de cette doctrine. Il traita la question avec sa rigueur et sa netteté accoutumées. Il opposa aux exemples, si nombreux depuis cinquante ans, de gouvernements périssant tous par l'arbitraire, le modèle d'un gouvernement offrant à tous les partis des garanties contre son légitime et nécessaire besoin de conservation. Il n'invoquait que des raisons exclusivement pratiques, se refusant le secours innocent de toute forme impassionnée, pour ne pas exposer sa belle théorie à l'ironique qualification d'utopie. C'est cette politique qui fit tant d'amis à Carrel sur tous les points de la France, et partout où pénétrait le *National*. Il eut, en dehors de tous les partis, un parti composé de tous les hommes, soit placés hors des voies de l'activité publique, soit trop éclairés pour s'y jeter à la suite de quelque chef ne se recommandant que par des succès de plume ou de tribune. Que de gens, lassés des querelles sur la forme du gouvernement, incrédules même aux admirables apologies de la forme américaine, quittant l'ombre pour la chose, se rangèrent sous cette bannière du droit commun, que Carrel avait levée sur toutes les fantes et sur toutes les ruines, même sur celles de ses théories républicaines ! Il lui en venait de toutes parts des témoignages d'adhésion qui parurent un moment lui suffire, et je le vis se résignant à être, pour un temps déterminé, le premier écrivain spéculatif de son pays. Mais des fautes où tout le monde eut sa part l'eurent bientôt refroidi. Ce fut un rude coup. Carrel avait foi dans la politique du droit commun : il y avait cru plus fortement peut-être qu'à ses théories républicaines précipitamment arborées, et dans un accès d'inquiétude plutôt qu'après un sûr et paisible regard jeté sur les choses. Après celles-ci, où l'honneur le soutenait contre les doutes croissants, il fallait donc encore douter de celle-là ! Carrel eut les deux douleurs à la fois.'

Carrel's notion of the *droit commun* seems to have been a system

tem of government in which the rights of all members of the community should be respected ; in other words, a good constitution, such as England's *was*. His error consisted in supposing such a system practicable in France, where, since 1830, the only principle of order, the only check on periodical insurrection, has been fear—the fear naturally entertained by the proprietary class and the bourgeoisie of mobs. This, and this only, keeps the present king upon the throne.

Carrel was killed in a duel with M. Emile de Girardin in 1837, being then about thirty-seven years of age. The heir-presumptive, the present Duke of Orleans, has been much commended for his generosity in exclaiming, *C'est une perte pour tout le monde*; and the event made a great sensation. But it may be doubted whether Carrel did not quit the stage most opportunely for his fame. Disappointment had soured his temper, and the ill-success of his attacks on Louis Philippe had begun to hurry him into a violence both of conduct and expression which it is impossible to excuse. He had, moreover, undergone the usual fate of popular leaders who seek to establish principles, or place any curb on the excesses of their followers. The ultra-section of his own party repudiated him as a disguised aristocrat, a would-be *élégant*, and pointed to his dress and equipage as infallible proofs of a falling off from the true doctrines of equality.\* This fact is impliedly confirmed by one of M. Nisard's anecdotes:—

‘ Un soir, il revenait des bureaux du *National*, fort tard, dans ce cabriolet qui lui a été tant reproché, soit par des hommes qui auraient vendu la tombe de leur père pour en avoir un, soit par des amis de l'égalité, qui la veulent dans les fortunes, pour se consoler de l'inégalité des talens. Il passe devant un pauvre homme, préposé à la garde des travaux de voirie, et qui grelottait de froid. Carrel arrête sa voiture, en tire la housse d'hiver de son cheval, la jette sur les épaules du gardien, lui met quelque argent dans la main, et disparaît avant les remerciements.’

We make no apology for dwelling so long on the character of this man. Bare justice to the periodical press of Paris required it, for during many years he was the only regular member of their body to whom the praise of first-rate talent and unimpeached integrity could be awarded without exciting a general murmur of dissent. This account of him, moreover, includes that of one of the most remarkable of the French journals, the *National*; for its importance ceased upon his death, and it has ever since been conducted by writers of little talent, literary reputation or authority—with the exception of M. Emile Souvestre, the author of

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\* It may not be generally known that there are politicians and newspapers who bring the same charge against Mr. Corrier Wakley and Mr. Joseph Hume.

*Riche et Pauvre*, one of the best of the modern novels. Its principles are republican. In this line it had to compete with *La Tribune* under Armand Marrast and Cavaignac. Marrast, though far inferior to Carrel, was a writer of spirit and ability, but republicanism had only a very short run in Paris, and *La Tribune* is no more. The leading ultra-democratic journal at present is *Le Bon Sens*, but it is in bad odour, and has a limited circulation.

Their connexion with the preceding topic has led us to mention the republican papers in this place. So far as precedence depends upon influence and general respectability, the *Journal des Debats* is undoubtedly entitled to stand first. The proprietors are still the same who tore it from the clutches of Napoleon—M. Bertin de Vaux, long time deputy, and now peer of France, and M. Bertin l'ainé, who might easily obtain the same distinction if he chose. He is nominally the director of the paper, but the duties are discharged by his son. Though both are men of sense and talent, they never write; nor, to the best of our information, does any member of the family, but they do not deserve less praise or enjoy less consideration on that account. When an attempt was made to depreciate Queen Elizabeth on the ground that all the great actions and wise policy of her reign were attributable to her ministers, it was answered (and it is to be hoped that some time or other the same defence may be made for Queen Victoria) that the selection of good ministers was the best possible proof of her superiority. Tried by this criterion, the Bertins will rank very high, for the writers to whom the conduct of their paper has been intrusted have amply justified their confidence and done honour to their discernment. The principal political contributors are M. Saint-Marc Girardin, M. de Sacy, and M. Michel Chevalier.

M. Girardin is councillor of the University, professor of literature at the Sorbonne, and was for some years a member of the Chamber. He is the author of a good work on Germany (*Notices sur l'Allemagne*), and writes in a pleasing, light, lively style, with uniform good temper and good sense.

M. de Sacy is the son of the celebrated orientalist of that name. He is a quiet, steady, unpretending writer; less varied and vivacious, but more discreet, connected, and consistent, than M. Girardin.

M. Chevalier is the author of an excellent work on America, well worthy to be placed alongside of M. de Tocqueville's, though nothing can well differ more widely than their plans. When the *Globe* was bought up by the Saint-Simonians he was its editor; and he is still tainted with some of the least blamable of their doctrines.

Other

Other well-known contributors are or have been: M. Villemain, peer and man of letters; M. de Bourqueney, secretary to the London embassy; the Abbé Feletz; M. Le Clerc, dean of the faculty of letters; M. Loeve-Weimar; and M. Cuvillier-Fleury, the tutor of one of Louis Philippe's sons. It is also understood that ready-made articles sometimes arrive from the Tuileries, and are inserted without alteration. The proprietors were originally pure royalists; nothing short of a regular, legitimate, right-divine sort of monarch would satisfy them. Their opinions have been undergoing changes ever since the restoration, and they are now, to all appearance, quite satisfied with a king by the blessing of the barricades.

The literary department has always been well supported; and at present we are by no means certain that the paper is not indebted for the better half of its celebrity to its good fortune in securing the services of M. Jules Janin, the most popular of living *feuilletonistes*, a host, an epoch, a dynasty, a *puissance*, in himself. Is there a breakfast-table at Paris which does not hail with eagerness the Monday number of the Journal, in which alone his weekly criticism is to be found? Is there an actor, dancer, singer, or playwright, who does not tremble at his nod? Is there a cultivated man in Europe who cannot read with pleasure, long after the occasion has gone by, this reckless, thoughtless, wild, wandering, discursive, gay, good-humoured, fertile, fanciful, and sensible contributor—this *enfant gâté d'un monde qu'il gâte*? It is not fair to judge him by his romances. He cannot write a book: he wants continuity; he wants the power of adhering doggedly to an idea, a system, a doctrine, or a plot. Like a child who quits the path to pick flowers or chase a butterfly, he is eternally wandering off into fresh trains of associations, but comes back loaded with so many pretty things, that we lose all inclination to find fault. Take, for example, a few passages from his necrological notice of a flower-seller:—

‘ Vous avez laissé mourir, moi absent, une des plus aimables femmes dont le commerce parisien pouvait à bon droit s’enorgueillir, Mme. Prevost, la marchande de fleurs du Palais-Royal. . . . .

‘ Cette femme avait été très-belle, et, rien qu’à la voir cachée dans ses dentelles, on devinait sans peine que l’amour avait passé par là. Son regard était fin, mais voilé; son sourire était doux et calme, mais elle souriait rarement. Toute sa vie elle avait eu une grande passion pour les fleurs; non-seulement elle les cultivait avec un succès sans égal, mais encore pas une main mortelle ne savait en nuancer les couleurs avec plus d’art et plus de goût. Elle faisait un bouquet avec autant de passion que Cardaillac le bijoutier quand il montait un de ses chefs-d’œuvre; puis, son bouquet fait, elle le mettait en réserve, attendant une femme assez belle pour le porter; et, si cette femme n’arrivait pas le même jour, Mme.

Prevost

Prevost gardait son bouquet pour elle-même, et elle était heureuse. Aux femmes qui passaient et qui achetaient un bouquet par hasard, elle donnait des bouquets faits au hasard ; au mari qui achetait un bouquet pour sa femme, comme il eût acheté une poupée pour sa fille, Mme. Prevost donnait un bouquet tel quel : elle savait si bien que ce bouquet ne serait regardé ni par celui qui le donnait ni par celle qui le devait porter ! Elle avait des bouquets pour tous les âges, pour toutes les positions de la vie ; elle voyait d'un coup d'œil quelle était la fleur qu'il fallait employer pour sauver un pauvre cœur qui allait se perdre, pour ranimer un amour qui faiblissait. Elle était indulgente pour les uns, sévère pour les autres, impitoyable pour le séducteur, bienveillante pour l'amant timide. Elle disait qu'elle n'était jamais si heureuse que lorsqu'elle tressait une couronne virginale. Que de jeunes femmes elle a sauvées qui ne se sont pas doutées de la main qui les sauvait ! que de Lovelaces arrêtés dans leur triomphe qui en sont encore à se demander : *Comment donc celle-là m'a-t-elle échappée ?* . . . . .

‘ Un jour que j'étais seul dans l'arrière-boutique, je trouvai sous ma main un petit livre à couverture verte, qui avait l'air d'un livre de comptes. J'ouvris machinalement ce livre ; et quel fut mon effroi quand je me vis tombé tout en plein au beau milieu de l'histoire la plus cachée du monde parisien ! Terrible histoire ! touchante histoire ! trahisons, mensonges, perfidies ; mais aussi dévouement, passion, fidélité. Dans ce livre Mme. Prevost écrivait elle-même, jour par jour, comme on fait dans un livre de commerce, les noms de tous ceux qui achetaient des fleurs chez elle en lui disant :—Faites-les porter chez Mme. \*\*\* , rue \*\*\*.—Tel était ce livre. Ici le nom d'un homme ; plus loin, et tout en face du nom de cet homme, était écrit le nom d'une femme et sa demeure. Et pourtant savez-vous ? jamais un roman de M. de Balzac lui-même, même dans les beaux jours de M. de Balzac, quand il coupait avec tant de verve et de bonheur le regain de son esprit, n'a présenté un intérêt pareil à celui de tous ces noms en présence ! Oui, un homme qui envoie d'abord un simple bouquet de violettes à cette femme qui l'accepte ; plus tard la violette devint une rose ; chaque jour ajoute d'abord une fleur à cet envoi de l'amour ; puis bientôt chaque jour arrache une fleur, jusqu'à ce qu'enfin le nom de cet homme ne soit plus accouplé au nom de cette femme. Et si vous saviez combien peu elles durent, ces grandes passions éternelles comme la rose !

‘ Et quel livre, ce compte des amours parisiennes ainsi tenu en partie double ! Lisons encore, lisons toujours. Aujourd'hui ce même homme a cessé d'envoyer un souvenir à cette même femme ; mais regardez plus haut, à l'autre page : au moment où le bouquet de cet homme allait en s'amoindrissant, un autre bouquet s'avancait sur l'horizon vers cette même femme ; et ainsi vous pouvez suivre l'amour parisien dans ces sentiers ténébreux et fleuris. Et chose étrange ! que de noms, qui se tiennent par un lien de fleurs, dont vous n'auriez pas cru que la rencontre fût même possible ! que de chaînes tour à tour brisées, renouées, rompues ! que de bouquets renvoyés et rendus ! quel pêle-mêle bizarre, étrange, incroyable ! que d'histoires galantes qui se croisent ! que de dates funestes !—Voilà donc le bouquet que portait cette femme le jour où

où son amant fut tué en duel ! et ce bouquet n'était pas même celui de cet amant !—Voilà donc d'où venait la fleur que vous portiez dans vos cheveux, Coralie ! et vous disiez que vous l'aviez cueillie dans la serre de votre père !—Louise, pauvre enfant ! Je comprends à cette heure pourquoi cette fleur desséchée au chevet de son lit, au pied du Christ.—Ah ! juste ciel ! en voici une qui a reçu d'abord une rose, puis une fleur d'oranger pour aller à l'autel. Heureuse celle-là ! heureuse entre toutes ! . . . O l'horreur ! maintenant c'est une couronne d'immortelles que le jeune époux vient de jeter sur la tombe de sa femme !—Tel était ce livre terrible.—*Les Catacombes*, tom. ii. pp. 267-282.

What an exquisite train of associations is here suggested ! What feeling, poetry, and truth ! Would any one doubt that there had been such a woman and such a book ? Yet it is all sheer fancy. The shop or stall in question was a dark, dingy little hole, half hidden behind a pillar : the flowers looked worthy of the place ; and Madame Prevost herself is not to be named in the same day with a little *bouquetière* in Covent-Garden. In fact, he writes best about nothing ; and his papers may too frequently be compared to a bottle of the late Charles Wright's champagne, which frisks, foams, and sparkles, titillates the palate and enlivens the spirits, if you drink it off the moment it is uncorked ; but subsides into a thin, sugary, insipid kind of beverage, if you let it stand a while with the view of passing an opinion upon its quality. Besides his Monday criticisms, he scatters his articles about pretty freely, without much regard to political opinion or principle ; and, unless he is much belied, he has even been known to boast of answering his own articles in the *Quotidienne*, by way of frolic, in the *Constitutionnel*.

The *Constitutionnel*, a few years ago, counted more than twenty thousand subscribers. This was when the writers before mentioned were engaged in it, and waging a fierce war against the Jesuits and the court. It has sensibly declined since 1830, and it had become the fashion to say that 'on se désabonnait au *Constitutionnel*.' But, as the occasional organ of M. Dupin aîné, it has retained no inconsiderable degree of importance ; and during the Molé ministry the public attention was attracted to it by frequent contributions from M. Thiers.

*Le Courier Français* fought side by side with the *Constitutionnel* against the monarchy of the restoration. Since the Revolution it has leant towards the Dupont de l'Eure and Odillon Barrot party or parties ; and the latter has the credit of writing in it occasionally. M. Guizot has also been confidently named as a contributor. The editor, in its best days, was M. Chastelain, an honest, though heavy, writer. Since his death its leading articles have been supplied by M. Foucher, who has improved upon his predecessor.

The royalist or legitimist party are much divided in opinion. The two

two principal divisions are represented by *La Gazette de France* and *La Quotidienne*. The chief support of the *Quotidienne*, until within these few months, was M. Michaud, the academician, and author of the History of the Crusades; a man ill fitted for the defender of a cause whose main dependence should be faith. In allusion to the use they were making of the church in the contest, he laughingly said, '*Nous tirons par les fenêtres de la sacristie*;' and the remark is no bad illustration of his character. He was supposed to be assisted with advice or contributions by MM. Berryer, Laurentie, the Duc de Valmy, and the Viscounte Lostanges. The general tone of the paper is careless, mocking, and cavalier, with a marked affectation of the French gentleman of the ancient régime.

The *Gazette de France* is the direct opposite of all this. Deep devotion, profound respect, steadiness of purpose, and a strict regard for the decencies (with the small exception of veracity), are its characteristics: nor amongst its merits or demerits must we forget its zealous adoption of one material portion of the Jesuit creed—the maxim, that the end justifies the means. At least we cannot give the conductors entire credit for believing all their own fictions, or for being themselves the dupe of all the political speculations they put forth. Their version of the past history of France seems to be, that the old monarchy, actually and practically, secured an equality of rights for all classes—(if they had contented themselves with saying that it attained nearly as many of the true objects of government as the present, the doctrine would not have been devoid of plausibility)—and they anticipate future history, by assuring their readers that this source of prosperity will be very speedily restored. Nor is the advent of Henry V. postponed indefinitely, or to a period when no one is likely to retain any recollection of the prophecy. In this respect they resemble Cobbett, who long outlived the period when he was to perish, like another Guatimozin, on a gridiron. The restoration is confidently fixed for to-morrow, or next week, or Monday fortnight (positively the last time of restoring); and when the prediction fails, they assert, that, by all the rules of prediction, it ought not to have failed; just as the French were beaten, though by all the rules of war they ought not to have been beaten, at Waterloo. They are warm advocates of universal suffrage, probably on Coleridge's principle, that reverence for ancient forms and institutions is now confined to the lower classes. The principal writer is the Abbé (formerly Baron) de Genoude. His maligners assert that when he left his native place his appellation was *Genou*, and that he has placed a *de* on both sides to make it doubly acceptable to the aristocracy or they give another turn to the insinuation,

sinuation, 'Il a mis à son *genou* deux charnières (hinges) pour mieux le fléchir.' The most marked occasion on which he is said to have bent the knee was during the ministry of M. Villèle, who, by way of re-payment, we presume, has recently emerged from his retirement to write letters on finance in the *Gazette*. M. de Genoude is reputed extremely rich. We have heard his income estimated at not less than seventy or eighty thousand francs a-year, and we can believe it; for the legitimist nobles are both wealthy and generous. They still cling to many habits and prejudices injurious to their cause; they are bad canvassers, and they live too much within a clique; but their houses and purses are freely opened to their friends; and funds are never wanting to maintain their hold upon the press. For this reason the sale of the legitimist journals is an unsafe criterion of their circulation, since every member of the party makes a point of subscribing, and, perhaps, any given copy is seldom read beyond the family.

*Le Monde*, formerly (about 1837) edited by the celebrated Abbé de la Mennais, with the assistance of the equally celebrated Georges Sand, is no more. *La Paix* has also been given up, though M. Guizot was understood to be a contributor. *Le Commerce*, a paper founded at the restoration and respectable from its information and consistency, is now the organ of M. Mauguin, the celebrated orator and advocate, who makes use of it to advance his own peculiar views in politics, as well as to defend certain colonial interests intrusted to his care. *Le Temps*, founded by M. Jacques Coste, the hero of the barricades, and for many years very skillfully conducted by him, has been bought by or for M. Conil, deputy and colonial delegate, who uses it much as M. Mauguin uses *Le Commerce*.

We now come to a paper which has effected a revolution in journalism, *La Presse*, established in July, 1836, at half the price (forty francs a-year) of other papers of the same class. The projector was M. Emile de Girardin, a gentleman whose precise position and character it is no easy matter to describe, for few men have been more unceremoniously calumniated, and, after being many years a member of the Chamber of Deputies, he has been recently declared ineligible on the ground that he could not prove himself to be a Frenchman. The difficulty, it seems, hinged on the peculiar circumstances of his birth, which he has managed to turn (as he manages to turn most things) to account, by relating them in an agreeable little book, entitled *Emile*. He is a natural son of the Comte de Girardin, grand huntsman to Charles X., and has won his way against considerable disadvantages with a gallantry which it is impossible to help admiring.

He



He is perfectly unrivalled in that species of sagacity which divines at a glance the capabilities of a new project or speculation; and, perhaps the true secret of his extreme unpopularity is the jealousy felt by other adventurers at his success. He started *Le Voleur*, a paper made up of borrowed articles, pushed it into circulation, and then sold it on advantageous terms. He started *La Mode*, and disposed of it in the same manner. He took the lead in establishing *Le Panthéon Littéraire* (a collection of classical writers) under distinguished patronage, and is said to have made an equally good thing of that. Such was now the confidence placed in his tact, that, when he announced the project of a forty franc journal, the sum of 700,000 francs (28,000*l.*) was forthwith subscribed and placed at his disposal; and notwithstanding the combined attempts of the competitors, whom he thus undersold and half ruined, to put him down, it is far from clear that this undertaking will not prove as prosperous as the rest. Soon after, the establishment of his journal, he became engaged in a controversy with Carrel. It led to a duel, in which Carrel was killed. Frenchmen—who in some respects are not above half civilised—regard disputes of this kind much in the same light as Sir Lucius O'Trigger: 'It's a very pretty quarrel as it stands.' They never dream of explanations, and have frequently no better object in fighting than to show that they are not afraid. Four or five years ago, the ultras of both sides seemed seriously intent on carrying the Bobadil plan of extermination into effect. 'We would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in honour refuse us. Well, we would kill them! challenge twenty more; kill them! twenty more; kill them too! and so on.' This duel, therefore, was rather M. de Girardin's misfortune than his fault. By way of compensation he had the good luck to marry the beautiful and accomplished Delphine Gay, the daughter of the celebrated Sophie Gay, through whom he gained a legitimate footing in society. Yet such was the prejudice excited against him by the death of Carrel, and the establishment of his newspaper; such is the influence of the press, when combined for any given object, good or evil; such the overwhelming power of popular clamour, passion, or caprice, in France, that M. Girardin was driven, almost by acclamation, from the Chamber, for not being able to produce strict documentary evidence of a fact of which no moral doubt was ever entertained by any one.

The journal participates of the character of the founder: it is clever and amusing enough, but by no means remarkable for steadiness or consistency. At the present moment it is understood to be the organ of the king, a very different thing from being the

the organ of his government. The chief contributor is M. Granier de Cassagnac, a bold, dashing, paradoxical, ready writer, by whom the political paper is most frequently supplied. The literary department is rich in celebrated names, some of Dumas and Balzac's romances having appeared piecemeal in the columns of *La Presse*. But the contributions of Madame de Girardin, under the signature of the Viscount de Launay, form the grand attraction to subscribers; and nothing can be happier or more alluring than the manner in which her weekly summary of literary, musical, artistical, fashionable, and social gossip is dished up. Her comedy, which we shall presently have occasion to examine in detail, was written to vindicate her husband, and retaliate on his calumniators.

*Le Siècle*, started in opposition to *La Presse* on the underselling principle, is one of the most zealous supporters of an extension of the elective franchise, and circulates widely. It is supposed to be under the control of M. Odilon Barrot, whose views it advocates; but the political articles are written by M. Chambolle, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, who derives no slight importance from the general belief that he forms a medium of communication or connecting link between M. Odilon Barrot and M. Thiers. The literary portion of the paper forms a strange contrast with the political: the one, like M. Odilon Barrot's speeches, breathing a pure, stern, uncompromising morality, the other exhibiting the most culpable laxity and indifference. We have heard the conductors compared, in this respect, to certain pious householders, who preserve the strictest regard to decency in the upper portion of the house occupied by their own families, but make no scruple of adding largely to their revenue by letting out the lower stories to persons of equivocal reputation, at a high rent. It is stated by M. Sainte Beuve, in his curious article on *La Littérature Industrielle*, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for September, 1839, that the literary contributors to the *Siècle* act in the same capacity in the *Charivari*, which may account in some measure for the objectionable tone of their lucubrations.\* A writer is not likely to learn manners or morals in such a school.

This brings us to a class of newspapers of which the *Charivari*† may now be considered as the chief—a class reflecting little credit on the country, notwithstanding their cleverness. Their business is to laugh at everybody, and turn everything into ridicule. If a celebrated man has a foible or defect, mental or

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\* The history of their connexion is given by M. Alphonse Peyrat in the first number of his *Personnalités*.

† i. e., marrow-bones and cleavers. An unpopular person is treated with a *charivari*.

physical, they point it out: if a celebrated woman has been suspected of a *faux pas*, they dwell upon it. Woe to the advocate who professes a fondness for rural amusements, and shame upon the deputy who squints! Nor do they confine themselves to words —

‘ Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus,’—

and their most biting insinuations are illustrated by caricatures. The real or fancied resemblance of Louis Philippe’s head to a pear was the discovery of Philipon, one of the illustrators of the *Charivari*, and gave the king more real annoyance than the attacks upon his life. Go where he would, this unlucky print haunted him; and it is thought that the famous laws of September, which extended to caricatures, were owing full as much to the pear as to Fieschi.

The *Figaro*, the first in point of time, earned its reputation fairly and honestly enough by laughing at the Jesuits. After the Revolution of July, it changed its tone, became a supporter of the established order of things, and has ever since been sensibly declining, though M. Alphonse Karr undertook the management for a time.

The *Charivari* was founded by M. Desnoyers, a clever writer of vaudevilles and melodrames. It professes to be edited by *trois hommes d’état*, namely, MM. Desnoyers, Altaroche, and Cler. Most of the other wits of Paris contribute occasionally; and MM. Philipon and Grunville are the illustrators. The general tendency is democratic, but great care is taken not to offend the legitimist party, who subscribe to the paper for the sake of the jokes against the king. The *Charivari* was also the first to expose and condemn the treachery of Maroto, and is consequently in high favour with the Carlists. *Le Corsaire*, and several others, belong to the same category as the *Figaro* and the *Charivari*.

To estimate the effects of these papers, we must weigh well their precise object, and bear constantly in mind the peculiar character of the people amongst whom they circulate. Ridicule has been called the test of truth, and so it may be in the hands of writers (like the Rev. Sydney Smith) who use it only as the clencher of an argument; but in the hands of persons who get their living by it, the case is widely different, and we are quite sure, that in the present state of the public mind of Paris, all that is great, good, pure, true, and holy, may be—we much fear has been, already—lowered, soiled, perverted, and desecrated by means of it. Some of our Sunday newspapers are bad enough in all conscience, but these are excluded from all decent houses, and even the shop-boys and milliners’ apprentices, who form their chief purchasers, must

must be disturbed by doubts as to the authenticity of the absurd accounts there set before them of the sayings and doings of their betters. At Paris, on the contrary, everybody reads the *Charivari*, and the contributors walk about apparently no more ashamed of their vocation than Dr. Lawrence of the *Rolliad*, Lord Palmerston of the *New Whig Guide*, or Mr. Canning of the *Anti-Jacobin*. Even this sort of notoriety does not satisfy some of them; and it has recently become the practice to publish monthly pamphlets, entirely made up of the same materials as the *Charivari*, in the names of the authors. Of this description are *Les Guepes* of Alphonse Karr, *Les Papillons Noirs* of the bibliophile Jacob (Lacroix), and *Les Personnalités* of Alphonse Peyrat. We cannot say much for the wit of these productions; but we recommend them to the attention of those who think that the worst evils of the press are produced by its anonymous character.

The only evening papers of note are *Le Moniteur Parisien*, lately an organ of the government; and *Le Messager*, the property of M. le Comte Walewski, the son of Napoleon by a celebrated Polish beauty, whose personal advantages, along with a million or so of francs bestowed by the emperor, have been inherited by the count. He is a popular member of the best Parisian circles, and has lately written a comedy to describe their manners, and (*on dit*) to bring forward an actress named Anais. The piece, entitled *L'Ecole du Monde*, was not quite so successful at the public representation at the Théâtre Français, as at the private readings in the salons of the initiated, and Janin cut it up without ceremony. An injudicious friend of the author's, who volunteered a reply, insinuated that the habits of high life were beyond the jurisdiction of the pit, and that the play would have fared better had the critic been duly propitiated by a few preliminary attentions. The rejoinder was in Janin's happiest manner. He triumphantly vindicates the competency of the public, turns off the personalities with goodhumoured raillery, and handles the pretensions of the count's coterie, the modern *Précieuses Ridicules*, in a style which must have made them the laughter of Paris for a week. There was some talk of a duel, but in the next number Janin candidly assured the public that he was still alive and merry.

The Bonapartist party—i. e., the adherents of Prince Louis Napoleon—have lately set up a newspaper entitled *Le Capitole*, under the management of M. Durand, formerly editor of the *Frankfort Gazette*, but they make few proselytes, and have little to depend upon but the chapter of accidents, which, it must be admitted, bids fair to prove a varied and important chapter in France. The Russian interest is also said to be represented in this paper!

Balzac relates that when Blucher and Sacken reached the heights which overlook Paris, the latter exultingly doomed it to destruction. 'It will suit our purpose better to let it alone,' said Blucher; 'that great cancer will be the ruin of France.' The remark is not quite in keeping with what has been recorded of the gallant veteran's capacity, but, whoever made it, it is founded on truth; for the public opinion of the provincial towns is a mere echo or reflection of the metropolis. It follows that the provincial press exercises comparatively little influence, and we know of only two writers who have risen into consideration by its means—M. Anselme Petetin and M. Henri Fonfrede.

M. Petetin was the principal writer in the *Précurseur de Lyons*. His style wanted polish, but his reasonings were full of vigour, and he honestly sought rather to discover a remedy for the evils which agitated Lyons during the commercial crisis, than to aggravate them in order to profit by the opportunity, as most of his Parisian brethren would have done. He has since retired from the press, and devoted himself exclusively to his profession, the bar.

M. Fonfrede, the son of the well-known Girondist, won his early laurels in *Le Mémorial* of Bourdeaux. He is a man of simple habits, residing on the Garonne at a small farm near the city, which he visits two or three times a-week in his boat, enjoying his favourite amusement of fishing by the way. His popularity knew no bounds for some years after the Revolution of July, which he materially aided in Bourdeaux; and, like many men of local reputation, he was led into the fatal mistake of supposing that he could achieve similar honours in the capital. He came to Paris about 1837, and enlisted as a contributor in *Le Journal de Paris*, a doctrinaire print, edited by M. Jules Le Chevalier. But he was transplanted too late: his provincial modes of thought and expression had become inveterate: the fiery eagerness with which he advocated moderation verged upon the ludicrous; and after a short time he concluded his Parisian campaign by quarrelling with M. Guizot, whom he recklessly assailed in a pamphlet. He then bade a long adieu to Paris, and returned to edit *Le Courier de Bourdeaux*. But a man, who has been tried and found wanting in the capital is no longer the wonder of his townspeople; and M. Fonfrede was suspected of having been faithless to the democratic cause. He was, therefore, saluted on his arrival, not with acclamations or illuminations, but a *charivari*. However, he has no reason to be ashamed of his unpopularity, for he might have made himself as popular as ever by pandering to the prejudices of the mass; and with a little more tact and coolness, he would still rank high amongst the

cleverness enough to be taken for a genius—as Fielding says Joseph Andrews might have been taken for a lord—by those who never saw one, contracts a *liaison* of the Platonic order with the great lady of his native place (Madame de Bargeton, née Louise de Négrepelisse), and they arrive in Paris together, she to become a leader of the fashionable world, and he to glitter as a star of the first water in the literary. They very soon experience the truth of the maxim with which James I. was wont to chase the country gentlemen from his court,—‘Ships which look big in a river, look very little when at sea;’ and the first effect of the change of scene is to dissipate their common illusion as to one another. The provincial goddess subsides into a very ordinary mortal alongside of the De Noailles and De Grammonts, whilst the ‘mute inglorious’ Victor Hugo or Lamartine pales his ineffectual light before the actual bearers of these appellatives. Nay, his very good looks vanish for want of the magic stamp of fashion; and the lady, taking the initiative, summarily dismisses him for a battered shattered beau of fifty, M. le Baron du Châtelet, who, without rhyme or reason, is in vogue. Lucien sinks into the lowest state of destitution; his historical novel, the ‘Archer of Charles IX.,’ is declared a mere drug; his collection of sonnets is received like Parson Adams’ sermons by the booksellers; and he even applies for work at the office of a newspaper in vain. He is received, not by the *redacteur-en-chef*, M. Finot, but by one Girardeau, an old soldier, who seems to fill the place of fighting editor, and this dialogue takes place:—

‘Gir. Finot est mon neveu, le seul de la famille qui m’ait adouci ma position. Aussi quiconque cherche querelle à Finot, trouve-t-il le vieux Girondeau, capitaine aux grenadiers, parti simple soldat, Sambre-et-Meuse, cinq ans maître d’âmes au premier de tirailleurs, armée d’Italie! Une, deux! et le plaignant serait à l’ombre, ajouta-t-il en faisant le geste de se fendre. Or donc, mon petit, nous avons différents corps dans les rédacteurs. Il y a le rédacteur qui rédige et qui a sa solde, le rédacteur qui rédige et qui n’a rien, ce que nous appelons un volontaire; enfin, le rédacteur qui ne rédige rien et qui n’est pas le plus bête—il ne fait pas de fautes, celui-là, il se donne les gants d’être un homme d’esprit, il appartient au journal, il nous paye à dîner, il flâne dans les théâtres, il est très-heureux. Que voulez-vous être?’

‘L. Chard. Mais rédacteur travaillant bien et partant bien payé.’

‘Gir. Vous voilà comme tous les conscrits qui veulent être maréchaux de France!’—vol. i. p. 93.

Still Lucien struggles on manfully, cheered by the exhortations and example of a set of young men, who are resolved on winning their way to fame and fortune by honest industry, when, in an evil hour, he becomes acquainted with one of the minor critics, who undertakes to make him free of the corporation.

This

This worthy is obliged to sell the new publications sent in to be reviewed, to pay for the dinner he is about to give Lucien. At the risk of exposing some of the secrets of the craft, we must give the explanation which ensues:—

‘— Et vos articles, dit Lucien en roulant vers le Palais-Royal.

‘Bah! vous ne savez pas comment cela se bâcle. Quant au Voyage en Egypte, j’ai ouvert le livre et lu des endroits ça et là sans le couper, j’y ai découvert onze fautes de français. Je ferai une colonne en disant que si l’auteur a appris le langage des canards gravés sur les cailloux égyptiens appelés des obélisques, il ne connaît pas sa langue, et je le lui prouverai. Je dirai qu’au lieu de nous parler d’histoire naturelle et d’antiquités, il aurait dû ne s’occuper que de l’avenir de l’Egypte, du progrès de la civilisation, des moyens de rallier l’Egypte à la France, qui, après l’avoir conquise et perdue, peut se l’attacher encore par l’ascendant moral. Là-dessus tartine patriotique, le tout entrelardé de tirades sur Marseille, sur le Levant, sur notre commerce.

‘— Mais s’il avait fait cela, que diriez-vous?

‘— Hé bien, je dirais qu’au lieu de nous ennuyer de politique, il aurait dû s’occuper de l’art, nous peindre le pays sous son côté pittoresque et territorial.’—*Id.* vol. i. pp. 129, 130.

After dinner they repair first to the shop of the then emperor of the bookselling world of Paris, Dauriat, probably intended for Ladvoat, who, after ruining himself by his speculations, had interest enough with his authors to induce them to try and set him up again by the famous *Livre des Cent-et-Un*. He is here represented in the heyday of prosperity; his shop crowded with wits, deputies, authors, and artists, who are keeping up an unremitting fire of repartees, whilst the great man himself floats about like a leviathan:—

‘On n’entre ici qu’avec une réputation faite! Devenez célèbre, et vous y trouverez des flots d’or. Voilà trois grands hommes de ma façon, j’ai fait trois ingrats! Nathan parle de six mille francs pour la seconde édition de son livre, qui m’a coûté trois mille francs d’articles et ne m’a pas rapporté mille francs. Les deux articles de Bloudet, je les ai payés mille francs et un dîner de cinq cents francs.’

‘Je ne suis pas ici pour être le marchepied des gloires à venir, mais pour gagner de l’argent et pour en donner aux hommes célèbres.’

This is certainly the correct commercial view of the question, let incipient poetasters groan over the declaration as they will. Lucien did groan over it, for it sealed the fate of his sonnets; but he saw this redoubtable bookseller bow down before a journalist; he heard him speak of the thousand franc articles of Blondet (Janin), and he hurries off to the theatre, bent on producing such articles without delay. Fortune favours him: the regular critic is absent without leave; and Lucien, who has fallen in love with the principal actress, is allowed to undertake the criticism of the

the piece. It is dashed off whilst supper is getting ready, and makes a sensation, which is the first step towards making a fortune in France. The actress rewards him with herself and her establishment; and the editor eagerly enrolls him amongst the contributors. At the first meeting of his brethren, they are at a loss for subjects:—

‘— Messieurs, si nous prêtions des ridicules aux hommes vertueux de la droite?’

‘— Commençons une série de portraits des orateurs ministériels, dit Hector Merlin.

‘— Fais cela, mon petit, dit Lousteau, tu les connais, ils sont de ton parti, tu pourras satisfaire quelques haines intestines.’

They laugh at his reluctance to praising a book one day and abusing it the next, and his mistress ridicules his prudery.—

‘— Fais de la critique, dit Coralie, amuse-toi! Est-ce que je ne suis pas ce soir en andalouse, demain ne me mettrai-je pas en bohémienne, un autre jour en homme? Fais comme moi! Donne-leur des grimaces pour leur argent, et vivons heureux.—vol. ii. p. 81.

After laying aside all his scruples, however, his gains prove inadequate to his expenses, living as he now does in the gayest Parisian sets; but on this point, too, his friends have comfort in store for him.

‘Quand le soir, à souper, Lucien un peu triste expliquait sa position à ses amis les viveurs, ils noyaient ses scrupules dans des flots de vin de Champagne, glacé de plaisanteries. Les dettes! il n’y a pas d’homme fort sans dettes! Les dettes représentent des besoins satisfaits, des vices exigeants. Un homme ne parvient que pressé par la main de fer de la Nécessité.

‘— Aux grands hommes, le mont-de-piété reconnaissant! lui criait Blondet.

‘— Tout vouloir, c’est tout devoir! criait Bixiou.

‘— Non, tout devoir, c’est avoir eu tout! répondait des Lupeaulx.’ —vol. ii. pp. 142, 143.

This is almost as good as Lord Alvanley’s description of a man who ‘muddled away his fortune in paying his tradesmen’s bills;’ or Lord Orford’s definition of timber, ‘an excrescence on the face of the earth placed there by Providence for the payment of debts;’ or Pelham’s argument, that it was respectable to be arrested, because it showed that the party once had credit. Aphorisms of this sort generally lead to the same conclusion, and our heroes now on the very brink of a catastrophe. True, ‘le petit journal rendait des services inappréciables à Lucien et à Coralie en maintenant le tailleur, la marchande de modes et la couturière, qui tous tremblaient de mécontenter un journaliste capable de tympaniser leurs établissements;’ the other creditors

are



are not to be kept off, and Coralie's furniture is seized. Four thousand francs are imperatively required; he can raise only the tenth part of that sum.

'— Je vais toujours lui porter cet argent.

'— Autre sottise! Tu n'apaiseras rien avec quatre cents francs, il faut en avoir quatre mille. Gardons de quoi nous griser en cas de perte, et joue!

'— Le conseil est bon, dit le grand inconnu.'

He plays, gets drunk, and returns to his mistress without a sou.

'— Tu as bien fait, mon ange, dui dit l'actrice en le serrant dans ses bras.'

In this extremity he closes with an offer to conduct a royalist paper against his own original party (the liberal), and falls into a trap laid for him by his first mistress and the rival who has supplanted him. They delude him with visionary expectations of favours from the lady and the court, until he is fatally committed, and then persuade the minister that a calumnious article in one of the opposition papers is from his pen. Both parties now repudiate him, and the critics combine to write down Coralie, who, after presenting a really beautiful picture of female devotedness, sinks under the repeated mortifications heaped upon her, and dies. Lucien, forced into a duel with an early friend, severely wounded, and reduced to the very verge of starvation, quits Paris in the hope of being able to reach his native town on foot. About the same time, the great provincial lady gives her hand to the old beau, Du Chatelet, who is made a prefect for the successful conduct of the intrigue. The concluding situation is inimitable:—

'La nuit surpfit Lucien dans les plaines du Poitou. Il était résolu à bivouaquer, quand, au fond d'un ravin, il aperçut une calèche montant une côte. A l'insu du postillon, des voyageurs et d'un valet de chambre placé sur le siège, il put se blottir derrière entre deux paquets où il s'endormit en se plaçant de manière à pouvoir résister aux secousses.'

'Au matin, il fut réveillé par le soleil qui lui frappait les yeux, et par un bruit de voix. Il était à Mansle au milieu d'un cercle de curieux et de postillons. Il se vit couvert de poussière, il comprit qu'il devait être l'objet d'une accusation, il sauta sur ses pieds, et allait parler, quand deux voyageurs, sortis de la calèche, lui coupèrent la parole: il voyait le nouveau préfet de la Charente, le comte du Châtelet et sa femme, Louise de Négrepelisse.'—vol. ii. p. 245.

Madame de Girardin's comedy is based upon the same views, and enforces much the same moral, but the interest is more general, and a far greater effect has consequently been produced.

The opening scene represents an elegant apartment in the suite occupied by M. Pluchard, *gérant* of a new journal, *La Vérité*,  
the

the first number of which is to appear on the morrow. He is giving a dinner to the contributors, with the exception of the chief, M. Martel, thus described in the list of *dramatis personæ*, 'tournure élégante, tenue négligée, l'air moqueur et dédaigneux, manières d'homme distingué qui vit en mauvaise compagnie.' The partner of his bed and board, unluckily without a legitimate title to the character, is Cornélie, 'danseuse coryphée à l'opéra—l'air maussade et prude, tournure de femme maigre qui se croit bien faite, manières de sotte qui se croit charmante.' This fascinating creature keeps the editor in complete subjection, and it is with difficulty that he has stolen away to see how matters are going on at M. Pluchard's. The festival is at its height when he enters the drawing-room. Voices are heard from behind, singing:—

'O journal vertueux ! je bois à ta santé !  
Vive *La Vérité* !

PLUSIEURS VOIX EN CHŒUR.

Vive *La Vérité* !

[On entend des rires.]

Ah ! ah !

PREMIER LAQUAIS, *préparant le service du café*.  
Les entends-tu ? peste, ils ne sont pas tristes !

DEUXIÈME LAQUAIS, *allumant les candélabres*.  
Les bons enfans, ma foi, j'aime les journalistes !  
Ça mange bien, ça rit, ça chante des couplets,  
Et puis ça boit, ça boit ! Hem !

PREMIER LAQUAIS.

Comme des Anglais.'

M. Martel desires that they may not be interrupted, and is presently joined by M. Guilbert, the banker who is to furnish the capital:—

'Dans ce nouveau journal je prens un intérêt ;  
Mais ma position—mon gendre au ministère—  
Vous comprenez—

MARTEL.

Très-bien.

GUILBERT.

J'agis avec mystère.

Par moi vous obtiendrez plus d'un renseignement ;  
Mais vous en userez vous-même prudemment.  
D'une indiscretion on chercherait la source,  
Et je ne pourrais plus—

MARTEL, *à part*.

'Spéculer à la Bourse.'

Some slight embarrassment is occasioned by the worthy banker's declaration

declaration in favour of strict decency and regularity of conduct on the part of all persons engaged, but the editor manages to get rid of him before the main body of writers appear on the stage. They rush in at last, a motley group in various stages of intoxication, accompanied by Edgar de Norval, the intended husband of the banker's youngest daughter, who, it seems, has joined the party in entire ignorance of its object.

The proofs of their articles are brought in and distributed amongst them whilst they are in this state, and the revel is about to recommence when Martel is called away by a peremptory message from his danseuse. The first act closes with the following just and natural reflections from Edgar:—

EDGAR, *les regardant.*

‘Voilà donc ce pouvoir que l’on nomme journal !

Royaute collective, absolu tribunal :

Un jugeur sans talent, fabricant d’ironie,

Qui tue avec des mots un homme de génie ;

Un viveur enragé—s’engraissant de la mort ;

Un fou—qui met en feu l’Europe et qui s’endort ;

Un poète manqué, grande âme paresseuse,

Qui se fait, sans amour, gérant d’une danseuse—

Tous gens sans bonne foi, l’un par l’autre trahis !

Ce sont là tes meneurs, ô mon pauvre pays !’—p. 47.

In Act the second, the editor, after a few reflections on his own wasted talents, sits down in earnest to the composition of his leading article :

‘Mettons-nous franchement contre le ministère,

Soyons durs, disons-lui qu’il est sans caractère,

Qu’il subit sans courage une invisible loi,

Qu’il se laisse mener bassement—par le roi ;

Oui, commençons ainsi : “L’homme d’état résiste

Au monarque, et pour lui la fermeté—”

CORNELIE, *dans la coulisse ; elle crie.*

Baptiste !

MARTEL.

Ah ! mon Dieu, la voici—déjà—je suis perdu !’\*—p. 53.

\* This sort of point is no novelty :—

FAG, *solus.*

‘So ! Sir Anthony trims my master—he is afraid to reply to his father, and vents his spleen upon poor Fag ! Where one is vexed by one person, to revenge one’s self on another who happens to come in the way, shows the worst of tempers, the—

Enter ERAND BOY.

‘Boy, Mr. Fag ! Mr. Fag ! your master calls you.

‘FAG. Well, you little dirty puppy, you need n’t bawl so—the meanest disposition, the—

‘Boy. Quick ! Quick, Mr. Fag.

‘FAG. Quick ! Quick ! you impudent jackanapes ! am I to be commanded by you, too, you little impertinent, insolent, kitchen-bred—(Kicks him off.)’—*The Privats.*

The

The dancer comes to complain of an article against herself, which had escaped the editor's notice. The banker rushes in, to state that a paragraph against railroads has lost him 12,000 francs, and is not to be appeased even by the promise, readily given, of a positive contradiction the next day.

‘GUILBERT.

‘Tout s'explique : vraiment, je ne m'étonne plus,

Messieurs, si vos écrits le soir sont mal relus ;

Et si l'on trouve tant de prose vertueuse

Dans vos articles faits aux pieds d'une danseuse !’—p. 69.

Pluchard follows, to announce that a famous painter, whom they have been running down, is furious; and the editor, unprovided with matter, and almost maddened by these successive interruptions, hastily sanctions the insertion of a paragraph, in which, under the transparent veil of feigned names, it is insinuated that Madame Guilbert had married her daughter Valentine to her own lover, with a view to the more convenient continuation of the intrigue. The Act concludes with a scene bordering on the extravagant, in which authors, publishers, milliners, performers, and quacks of every kind besiege the editor for puffs.

Act the third seems specially intended to put bankers on their guard against such enterprises. Guilbert's wife, daughter, and intended son-in-law, Edgar, assail him by turns with the agreeable intelligence that his known connexion with the journal has brought his son-in-law, the minister, into suspicion with his colleagues.

‘GUILBERT.

‘Moi je vais m'expliquer avec le Président,

Et renier très-haut cet article impudent.

MADAME GUILBERT.

Et moi de mon côté je cours, à l'instant même,

Chez sa femme—

GUILBERT.

Non pas ; *chez la femme qu'il aime ;*

C'est plus adroit—Tâchez de la voir par hasard.’—p. 103.

The play henceforth assumes a graver tone and deeper interest. Edgar is sympathising with Valentine on her husband's probable disgrace :

‘Je regretterais peu ces honneurs qu'on m'envie ;

Dans mes affections j'ai mis toute ma vie ;

Et loin de m'effrayer, j'attends avec plaisir

Un revers qui permet de s'aimer à loisir.

Dans les pompeux salons de ce beau ministère

Je ne vois presque plus mon mari ni ma mère.

Le pouvoir les enivre, ils ne pensent qu'à lui.

Ils en ont tout l'honneur, moi j'en ai tout l'ennui.

Vous ignorez cet horrible devoir,  
 Ce supplice flatteur qu'on nomme recevoir !  
 Le premier jour j'ai cru que j'en deviendrais folle.  
 Je ne pouvais trouver une seule parole.  
 Et puis je me perdais dans tous ces députés.  
*A dîner, j'en avais d'affreux à mes côtés :*  
 Les deux plus laids.

EDGAR.

Sans doute, et c'est l'usage en France.  
 A table vous devez donner la préférence  
 Toujours au plus infirme, au plus grave, au plus vieux.

VALENTINE.

Oui, c'est de très-bon goût, mais c'est très-ennuyeux.  
 Je n'aime pas non plus ces brillantes coquettes  
 Qui de leur protégé se faisant interprètes,  
 Viennent à mon mari glisser des billets doux.  
 J'ai peur : une audience est presque un rendez-vous.—

Edgar begs her to use her influence to get Morin, the painter, employed to paint the cupola of the new church : Valentine replies :

‘ Lui donner ce travail, je vous le dis tout bas,  
 Les journaux crieraient trop, on ne l'oserait pas ! ’

Pretty nearly the same principle has been adopted in England since the accession of the Whigs to office. The question no longer turns on the merits of the measure or the individual, but on what newspapers may say or constituencies may think ; except, indeed, when an incompetent colleague is to be shelved. An influential person connected with the present government, when requested to use his influence to get a trifling pension for a woman of genius, replied that it was impossible to do anything unless her case was brought forward by the press. This, we frankly admit, happened subsequently to the grant of five-sixths of the small fund set apart for the reward of literary merit, to a worn-out political partisan, for the laudable purpose of inducing his co-operation in a job.

The painter himself enters soon afterwards, and arrives at a curious conclusion regarding our craft :

‘ Leurs jugemens cruels me poursuivent partout.  
 Je les entends sans cesse—Ah ! l'Euménide antique  
 N'était point le remords—non—c'était la critique.’

Valentine comforts him as well as she can, and declares her own perfect insensibility to attacks from such a quarter. He leaves her, and to fill up the interval before going to a party, she takes up the newspaper :

‘ Que faire en attendant—Lisons—*La Vérité*,  
 C'est ce nouveau journal que protégeait mon père—

Qui

Qui vient de renverser ce pauvre ministère.

[Elle parcourt le journal.]

Voyons donc—quel pathos! Passons au feuilleton.

Il est d'Edouard Martel, homme d'esprit, dit-on.

C'est par la poésie et la gaîté qu'il brille.

[Elle lit.]

"*Le Ministre et l'Amant, ou la Mère et la Fille.*"

Ce titre est singulier, et je ne sais pourquoi

Ces seuls mots dans mon cœur ont jeté de l'effroi!

[Elle lit.]

"Madame de Lorville aimait à la folie,

"Comme on aime à trente ans, quand on n'est plus jolie,

"Un préfet—qui rêvait chambre et conseil d'état,

"Comme on rêve à trente ans, quand on est magistrat.

"De la dame en crédit l'adresse peu commune

"Servit habilement sa rapide fortune.

"Mais un soir le mari, trouvant un billet doux,

"S'endormit inquiet—et s'éveilla jaloux.

"Il sentit le besoin, pour rassurer son âme,

"De chasser au plus tôt ses soupçons—ou sa femme!

"Mais elle, sans pâlir, lut le brûlant écrit.

"A quoi servirait d'être femme d'esprit,

"Si l'on ne savait point, par instinct ou par ruse,

"Trouver pour un grand crime une innocente excuse?

"Bref, elle répondit sans le moindre embarras

"Que ce billet d'amour ne la regardait pas,

"Qu'il était—pour sa fille, et qu'il fallait très-vite

"Au ministre amoureux accorder la petite.

"Le père fut crédule,—et très-honnêtement

"La mère a marié sa fille à son amant;

"Et l'enfant fut vendu sans trop de résistance.

"Tous trois mènent en paix une grande existence.

"Ils s'aiment à loisir, et le monde enchanté

"Bénit de leur amour l'heureuse trinité!"

Oh! le méchant article! Oh! je suis indignée!

Dans ce honteux portrait ma mère est désignée.

Un ministre—un ancien préfet—c'est évident.

Quel mensonge odieux!—ma mère!—Cependant—

Je crois me rappeler—Oh! non, c'est impossible—

A l'instant je grondais Morin d'être accessible

Aux propos des journaux, et voilà que j'y crois—

Mon mari!—tous les jours il venait autrefois

Chez ma mère—Grand Dieu! quelle lumière affreuse!

[Elle reprend le journal.]

Oui—cette histoire—c'est—la mienne! Ah! malheureuse!

Cet homme est mon mari—Cette épouse sans foi—

C'est ma mère—et l'enfant qu'on a vendu—c'est moi!—

pp. 139—141.

The manner in which the painful conviction is confirmed is painted with considerable skill :

‘ Le prestige a cessé,  
Et mes yeux sont ouverts ; j’ai lu dans le passé.  
Je me suis rappelé bien des choses obscures  
Qui s’expliquent enfin par autant d’impostures ;  
Des égards que d’abord je n’avais pas compris,  
Sacrifices menteurs dont je connais le prix.  
Je me suis rappelé bien des discours étranges,  
De tendresse et de haine incroyables mélanges  
Ah ! Je me suis surtout rappelé l’heureux jour  
Où ma mère, joyeuse et triste tour à tour,  
Nous maria—Mon Dieu !—nous étions à l’église,  
A l’autel ; près de moi ma mère était assise.  
Tout à coup—en sanglots je l’entends éclater—  
Elle s’évanouit—il fallut l’emporter !  
Oh ! je me sens mourir.’—pp. 153, 144.

The mother’s explanation is also very well. She confesses an early unreturned passion for her son-in-law, but takes Heaven to witness, that, from the first moment of his attachment to the daughter, she had never nourished a culpable feeling regarding him. Valentine is satisfied—more easily, perhaps, than most Frenchwomen similarly situated would have been—and they agree to lay the whole blame of their temporary disagreement upon the journalists :—

‘ Hommes sans foi, démons inspirés par l’envie !—  
Ah je ne veux plus lire un journal de ma vie.’

The last Act is almost exclusively devoted to the painter, who throws himself out of window and breaks his neck. On the announcement of this event, there is a regular chorus of reprobation; Martel, ashamed of the vocation, offers the journal for sale, and Edgar becomes the purchaser upon the spot. His motives for this strange resolution are explained in the concluding dialogue :

‘ Oui, pour guérir un mal  
Il faut l’étudier. Je descends dans la lice ;  
Pour vaincre les journaux je me fais leur complice.’

According to the general understanding in Paris, M. Edgar de Norval is M. Emile de Girardin, the husband of the authoress; Morin, the painter, is Gros; and the story of *Le Ministre et l’Amant*, is the hardly justifiable revival of an old calumny against M. Thiers and Madame Dosne.

This comedy was read by the authoress to a select circle assembled at her house for the express purpose, on the 12th November last. All the journalists of note were present, and appeared to suffer with Christian fortitude, except Janin, who, at the end of the second act, could contain himself no longer,  
and

and loudly exclaimed against the improbability of the supposition that journals ever were, or ever could be, composed over punch and broiled bones, amidst intoxication and revelry. She replied by citing the example of Becquet, currently believed to have written the celebrated article, beginning '*Malheureux roi! Malheureuse France!*'\* under the inspiration of wine. Janin retorted that he wrote it one Sunday morning fasting, and it was probably fortunate for the tempers of both, that the necessity of proceeding with the business of the evening put an end to the altercation.

To this controversy, we are evidently indebted for one of Janin's most amusing compositions, a reply to the popular charges against the journalists, in the shape of a letter to Madame de Girardin.† We find in this letter, very strikingly expressed, most of the topics we were about to urge ourselves, and our main object, therefore, will probably be best attained by quoting a few passages in point.

The company was composed of the wits, the poets, the critics, the orators, the beauties, the fashionables of the day:—

‘Déjà chacun de nous était à sa place; sur les premiers sièges des femmes parées, quelques-unes fort belles, quelques autres fort intelligentes, ce qui vaut presque autant. On peut dire de ces femmes ce que je disais tout à l'heure des hommes de lettres qui étaient chez vous, il y en avait de toutes les conditions: les heureuses et les sages qui jouissent de l'esprit tout fait; les moqueuses et les rieuses, gaçants et vivaces feuilletons du salon, plus redoutables et plus redoutés mille fois que tous les nôtres, des feuilletons en chair et en os, qui montrent leurs épaules rebondies, et dont le sarcasme est toujours accompagné d'un fin sourire. Il y avait de ces femmes qui regardent tout sans rien comprendre, et qui pourtant se sont bien amusées quand elles ont deviné enfin, non pas la comédie que vous lisiez, mais celle qui se passait dans la salle. . . . Il y avait même des grands seigneurs, des noms inscrits dans notre histoire et portés avec honneur; mais cependant, je vous assure, mon beau confrère, que c'était justement devant ceux-là qu'il fallait s'abstenir de verser l'injure sur notre profession. Songez que ces hommes qui ont perdu tous leurs privilèges, sur lesquels l'égalité a passé son niveau de fer, ne nous pardonneront jamais, à nous autres écrivains, de nous être placés devant leur soleil. Songez donc qu'aujourd'hui ce sont les poètes, les romanciers, les auteurs dramatiques, les journalistes en renom, qui ont les titres, les blasons, les couronnes. Ce sont ceux-là qu'on regarde avec empressement quand ils entrent; ceux-là dont le laquais prononce le nom avec orgueil quand il annonce. Faites entrer en même temps un *Créqui* et *M. de Chateaubriand*, et vous verrez de quel côté se tourneront tout d'abord toutes les têtes et tous les cœurs. Annonchez M. le duc de Montmorency, et M. de Balzac, on

\* This article appeared in the *Journal des Débats*, on the accession of the Polignac ministry in 1830, and had a grand effect.

† Published in the weekly journal, *L'Artiste*, November 17th, 1839.



regardera M. de Balzac. Et quand cette supériorité de l'esprit est ainsi constatée; quand cette défaite de l'aristocratie est acceptée par tous, même par les vaincus; quand les ducs, les marquis, les comtes, et les vicomtes font place à l'écrivain qui passe, vous allez lire devant ces mêmes gentilshommes, imprudente que vous êtes, une comédie où vos confrères de la lutte périodique sont traités sans réserve et sans respect! Allons donc! comprenez mieux votre dignité et la nôtre. Rions de nous, si vous voulez, mais en famille. Disons-nous nos dures vérités s'il le faut, mais tête à tête. Qui que nous soyons, poètes ou journalistes, enfants de la même famille, ne salissons pas notre nid, ne nous donnons pas en spectacle aux descendants de ces mêmes maisons principales dans lesquelles nous n'aurions pas été reçus il y a cent ans, et qui s'estiment heureux de venir chez nous aujourd'hui.

This, at the first blush, certainly looks more like an argument founded on expediency than on truth; but he directly goes on to show that if journalists had been the only listeners, a passing smile of incredulity would have been the utmost effect the two first acts would have produced. Repeating his denial of the imputation against Becquet, he triumphantly refutes a vulgar fallacy on this subject, and exposes a glaring inconsistency in the plot:—

‘Non, vous le savez mieux que personne, le vin n’a jamais été inspirateur; les chansonniers eux-mêmes, quand ils célèbrent Bacchus et l’Amour, les célèbrent à tête reposée, à jeun, le matin; il n’y a pas une chanson de table qui ait été composée à table. . . . Otez donc, je vous prie, de votre comédie, ces ignobles bols de punch dont la flamme projette une ombre si triste sur votre esprit! Otez cette odeur nauséabonde de viandes et de truffes, ce bruit de verres qu’on brise et d’assiettes qu’on se jette à la tête! Les épreuves de ces messieurs sont les bien malvenues sur cette nappe tachée de vin; on n’écrit pas un journal de quolibets, ainsi vautré sur des canapés souillés par l’indigestion; à plus forte raison, un journal qui doit changer le ministère le lendemain et tout bouleverser quand il parle.

He passes, and we gladly pass with him, to the scene in which she introduces the family of M. Thiers:

‘A ce propos, je n’ai pas besoin de vous dire, mon confrère, que cet homme est l’honneur de la presse de ce temps-ci; il en est la manifestation la plus évidente, la plus puissante. *Le jour où cet homme se nomma lui-même président du conseil, ce jour-là, la presse Française gagna sa bataille d’Austerlitz.* Autant que moi, vous savez la portée de cet orateur tout-puissant, vous savez la facilité de ce rare génie, et comment il a su se mettre au niveau des positions les plus difficiles; vous savez aussi de quelles horribles et étranges calomnies la vie de cet homme a été entourée, et de quelles affreuses morsures la presse a stigmatisé ce noble enfant de sa création. Mais ce que vous semblez ne pas savoir, Madame, c’est que l’intelligence de cet homme dont vous prenez la défense, l’a préservé du désespoir que vous lui supposez; c’est que la connaissance profonde de la presse Parisienne, de cette  
force

force capricieuse dont il était sorti, lui a donné le courage de supplanter toutes ses injustices et tous ses caprices.'—p. 186.

His courage and constancy have had their reward; he retains his proud position as the most skilful, and one of the three or four most influential statesmen in France; he is again president of the council, and instead of trying to justify the imputations against his integrity by facts, the more intelligent of his countrymen are now rather eager to suggest plausible modes of accounting for them. The best answer to the charge of corruption is to be found in his circumstances, which are far from affluent; and, on a nice analysis, it seems almost exclusively attributable to the light tone in which he himself is wont to discuss questions of morality. The part of his private history alluded to by Madame de Girardin is soon told. M. Thiers was an old friend of the Dosne family; he obtained an appointment worth about 4000*l.* a-year for M. Dosne, and soon afterwards married his daughter, a pretty and pleasing woman, to whom he is warmly attached. All the rest is mere inference; but why is the resulting mischief to be made a charge against *the press*?—

'Par le ciel! la langue Française est assez bien faite, et vous la maniez assez bien, pour que vous sachiez à n'en pas douter la force des expressions, la valeur des termes. Un journaliste est un journaliste, comme un procureur du roi est un procureur du roi; un pamphlet est un pamphlet, comme un mensonge est un mensonge. Eh! mon Dieu! eh! depuis quand ces lâchetés anonymes ont-elles besoin d'être imprimées pour porter coup? Supposez que les journaux ne soient pas inventés, et par une main inconnue, faites écrire à cette jeune femme les affreuses révélations que ce journal imprime, vous aurez le même résultat, votre drame sera le même, aussi touchant, aussi terrible. De grâce, si vous voulez être juste et dans le vrai, intitulez votre drame, *La Lettre Anonyme*! De quel droit l'intitulez-vous *L'Ecole des Journalistes*?'

Still more conclusive is the answer to the accusation founded on the death of the painter, the supposed man of genius who dies because his daily allowance of public flattery is withdrawn. The same sort of twaddle was levelled against the conductors of this Review when they had the misfortune to criticise a sickly poet, who died soon afterwards, apparently for the express purpose of dishonouring us; and we find from a recent publication that Shelley, who, as a real man of genius, ought to have known better, actually went the length of drawing up a remonstrance to the late Mr. Gifford; in which, frankly admitting the justice of the censure, he says,—

'Poor Keats was thrown into a dreadful state of mind by this review, which, I am persuaded, was not written with any intention of producing the effect to which it has at least greatly contributed, of embittering

tering his existence and inducing a disease from which there are now but faint hopes of his recovery.\*

It required no great stretch of candour to become persuaded that the article was not written with any intention of damaging Mr. John Keats' lungs or stomach; and we fairly own that, if, in any given case, it could be clearly proved to us that a sentence of condemnation against a book would be a sentence of death against the writer, we might be weak enough to let him live. But how can we anticipate such contingencies? how are editors or reviewers to become acquainted with all the bodily ailments and susceptibilities of the authors subjected to the ordeal? Must we, like the directors of an insurance office, refer our intended victims to a medical board for examination? or, adopting the wise precautions of our ancestors in cases of physical torture, send the proofs to be read over in the presence of Sir B. Brodie or Mr. Liston, who, thumb on pulse, might indicate the passages which are too much for human nature to endure? The only information we have at present is derived from the portraits it has become the fashion to prefix by way of frontispiece; but these are generally so smirking and ringleted, so redolent of self-satisfaction and conceit, that we are apt to consider it a duty to infuse an additional spice of severity, in the hope of bringing down the originals to a proper state of mind for authorship. In short, we have no sympathy for your pretended men of genius who die under the lash of a critic. Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. It may disturb a young man's rest to find that the partial judgment of friends is not confirmed by the impartial portion of the press; and it is quite consistent with medical experience that a pungent article should operate on an inexperienced author like a fright. But what right has any man to aspire to rank amongst the magnates of intellect—to walk in glory with the Byrons and Wordsworths of the present age, the Miltons and Spensers of the past—if he is too delicate to endure the rough questioning of his contemporaries, if he cannot even support the heat of the furnace by which the truth and purity of his own metal are to be tried?

It is unfair, then, to accuse the press of an undue tendency to nip infant genius in the bud—still more unfair to accuse it, as Madame de Girardin had done, of wantonly precipitating matured genius from its pedestal. But we cannot do better than leave M. Gros to the handling of Janin:

\* 'Celui-là, dites-vous, le plus grand peintre de son temps, l'historien le plus énergique et le plus passionné de la gloire impériale, un homme qui connaissait à lui seul les soldats de la grande armée aussi

\* *Essays, Letters from Abroad, &c.*, by P. B. Shelley. Edited by Mrs. Shelley. 1840. She admits that Mr. Shelley never forwarded his remonstrances to Mr. Gifford.

bien que l'empereur Napoléon en personne ; celui-là, il est mort vaincu, écrasé, insulté, assassiné par le *journal* ; voilà ce que vous dites, et pour prouver votre assertion, à la place de ce grand génie qui devait être si puissant et si fort, qui portait sa palette comme Murat portait son armure, vous nous montrez un vieillard imbécile, un niais qui pleure sur sa gloire éclipsée, une imagination aux abois ; cet homme s'en va de côté et d'autre en criant contre les journaux, comme si le journal c'était la gloire, comme si le journal pouvait ranimer les imaginations épuisées, comme s'il pouvait rendre la vie au cœur, le feu au regard, l'activité à la pensée ! En ce cas-là, les journaux seraient plus puissants que le bon Dieu lui-même. . . .

‘ Quoi ! vous nous faites une comédie pour nous prouver qu'il ne faut pas cesser de louer les artistes avant leur mort ! Mais avez-vous bien pensé à toute l'extension que pouvait prendre votre paradoxe ? Vous chassez de l'art et du monde la seule chose qui les protège encore quelque peu, la vérité des masses. Allez donc dire, en effet, à la voix qui s'est perdue à chanter : Chante encore ! Allez dire au visage convert de rides et de cheveux blancs : Viens à nous, couronné de fleurs ! Allez dire au prince de Condé retombé dans l'enfance : *Conduits-nous à la bataille !* Dites à Pascal, qui est fou : *Achève ton grand livre sur la Vérité de la Religion !* C'en est fait ; souffler à perdre haleine sur toutes ces vieillesses impuissantes, vouloir ranimer toutes ces poussières des gloires oubliées, autant vaudrait aller à minuit vous promener toute blanche et pensive, comme un fantôme, dans le cimetière du Père-Lachaise, et dire à tous les grands génies, à toutes les beautés ineffables, à tous les rares talents que contient ce petit coin de terre : *Levez-vous et suivez-moi !* . . .

‘ M. Gros, pour me servir de votre exemple, car c'est lui dont vous nous faites l'histoire dans votre second drame, qu'avait-il donc à reprocher à la France ? La France l'avait fait célèbre entre tous, elle l'avait rendu riche comme un prince, honoré plus qu'un prince ; il avait une armée d'élèves qui lui faisaient cortège quand il passait ; il avait obtenu tous les honneurs de l'Empire et de la Restauration ; l'empereur l'avait fait officier de ses ordres pour avoir peint ses batailles ; pour la coupole de Sainte-Geneviève, le roi de France l'avait créé baron. Chacun donnait à cet artiste ce qu'il pouvait donner : la fortune, la renommée, les cordons, les titres. Certes, si l'on peut payer le génie, celui-là était payé. Cependant, que fait M. Gros ? Il obéit à la condition humaine, il devient vieux. Une fois là, au lieu de se tenir enfermé dans sa gloire comme son illustre ami, le baron Gérard, et quand il pouvait jouir en paix, comme Gérard, de sa célébrité, de son opulence, des amitiés qui l'entouraient ; quand il n'avait qu'à se montrer pour être salué jusqu'à terre, voilà cet imprudent qui veut courir de nouveau les hasards du Salon, qui fait un Hercule, qui s'amuse à faire le portrait de M. le médecin Clot-Bey, moitié Français et moitié Egyptien ! Que vouliez-vous que fît le public, ainsi attaqué jusque dans le Louvre ? — p. 188.

M. Gros did not throw himself out of a window, but he retired into

into the country, took a house in an unhealthy situation, and died of disappointed vanity and bad air. Still we say with Janin—

‘Soyez-en sûre, les journaux n’ont fait mourir personne ; bien plus, ils n’ont pas tué une seule gloire ; car ils ne viennent qu’après le bon sens public. Eh ! que diable ! quoi qu’on fasse, quoi qu’on dise, un bon vers est un bon vers ! un bon tableau, un bon tableau ! un honnête homme, un honnête homme ! Si l’opinion publique était tout à fait à la merci de ces jugements en l’air qui vous attristent, il faudrait désespérer de la société humaine. Qu’il y ait des injustices dans l’opinion, nul n’en doute. L’injustice se glisse partout dans les institutions des hommes ; mais parce que Calas a été juridiquement assassiné, serait-ce bien là une raison pour abolir tous les juges, tous les tribunaux de la France ? Enfin, il y a encore cette raison à donner, c’est que la publicité est une des conditions indispensables de la liberté constitutionnelle. Vous aurez beau faire, rien ne pourra vous soustraire aux doubles débats de la tribune et du journal.’

Janin is quite right. In the present state of things, it is idle to rail at journalism : we have taken it for better and for worse ; and when Balzac calls it *le peuple en folio*, he furnishes the most conclusive reply to all he himself or Madame de Girardin can say against it. The voice of the people may be the voice of God when they rise as one man on some grand occasion for the just and necessary vindication of their rights, but it is difficult to recognise the divine origin when we hear nothing but the Babel-like hubbub of selfishness, corruption and intrigue. Paris, during the last ten years, has been the very hotbed of vanity, the Utopia of charlatanism, the true land of promise to the adventurer. So many and strange have been the changes ; so captivating are the examples of the few who have enriched themselves by lucky speculations or fought their way to fame and fortune by the pen ; so unstable is the government ; and so restless, wavering, indulgent to pretension, destitute of fixed rules, and regardless of moral weight or position, is society,—that it would be a downright miracle if the periodical press, necessarily recruited from the cleverest, vainest, most excitable and aspiring part of the population, did not copy some of the bad habits and adopt a few of the bad practices in vogue. Gentlemen who have their fortune to make now generally begin by spending one ; most of the rising generation are living beyond their means, and *la jeune France* depend upon their pens to supply any fresh extravagance, as the Viennese dames are said to depend upon their *beaux yeux* to furnish any extra article of the toilette. ‘Given a nation of knaves and fools—to form a wise, virtuous, and religious community,’ was the problem proposed by a cynic friend of ours to a Benthamite. ‘Given a capital where public morality is a by-word—to produce a body of journalists superior to undue influence of every kind,’

ART. V.—*A Disquisition on the Scene, Origin, Date, &c., of Shakespeare's Tempest.* By the Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A. London. 8vo. 1840.

IF there was any one play of Shakspeare's which we might reasonably have hoped to enjoy in peace, without molestation from the commentators, that play was *The Tempest*. It appeared to us that the author had told all that could be known, or that it was necessary to know; that the text was so generally free from corruption as to be sufficiently clear even to the most ordinary reader, and to afford very few opportunities for the editor to display his cumbersome ingenuity in perplexing the difficulties which the ignorance of the printer's devil had originated; and that, in a work of so purely imaginative a character—of which scene, fable, persons, were all alike the creations of the fancy—there could not by any accident be discovered the slightest ground on which an historical discussion or an antiquarian argument could be raised. But we were deceived. We, the humble adorers of the genius of Shakspeare, who are content to forget ourselves in the enchanting visions of his poetry, and to enrich our minds by gleaning something from the boundless treasures of his wisdom, can very little divine what inventions that parasitic race of writers are capable of, who, without talent to produce any original work of their own, are always on the look-out for an occasion of hitching on their lucubrations in the form of notes, or hints, or suggestions, or inquiries, or illustrations, or disquisitions, to the productions of authors of eternal name. Without power of motion in themselves, they collect in bunches, and fasten themselves like barnacles to the bottom of the vessel, which is scudding along briskly before the gale; and they never seem to encounter any difficulty in making good their hold. The Rev. Joseph Hunter is one of this class of literati. He has taken *The Tempest* for his subject: and in his hands, and according to his peculiar mode of treatment, a most fruitful subject it has proved. Where one, whose mind was less incapable of entering into the poetry of Shakspeare, would have found nothing to write about; he, on the contrary, by supposing one thing, by denying another, by suggesting a third, by arguing upon each, and by adducing authorities from a parcel of old volumes in support of his views upon all, has been enabled to concoct an octavo volume of some 200 pages, which a mysterious personage who rejoices in the signature of Gulielmus and the device, badge, or cognizance of a fish—whether a shark or a gudgeon, we are not skilled enough in ichthyology to determine—has had the temerity to publish, and

and which several elderly gentlemen, fellow-antiquarians of Mr. Hunter, and co-frequenters of Mr. Thomas Rodd's shop, have been kind enough to purchase at the rate of about 14s. a copy.

As a very limited impression of this volume has been published—the erudite gentleman having condescended to add the prestige of rarity to its intrinsic attractions—it is our intention to give our readers a brief account of the most interesting portions of its contents.

The first point which the Rev. Joseph Hunter undertakes to discuss is the locality of *The Tempest*. The island, he assures us, was not Bermuda. This head he argues upon at very considerable length—why, we cannot very well understand, except, to be sure, that all such unnecessary discussions constitute the peculiar delight of all such authors. The only island in the whole world which Shakspeare expressly informs us Prospero's island *was not*, is the island of Bermuda. Ariel tells Prospero that he had disposed the king's ship 'in the deep nook' from which his master had once called him up 'at midnight, to fetch dew *from* the still-vex'd Bermoothes.' Now, as we do not suppose our readers are of so very stupid a description as those whom Mr. Hunter seems to anticipate for his Disquisition, we shall not go into any lengthened argument to prove to them that, if Ariel was sent *from* Prospero's island *to* the island of Bermuda, the island he was sent *to* could not be the island he was sent *from*. Again, though Shakspeare does not particularise any island; for he was much too great a poet to fix the locality of a story of such high fancy, and knew that the sublime of beauty, as well as of terror, is to be found in the vague and the undefined—yet he has still given us to understand that the island was somewhere in the Mediterranean. The storm which dispersed the fleet of the king of Naples was the affair of a few minutes; and, at the same time that the king's ship is safely harboured in 'a deep nook' of the enchanted island, Ariel informs us that the other vessels, from whose company that ship had only just been separated, are 'upon the Mediterranean flote.' It is pretty certain, therefore, that it was in the Mediterranean that the storm occurred, and that the sea, on which the fleet was dispersed, must also have been the sea of which the waters flowed into the nook of Prospero's island where the king's ship was anchored. All this appears to us sufficiently plain from the text of the play itself. Indeed, we never met with any commentator who entertained a different opinion. To be sure, Mr. Thomas Moore, in inditing a poetical epistle to Lord Strangford, thoughtlessly scribbled something in a note at the bottom of his page about Bermuda, and Shakspeare, and Ariel; but we are convinced

vinced that he is the first and the last person of any authority on such a subject who ever could, after a moment's consideration, have confounded the island of Prospero with an island in the Atlantic. That such is the case is acknowledged by Mr. Hunter himself. 'I must add,' he says, 'for on this point the commentators appear to have been misunderstood—that *no editor of Shakspeare has ever gone so far as to represent the island of Bermuda as actually the scene of the play*, but only as having suggested the idea of a stormy, deserted, and enchanted island.' But nevertheless, as Bermuda is an island, and the events dramatised in *The Tempest* took place on an island, he thought that somebody or other might, hereafter, be so acute as to identify them, and has therefore considered it no waste of time to favour the literary world with an anticipative refutation of so sagacious a supposition.

Having, after the manner of *Tom Thumb the Great*, who is reported to have *made* all the giants he slew, most triumphantly refuted an erroneous conjecture respecting the locality of *The Tempest*, which, as he admits, nobody was ever known to have been guilty of, Mr. Hunter proceeds to inform us of the great discovery which forms the main argument of his 'Disquisition.' He has told us where the events of the drama did *not* occur; he now undertakes to inform us where they *did* take place. But this is a discovery so great, that Mr. Hunter's modesty will not allow him to assume the merit of it. 'I am bound to acknowledge,' he says, 'and I do so with great pleasure, that I received many years ago the first suggestion from one whose intimate acquaintance with books and their contents is well known to all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance—I mean Mr. RODD, the very ingenious, liberal, and respectable bookseller, in Great Newport-street.' (p. 32) From the great discovery thus made some years ago by Mr. Thomas Rodd, the bookseller, and subsequently set forth by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, the antiquarian, we learn that the scene of *The Tempest* is—where do you suppose? The island of Lampedusa!—Lampedusa!—And why?—Oh! it lay on the way between Algiers and Naples, and the fleet of Alonzo must inevitably have passed it. But this is only one of the cogent arguments which Mr. Hunter has to advance in confirmation of Mr. Rodd's Hypothesis. In Lampedusa a hermit always lived; and had not Shakspeare's island a magician living in it? Lampedusa was believed to be haunted; and was not Shakspeare's island inhabited by spirits? At Lampedusa, according to Coronelli, 'repose and quiet are banished by formidable apparitions;' and was not Shakspeare's island full of 'sounds and sweet airs, that charm the sense, and hurt not?' In Lampedusa, 'the nights  
are



are disturbed,' says Crusius, 'with spectres and frightful dreams, which do fatally affright with death-like terrors whosoever doth remain there so much as one night;' and does not Caliban tell us that in Shakspeare's island, the dreams created by the melody of 'a thousand twanging instruments,' were so exquisitely beautiful that, 'when he waked, he cried to sleep again?'—Why, here are proofs!—And on just such proofs as these—proofs quite as rational, and almost as conclusive, as those alleged by Pompey Bum, in 'Measure for Measure,' in defence of the respectability of Mr. Froth—we are to believe, hereafter, that the scene of Prospero's exile and enchantments was an island 120 miles S. of Sicily, 70 W.S.W. of Malta, and 61 distant from the coast of Barbary, long. 12° 24' E. lat. 33° 40' N.!!! Besides, 'in its dimensions,' Mr. Hunter assures us, 'Lampedusa is what we may imagine Prospero's island to have been, in a circuit thirteen miles and a half.' (p. 19.) In its '*dimensions such as we might have imagined Prospero's island to have been!*' Why, what man in his poetic senses ever thought anything about the length, and breadth, and circumference of Prospero's island? But we should have '*imagined it to be thirteen miles and a half in circuit!*' Why, what can the imagination have to do with land-measuring?

But the author has another argument. It is a clencher. And we feel assured that, however much our readers may be at first astonished by it, they will on reflection feel and acknowledge its force. Mr. Hunter has made a shrewd guess that Prospero did not merely live by his wits, as a conjuror, but that he supported himself and his daughter by following a very reputable, though not a very distinguished, calling. And, as we read that it was one of Caliban's daily tasks to bring in wood; as Ferdinand was employed in piling up logs; and as, in so warm a climate, such a quantity of fuel could never have been required for the home consumption of so small a family; it is concluded that the ex-Duke of Milan was a hewer and dealer in fagots; that he kept a sort of charcoal and firewood store; and that, in fact, he took advantage of the well-timbered state of the island of Lampedusa to open that trade in fagots with Malta which has been continued down to the present day. In justice to this ingenious divine, we consider ourselves bound to cite the passage at length:—

'There is a coincidence, which would be very extraordinary if it were merely accidental, between the chief occupation of Caliban, and the labour imposed upon Ferdinand, on the one hand, and something which we find belonging to Lampedusa, on the other. Caliban's employment is collecting firewood. It may be but for the use of Prospero. But Ferdinand is employed in piling up thousands of logs of wood. This is not like the invention of a poet working at its own free pleasure. I should

should seek for an archetype, had I not already found one in the fact that *Malta is supplied with firewood from Lampedusa*.

‘That the logs piled up by Ferdinand were destined to this and no other use, is apparent from what Miranda says, “*When this burns,*”’ &c. p. 30.

And it really is a fact that a book is gravely composed by a gentleman who can spell, and who writes *Reverend* before his name, and *F. S. A.* after it, stuffed with such arguments as these, for the purpose of annihilating that sense of the vague and undetermined, which Shakspeare has left floating like a halo of unearthly light over his work, and through which the imagination of every reader of *The Tempest*—free and unconfined—surveys the scenery of the enchanted island, drawn in fairer forms, and painted in far livelier and more glowing colours, than any reality could present him with, even among the lovely islands of the Mediterranean. We detest this system of finding out in poetry what everything means, and what everything is derived from, and what everything alludes to. Why, there was a gentleman, a little time ago, who, in a letter to some magazine or other, pretended to inform us what the ‘*one thing*’ was which Sycorax did, and on account of which she was banished from her country, instead of being killed, as ‘her mischiefs and sorceries terrible’ had deserved. She was spared, he tells us, by the home-office at Algiers, on account of her being *enceinte* with Caliban!—A very ingenious conjecture certainly; but we feel assured that no such thought ever entered the mind of Shakspeare. He knew not what that ‘*one thing*’ was, nor did he ever give his imagination the trouble of ascertaining it. He wanted it for the purpose of his play, as an excuse for saving a wretch who, according to the laws and the opinions of his age, was guilty of death; and he left it *a deed without a name*, not to be known by any for ever but Hell, and Night, and Setebos.

But to return to the ‘Disquisition.’ If Messrs. Hunter and Rodd are determined to fix down Shakspeare’s island to a station on the map, why do they not also undertake the execution of the same task for Swift and Cervantes? It would be an office well worthy of their talents and their acquirements. Let Mr. Rodd discover for us the geographical position of Laputa; and let Mr. Hunter devote his leisure-hours to the diligent perusal of every globe and chart within his reach, till he is enabled to inform us between what parallels we are to look for the Island of Barataria. But, if we are to be told which of all the islands in the world was the scene of Prospero’s banishment, why are we not also to be enlightened on the history and chronology of his story, as well as  
its

its geography? In what year did Prospero return and re-assume his dukedom in Milan? This is a curious speculation. It must have been after 1522, in which year Berinuda was discovered, for Prospero speaks of that island. It must have been before 1616, for in that year Shakspeare died. In what part of those ninety-four years was there a reigning Duke of Milan of the name of Prospero? Then, again, whom did he succeed?—who succeeded him?—in what wars was he engaged?—whom did he marry?—was he a Conservative or a Liberal prince?—when did he die?—where was he buried?—how many children had he? Is the present King of Naples descended from Ferdinand and Miranda? All these are points of quite as great interest, quite as open to discussion, and quite as capable of a satisfactory elucidation, as the point which Messrs. Rodd and Hunter have undertaken to settle, in ascertaining the scene of Prospero's exile and Miranda's love. As to its being Lampedusa, we know that it was not. We have the very best poetical authority for refusing our assent to such a supposition. According to the agreeable ballad which Mr. Collier has so fortunately recovered—and which, though there may be some reasons for entertaining a contrary opinion, we are inclined to believe anterior to the play, and to have afforded the groundwork of the plot—we are informed that no sooner had the ship sailed away with Prospero and his gallant company, than

‘From that day forth the isle has been  
By wandering sailors never seen.  
Some say ’tis buried deep  
Beneath the sea, which breaks and roars  
Above its savage, rocky shores,  
Nor ere is known to sleep.’

This account, however, though like the truth, is not exactly it. The island exists no longer, but its end was not so. Everybody who has any acquaintance, however superficial, with such matters is perfectly aware of the actual destiny of Shakspeare's enchanted island, though they are not so fortunate as to have any documents in black letter to cite in support of their faith. The facts are these.—The island was called into existence by a far more potent magician than even Prospero; and, ‘like the baseless fabric of a vision,’ it melted away into thin air, leaving ‘no rack behind,’ with a deep and solemn sound of funereal music, on the twenty-third of April, in the year sixteen hundred and sixteen, the day when that mighty master died. After the departure of Prospero and Miranda, it was never visited again by any human creature. The

unearthly

uncertainly inhabitants possessed it altogether till the hour of its dissolution. They were then variously dispersed. Caliban, clinging to one of the largest logs which Ferdinand had so industriously piled up, but which had never been 'burnt,' was floated on it in safety to the coast of Algiers. There the name of Sycorax was not yet forgotten; and, having traced out his family, and proved his consanguinity, he found an asylum in the cavern of his maternal uncle, a very learned wizard, and the arch-priest of his 'dam's god, Setebos.' Ariel, with all his subtile company—'the elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,' clapping their tiny hands, and singing '*Where the bee sucks*,' in sweetest melody and fullest chorus—flitted away, delighted to meet the spirit of the great magician from whose fancy they had derived their life and being, and to pour forth their gratulations around him as he ascended on his upward way to regions more bright, and pure, and ethereal, than any to which they, even 'in their pride of flight,' could venture to aspire. Since that happy hour, they have all dwelt in harmony together, in one of the fairest and most secluded valleys of Araby the blest. We know the spot; but, for worlds, we would not be wicked enough to deliver them over, in their merry innocence, to the tender mercies of the commentators. Were we to let fall the slightest hint of the position of their melodious home, we are well aware that Mr. Hunter or Mr. Rodd, or both those gentlemen together, would start off to Rotherhithe tomorrow morning, and engage a steam-hoy, and go paddling away in a cloud of thick black smoke in the pursuit of them; and, having reached the spot, they would, without the least sense of compunction, gather the sweetest blossoms that Ariel ever sucked his honey from, and crush them between the leaves of their *hortus siccus*; they would hunt down the innocent spirits themselves; they would scare them with unearthly sounds; they would shake their grizzled locks at them; they would catch them with bird-limed twigs, and butterfly-nets; run pins through their delicate bodies; fix them to the bottoms of glazed boxes, and bear them away in triumph to be deposited as curiosities among the natural history shelves of the British Museum.

So much for the *scene* of '*The Tempest*.' We now proceed to the consideration of that part of the '*Disquisition*' which relates to the *origin* of the play. It is generally supposed, by Malone and the elder commentators, that, in composing this exquisite poem, Shakspeare had the shipwreck of Sir George Somers on the reefs of Bermuda in his mind. Mr. Hunter, whose view of the date of the play is inconsistent with such an hypothesis, is, necessarily, of a contrary opinion. We think

Mr. Hunter is wrong, and are rather inclined to agree with Malone. Though we do not believe the greatest poet of this, or perhaps of any other, nation, to have been so grossly ignorant as Dr. Farmer tried to prove, nor so wretchedly stupid and destitute of ideas as all the commentators suppose him to have been:—though we conceive that, after having existed some forty and odd years in the world, he might have invented such incidents as a storm and a shipwreck, without having them put into his head by the account of the hurricane in which Sir George Somers' vessel was lost; and that, as he was born, and lived, and died in an island—had possibly seen the Isle of Wight, or heard of the Isle of Man—his faculties might very easily have been capable of this effort of picturing to himself an island, without having read anything about Bermuda:—though we think that Shakspeare might have had no difficulty in imagining the island, the storm, and the shipwreck of his play, without any of those suggestive aids which are pointed out by the commentators, we still consider it very probable that he really had read *Stithe's History of Virginia* before *The Tempest* was written, and had not quite forgotten its contents when employed in the composition of the play. There is one circumstance related by Stithe which seems to have afforded our great dramatist a hint for the employment of his comic characters. The assumption of royal authority by Stephano, and the scenes between him and Trinculo and Caliban, may, we think, have been suggested by the following passage.\* When Sir George Somers left the Island of Bermuda in the year 1609—

' Christopher Carter, Edward Waters, and Edward Chard remained behind. Sir George's vessel being once out of sight, these three lords and sole inhabitants of all these islands began to erect their little commonwealth with equal power and brotherly regency, building a house, preparing the ground, planting their corn and such seeds and fruits as they had, and providing other necessaries and conveniencies. Then, making search among the crannies and corners of those craggy rocks, what the ocean from the world's creation had thrown up among them, besides divers smaller pieces, they happened upon the largest block of amberguis that had ever been seen or heard of in one lump. It weighed fourscore pounds, and is said, itself alone, besides the others, to have been worth nine or ten thousand pounds. And now, being rich, they grew so rioty and ambitious, that these three forlorn men, above ten thousand miles from their native country, and with little probability of ever seeing it again, fell out for the superiority and rule; and then competition and quarrel grew so high, that Chard and Waters, being of the greater spirit, had appointed to decide the matter in the field: but Carter wisely stopped their arms, choosing rather to bear with such

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\* This coincidence was pointed out to us by Washington Irving.

troublesome rivals than, by being rid of them, to live alone.'—*Stithe's Virginia*, p. 120.

It is just possible that Shakspeare might have had this passage in his recollection when distributing the scenes of the comic portion of his drama. And, if such was the case, it affords a strong corroboration to Malone's notion of his having derived some of the other circumstances from *Stithe's* account of the shipwreck of *Somers*, as given in the same volume.

Mr. Hunter, on the other hand, supposes that Shakspeare was indebted for the idea and the details of his shipwreck to Sir John Harrington's translation of the storm in the 41st canto of *Ariosto*. This opinion he proceeds to establish on the testimony of certain coincidences of expression which he conceives himself to have discovered, which he thinks are too marked to be accounted for on the supposition of their being merely accidental, and which consequently he attributes to imitation. We will submit *all* the lines in which he supposes such a correspondence to exist to the inspection of our readers, and leave them to decide whether the evidence they afford is sufficient to sustain a case of literary petty larceny against Shakspeare.

' SHAKSPEARE.—"Put the wild waters in this roar allay them."

' *Harrington*.—"Allay the waters when they do highest toss."

' SHAKSPEARE.—"The cry did knock against my very heart."

' *Harrington*.—"Twas lamentable then to hear their cries."

' SHAKSPEARE.—"Blessedly help hither."

' *Harrington*.—"And called it a good and blessed storm."

' SHAKSPEARE.—"Waters with berries in it."

' *Harrington*.—"But eating berries, drinking waters clear."

' SHAKSPEARE.—"Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough."

' *Harrington*.—"To steer out roomer, or to keep aloof."

' SHAKSPEARE.—"His bold head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept."

' *Harrington*.—"But still above the waters kept his head."

After hunting through the entire play of '*The Tempest*,' and almost one hundred and fifty lines of *Ariosto*, in search of coincidences of thought and language, these are all that Mr. Hunter has been able to produce; and we hardly understand how it is possible for two men writing on a similar subject to have exhibited fewer instances of similarity in expression. The last case of parallelism is the strongest. But both poets had to describe a man, who in a shipwreck saved himself from drowning; and, as the commonest way of effecting so desirable an object is 'by keeping the head above water,' was it so very unlikely that they should both of them have availed themselves of the phrase? On the authority of such coincidences as these, we could show that Shakspeare

must have diligently studied and servilely copied Dryden's Translation of the *Storm* in the first book of the *Æneid*; but, as Shakspeare was dead at least fifteen years before Dryden was born, we apprehend our labour would be in vain, and that, with such strong circumstantial evidence of *alibi* in his favour, even Mr. Hunter would hardly charge even Shakspeare with having been guilty of plagiarism in such a case.

With regard to the origin of the plot of 'The *Tempest*,'—though Collins told Thomas Warton that he had read a novel with the same story, and Mr. Boswell relates that a friend of his once met with an Italian romance which agreed with Collins's description,—Mr. Hunter states that it 'is for the present a Shakspearian mystery.' And he even feels himself bound to 'confess,'—though he has written and printed an octavo volume on the subject,—'that little which is important has presented itself in the course of his researches.'—p. 106.

But the discovery, which has baffled the researches of Mr. Hunter, fell accidentally in the way of Mr. Collier. Some few years since that gentleman obtained possession of an old MS. volume, which appears to have been the album of some ballad fancier of the time of the Commonwealth. Several of the ballads in the book the public are familiarly acquainted with; but there are others which are not known to exist out of this collection. Among the latter is one which contains all the main particulars of the plot of 'The *Tempest*.' As the ballad is in itself a very pleasing poem; as it is curious from its coincidence with one of Shakspeare's most beautiful productions, and as only sixty copies of it have been printed by Mr. Collier, we consider ourselves as doing a service to the public by re-printing it entire.

' THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

' In Arragon there livde a king  
Who had a daughter sweete as spring;  
A little playfull childe.  
He lovde his studie and his booke;  
The toyles of state he could not brooke,  
Of temper still and milde.

He left them to his brother's care,  
Who soone usurp'd the throne unware,  
And turn'd his brother forth.  
The studious King Geraldo hight,  
His daughter Ida, deare as sight  
To him who knew her worth.

The brother, who usurp'd the throne,  
Was by the name Benormo knowne,  
Of cruell hart and bolde;  
He turn'd his niece and brother forth  
To wander east, west, south, and north,  
All in the winter colde.

Long time he journey'd up and downe,  
The head all bare that wore a crowne,  
And Ida in his hand,  
Till that they reach'd the broad sea-side,  
Where marchant ships at anchor ride,  
From many a distant land.

Imbarking, then, in one of these,  
They were, by force of windes and seas,  
Driven wide for many a mile;  
Till at the last they shelter found,  
The maister and his men all drown'd  
In the enchanted Isle.

Geraldo and his daughter faire,  
The onlie two that landed there,  
Were savde by myracle;  
And, sooth to say, in dangerous houre,  
He had some more than human powre,  
As seemeth by what befell.

He brought with him a magicke booke,  
Whereon his eye did oft times looke,  
That wrought him wonders great.  
A magicke staffe he had alsoe,  
That angrie fiendes compell'd to goe  
To doe his bidding straight.

The spirites of the earth and aire,  
Unseene, yet fleeting every where,  
To crosse him could not chuse.  
All this by studie he had gann'd  
While he in Arragon remain'd,  
But never thought to use.

When landed on th' enchanted Isle  
His little Ida's morning smile  
Made him forget his woe :  
And thus within a caveine dreare  
They liv'd for many a yeare ifert,  
For heaven had will'd it soe.

His black lockes turn'd all silver gray,  
But ever time he wore away,  
To teach his childe intent ;  
And as she into beautie grew,  
In knowledge she advanced to  
As wise as innocent.

Most lovelie was she to beholde ;  
Her haire was like to sunn lilt golde,  
And blue as heaven her eye.  
When she was in her fifteenth yeere  
Her daintie form was like the deere,  
Sportfull with majestie.

The demons who the land had held,  
By might of magicke he expell'd,  
Save such as he did neede ;  
And servants of the ayre he kept  
To watch o're Ida when she slept,  
On on swift message speede.

And all this while in Arragon  
Benormo reignde, who had a son  
Now growne to man's estate :  
His she in all things most unlike,  
Of courage tried, but slow to strike,  
Not turning love to hate.

Alfonso was the prince's name.  
It chanc'd, post haste, a message came  
Just then to Arragon,  
From Sicilie, to son and sire,  
Which did their presence soon desie  
To see Sicilie's son.

Fast tyed in the nuptiall band  
To Naples daughter's lovelie hand,  
And they to goe consent,  
So in a galley on a day  
To Sicilie they toke their way,  
Thither to saille intent.

Geraldo by his magicke art  
Knew even the hour of their depart  
For distant Sicilie :  
He knew also that they must passe  
Neare to the isle whereon he was,  
And that revengo was his.

He call'd his spirites of the aife,  
Commanding them a storme prepare  
To cast them on that shore.  
The gallant barke came sailing on  
With silken sailes from Arragon,  
And many a gilded ore

But gilded ore and silken saile  
Might not against the storme prevaile :  
The windes blew hie and loude.  
The sailes were rent, the ores were broke,  
The ship was split by lightning stroke  
That burst from angie cloude.

But such Geraldo's powre that day,  
That though the ship was cast away,  
Of all the crew not one,  
Not even the ship-boy, then was drown'd,  
And old Benormo on drie ground  
Imbraide his dearest son.

About the isle they wandered long,  
For still some spirite led them wrong,  
Till they were weane growne ;  
Then came to old Geraldo's cell,  
Where he and lovelie Ida dwell ;  
Though seene, they were not knowne

Much marvelld they in such a place  
To see an Eremit's wringled face ;  
More at the maid they start :  
And soone as did Alfonso see  
Ida so beautifull, but hee  
Felt love within his hart.

Benormo heard with grief and shame  
Geraldo call him by his name,  
His brother's voyce well knowne.  
Upon his aged knees he fell,  
And wept that ere he did rebell  
Against his brother's throne.

Brother, he cried, forgive my crime !  
I sweare, since that unhappie time,  
I have not tasted peace.  
Returns and take againe your crowne,  
Which at your feete I will lay down,  
And see our jarres surcease.

"Never," Giraldo said, "will I  
Ascend that seat of sovereignty ;  
But I all wrongs forgett.  
I have a daughter, you a son,  
And they shall rainge o're Arragon,  
And on my throne be sett.



My head is all to old to béare  
 Thesweight of crownes, and kingdome's  
 Peace in my bookes I find. [eare;  
 Gold crownes beseme not silver lockes,  
 Like sunbeams upon whitend rockes,  
 They mocke the tranquill minde.

Benormo, borne with cares of state,  
 Which worldlie sorrows aye create,  
 Sawe the advice was good.  
 The tide of love betwixt the paire,  
 Alfonso young and Ida faire,  
 Had suddaine reacht the flood.

A galley, too, that was sent out  
 From Sicilie, in fear and doubt,  
 As having heard the wracke,  
 Arrived at the enchanted Isle,  
 And took them all in little while  
 Unto Massina backe.

But ere his leave Giraldo tooke  
 Of the strange isle, he burnt his booke,  
 And broke his magicke wand.  
 His arte forbid, he aye forswore  
 Never to deale in magicke more  
 The while the earth should stand.

From that daie forth the isle has beene  
 By wandering sailora never seene,  
 Some say 'tis buried deepe  
 Beneath the sea, which breakes and rores  
 Above its savage rockie shores,  
 Nor ere is knowne to sleepe.

In Sicilie the paire was wed,  
 To Arragon there after sped,  
 With fathers who them blessed.  
 Alfonso rulde for many a yeare:  
 His people lovde him farre and neare,  
 But Ida lovde him best.'

We consider this as having formed the groundwork of 'The Tempest,' because, in the first place, there are many circumstances in the play, which, we think, the author of the ballad would never have failed to take advantage of, had he been the later writer; and because, in the second place, though the unpopularity of Spain and the Spaniards in the early part of James the First's reign, when 'The Tempest' was produced, affords something like a reason for Shakspeare's representing his dramatis personæ as Italians, rather than Spaniards, as they are in the ballad, there could be no reason at all for the author of the ballad introducing such a change, supposing him to have been versifying the story from the play. The only argument against the priority of the ballad to the drama, is its being of a somewhat more modern style of composition. This objection has very little, if any, weight at all with us. Every ballad, in the course of recital and transcription, imperceptibly assumes somewhat of the tone and language of the time, and will always appear to be of an age corresponding with the date of its earliest existing copy.—It is possible, however, that both Shakspeare and the balladist were indebted to a common Spanish original.

From the source of the plot of this play we now proceed to consider the date of it. Malone regards *The Tempest* as one of the very last of Shakspeare's works, and assigns the composition of it to the year 1611. Mr. Chalmers dates it still later, and considers it to have been written in the year 1618. Mr. Hunter, who rejoices in singularity on all points, has a fancy that it was, on the contrary, rather a youthful production of the author, and written as early as the year 1596. But why? Francis Meres, in a tract called *Palladis Tamia*, which was published in 1598, gives a catalogue of the plays which  
 Shakspeare

Shakspeare had then written. Among them he mentions one called *Love's Labours Won*; and, as no play with that title now exists among the works of our great dramatist, Mr. Hunter assumes that this must have been a second, but dropped, title of *The Tempest*; that the task imposed upon Ferdinand—the piling up logs of wood, which, as we have seen, were intended for sale at the Malta market—constituted the ‘Labours of Love;’ and that those ‘Labours’ were ‘won’ in obtaining the hand of Miranda. ‘Of the existing plays,’ says Mr. Hunter, ‘there is only *The Tempest* to which it (the title in question) can be supposed to belong; and, so long as it suits so well with what is a main incident of this piece, we shall not be driven to the gratuitous and improbable supposition that a play once so called is lost.’ \* Whether any play has or has not been lost cannot be determined. We certainly do not perceive the improbability of such a circumstance. Plays of Shakspeare have been lost. Among the manuscripts which Mr. Warburton was so idle as to entrust to the care of his cook, and she used in lighting his fire with, were two plays ascribed to him: one entitled *Duke Humphrey*, and another, of which no name is given. Who knows but that may have been *Love's Labours Won*? But why should Mr. Hunter think it improbable that a play of Shakspeare's should be lost? Surely, in the troubled times of the fanatical and anti-theatrical generation which succeeded him, it was much more probable that, unless published immediately after his death, any work of our immortal dramatist's should be destroyed than preserved. But, however that may be, we cannot for a single moment admit the supposition that *The Tempest* is the play indicated by Meres under the title of *Love's Labours Won*. What peril, or pain, or difficulty is there in piling up a few, or even some thousands of logs of wood, in the constant presence of one's mistress, under the cheering beams of her smiles, and the encouragement of her sympathy, to render such a task worthy of the name of a *labour of love*?—Why, declined into the vale of years as we are—and we are no less than 131 numbers, and almost 5000 articles of age—we would most gladly enter upon such a service this moment, and continue it till doomsday, under such circumstances:—ay, we would do all that and more, to obtain a single favourable regard of those mild eyes which we so love to look upon, and from which we can never win a smile. And so thought *Ferdinand*. His employment was no *labour* to him. What is his own account of the matter? His young-hearted sentiments on this occasion were very different, we find, from the opinions entertained by the Reverend Fellow of the Antiquarian Society. He says,

\* *Disquisition*, p. 77.

‘This,

‘ This, my mean task,  
 Would be as heavy to me, as odious ; but  
 The mistress which I serve quickens what ’a dead,  
 And makes my labours pleasures.’

Oh ! no.—*The Tempest* can never be identified with *Love’s Labours Won*. There is *love* enough—delightful, young, pure, innocent, self-devoted love—but there are no *labours* of consequence enough to justify the title. But is it quite certain there ever was such a play ? May not *Love’s Labours Won* be the second part of the title of *Love’s Labours Lost* ? The passage in Meres, where the names immediately follow each other, would seem to countenance such a conjecture ; and the story of the comedy would most fully bear it out. In it *Love’s Labours*—comic labours—are both *lost* and *won* : *lost*, because they led to a year of penance ; and *won*, because, at the end of that year, they were to receive their reward. We have not much to urge in favour of this guess of our’s, except that it is entirely original ; but, nevertheless, we are quite prepared to defend it against all gainsayers, with six arguments to every one of our opponents ; and engaging that every one of the six shall be as stout as the strongest of Mr. Hunter’s.

The ground derived from this fanciful application of a second title to the play being cut from beneath his feet, the learned author of the *Disquisition* has no argument on which to rest his supposition of its early date. Every argument, on the contrary, is against him, and in favour, not only of the later date of Malone, but the latest date of Chalmers. For instance, there is a speech of Gonzalo’s, taken, almost verbatim, from Florio’s translation of Montaigne’s *Essays*, a work which was not published till 1603. This circumstance would go far to prove that the play could not have been written, as Mr. Hunter supposes, in 1596. And if Shakspeare derived, as we conceive, any hint from the passage we have cited from *Stithe’s History of Virginia*, it could not have been written till after 1612, when the story was brought to England by Captain Matthew Somers. But the fact is, we know almost to a moral certainty that *The Tempest* was, if not the last, one of the very last, of Shakspeare’s productions. We are informed by Mr. Vertue’s MSS. that this comedy ‘ was acted by Heming and the rest of the king’s company before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, in the beginning of the year 1618.’ The Prince Palatine and the Lady Elizabeth were married in February, 1613 ; and is it not highly probable that this poem, which relates to the loves of a young prince and princess, and introduces a pageant of spirits to crown them with—

‘ Honour,

‘Honour, riches, marriage blessing,  
Long continuance and increasing,’—

was expressly composed as a part of the splendid festivities of their royal nuptials?

We have now performed our duty towards Mr. Hunter. There is only one good suggestion which we are aware of in his work, and that we will not deprive him of the credit of. It relates to the restoration of a reading which the modern editors have corrupted. In the folio of 1623, which is the first edition of ‘*The Tempest*,’ the reading is

‘In the *line* grove that weather fends our cell.’

The word *line*, which is the old word for *landen*, in all the modern editions has been changed to *lime*. This signifies little, as far as the above passage is concerned; but the alteration has a subsequent effect; it tends to mar the picturesque representation of the last part of the fourth act. When *Prospero* desires *Ariel* to hang the glittering apparel which was to delude *Stephano* and *Trinculo* from their purpose ‘on this *line*,’ in modern times a cord is always stretched across the stage to hang the garments on; whereas it is evident that the *line* spoken of by *Prospero* is one of the trees of ‘the *line-grove*’ which grew around his cell.

At parting we have one short word of admonition to offer to that class of gentlemen who discharge themselves of their indefatigable idleness by writing little books on their various little quirks or quiddities about Shakspeare. Mr. Hunter thinks (p. 120) that the names of all those persons ‘should be gathered together, and some account given of *them*.’ For whose instruction, or for what object, he does not condescend to inform us. And they all conceive, each individual for himself and fellows, that, having had their peculiar fancies about some unimportant point in or about our great poet’s works, such as that *Lampedusa* is *Prospero*’s *Island*, or that *The Tempest* is ‘*Love’s Labours Won*,’ they are fairly entitled, by courtesy of literature, to assume to themselves the epithet of *ingenious* ever after. Now, the fact which we would earnestly impress upon their attention is, that there is no such decided proof of the want of ingenuity, and of the presence of actual dulness, as that afforded by an elaborate work on so unimportant a subject. Such a publication, instead of being an evidence of a man’s *ingenuity*, is, on the contrary, a damning witness to the extreme sluggishness and unfrequent action of his inventive faculties. He who is really deserving the hackneyed and much-abused epithet of *ingenious*, finds, when reading about Shakspeare, so many new, plausible, but inconsistent fancies of this kind suggest themselves, that he learns to distrust them all, from his own immediate experience of the contradictory nature of the  
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several equally probable conjectures which follow and refute each other in rapid succession in his mind. And the only persons who ever think such shadows of sufficient consequence to give themselves any trouble about them are those amiable Roddists who consider themselves rich if they have but one idea occur to them in a twelve-month, who live upon that idea, who harp upon it in their common talk, who digest it with their lonely meal, who chew the cud of it as they take their salutary walks abroad, who seem to meet with authorities to support it in every volume they open, who dream of nothing else, and who can get no restful sleep at night till they have been safely delivered of it in the shape of a pamphlet.

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ART. VI.—1. *Speech of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Exeter on Socialism.* London. 1840.

2. *Weekly Tales and Tracts. Under the Sanction of the Lord Bishop of Ripon.* Edited by the Rev. W. F. Hook, D.D., Vicar of Leeds. London. 1839—40.

WE do not think any man of a serious temper can look back upon the course of events in this country during the last ten years, without tracing, through all the gathering evils, with which it has been crowded, a mysterious providential hand, which seems to be preparing good for us, little as we have deserved it. For the future historian of England, it will afford indeed a melancholy page, full of corrupt principles, of weak concessions, of violent changes, and of convulsions, which threaten to end in bloodshed at home, and dismemberment of empire abroad. But yet there are consolatory features. A power, which we cannot see, has been reviving at the same time a spirit to cope with, if not to avert, these coming ills—a spirit to recognise and reverence truth, to practise and inculcate obedience, to breathe a new life into our dead forms, and decayed belief. It has raised up, one by one, conjunctures and dangers, which have developed new truths, or rather have recalled the old. It has stayed off, again and again, some of the most fatal blows aimed at the constitution of the Church; and has opened the eyes of men to the mistakes of modern self-guided reformers, as much as to the necessity of reform. But of all these providential circumstances to be humbly and gratefully acknowledged, none appear, humanly speaking, so likely to do good, as the permission given to two new curses to rise up for a time among us, and to startle us into sober reflection—Socialism and Chartism. They have been permitted to arise before their time, while there are yet truths and hearts in the

the country capable of facing them—and they have risen in a plain intelligible shape, against which no soft words, or sophistries will induce the English nation to close their eyes. They are the natural and necessary developments—Chartism of Whig principles, Socialism of Dissent. They are, in fact, nothing but Whiggism and Dissent pushed to their legitimate consequences. Of Chartistism we do not intend to speak; but the Socialist system has been so recently brought before the legislature by the Bishop of Exeter, to whom the Church and the country are deeply indebted for his exposure of its enormities, assuredly not before it was required, that we cannot be charged with needlessly drawing public attention to a loathsome subject, if we make some observations upon it.

As no little complaint has been made of misrepresentation,—misrepresentation, it should be understood, purposely encouraged, by using more moderate language in one set of publications, and leaving the same principles, in their gross and violent form, to be advocated by the missionaries of the society as individuals,—it will be best to begin with a brief abstract of the last *manifesto* produced in answer to the Bishop of Exeter's accusation:—and we shall, *in limine*, give the Section 'Principles' in the very words of Mr. Owen.

'The following are the fundamental principles of this society:—

'That man is a being formed to have a compound character: first, as he is organized at birth, before he has received any direct impressions from external objects; and, second, as he is subsequently made to become, by the influence of external objects upon his organization, especially by the action of experienced man or society on infant or inexperienced man.

'That all man's *feelings* are formed for him, by external objects acting upon his organization, and its reaction.

'That all his *convictions* are formed for him by the action of external objects upon his organization, and its reaction.

'That his will, or decision to act, is formed for him by the convictions or feelings separately, or by the convictions and feelings unitedly, which have been formed for him by the action of external circumstances upon his organization.

'That man is so organized, as to act in accordance with his convictions or his feelings, whichever may be the strongest at the moment of action, or to act in obedience to these convictions and feelings when united, and which nature and society combined have caused him to receive.

'The whole character of man, physical, intellectual, and moral, is formed for him.

'It is therefore evident that man has not been created to be a responsible being, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but that he is left to experience the necessary effects of his conduct, which teach all in the best possible manner—through the sensations of pain and pleasure—

pleasure—the means of increasing happiness; and through this knowledge, adult man, or society, may effect the greatest improvement in the character and condition of infant man, and of the human race.

‘A knowledge of the unerring and unchanging laws of nature, derived from accurate and extended observation of the works of the great creating power of the Universe, and the PRACTICE OF CHARITY for the feelings, convictions, and conduct of all men, consequent upon such knowledge, constitute the Rational Religion.

‘All members of this society shall have equal right to express their opinions respecting the Supreme Power of the Universe, and to worship it under any form, or in any manner, agreeable to their consciences, not interfering with equal rights in others.’\*

I. The holders of these ‘principles’ propose then, in the first place, as a novel invention, to found a Catholic Society, embracing men of all countries and colours—but with the addition of this real novelty, that it is to include all men alike, good or bad—without professing to make, or allow, the slightest distinction between one and the other—thus carrying out fully the principles of toleration and non-distinction, under which we are now happily living.

II. They promise to make all men, without exception, good, happy, and rich—good, without any temptation to exercise goodness—happy, without any pain or want, to give zest to enjoyment, and rich, without any poverty by which to measure riches.

III. They intend to abolish from henceforth all rods, gaols, gibbets, judges, turnkeys, soldiers, constables and policemen. They will make all men do, as they think right, by talking, and talking only. And as the present system of government is full of evil, they will reform it by establishing another, conducted on the same principle, namely, that the proper office of a government is to allow its subjects to govern themselves.

IV. As this wonderful improvement will at first require agitation, but an agitation after the most approved fashion of the nineteenth century, purely moral, without any mixture of the physical, they contemplate establishing a church, with districts for dioceses—a congress for synods—Mr. Owen for their pope—paid missionaries at 30s. a-week for clergymen—lectures at mechanics’ institutes for sermons—halls of science for churches—tea-drinkings, masquerades, and quadrilles for the solemnities of worship—the material world as their God—and blasphemous three penny tracts for prayer-books and bibles.

V. They will found schools, so admirably managed, that the masters shall teach nothing but what is true; the children do only

\* See ‘Constitution and Laws of the Universal Community Society of Rational Religionists.’ Glawe; London; Hobson, Leeds; Heywood, Manchester; Guest, Birmingham.

what they are bid; and where especially they will learn at once, intelligibly and distinctly, the grand truth, which the new government schools only obscurely intimate, that all religions are alike a farce.\*

VI. And here is the great blot, which, we trust, they will find some means of correcting. This society will have taxes, loans, poor laws, hospitals, benefit clubs, a national, or rather social debt, with pensions, salaried officers, benevolences, as in the olden times—a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, we have no doubt, abundance of Mr. Humes. But as this part of the system is no new discovery, although the projectors, by the gravity of its announcement, seem to imagine that it is, we need not dwell on it at length.

VII. As they have also discovered that Manchester wares, and Sheffield cutlery, and Birmingham dolls are of little use without something to eat, they propose to cultivate the ground by means of farmers, who will raise corn in exchange for manufactures. A very brilliant thought—but which in the country, where we are writing, has been practised for many centuries; and which also sounds strange from the abolitionists of corn laws.

VIII. But their grandest discovery is still to come. From this time forward all likings and dislikings, praise and blame, punishments and rewards, are to be banished from this happy world—likewise all words implying will, choice, duty, liberty, virtue, vice, preference, deliberation, command, freedom, power, activity—and especially the pronouns *I*, and *thou*, with the whole race of active verbs—all of which, it is ascertained, have been introduced into society by a fundamental mistake—and man has no more right to use or receive them, than the cloth has, which the tailor cuts into a coat, or the tin, which the tinman moulds into the cover of a kettle.

IX. When this has been done, and it has been agreed that no man has the slightest power to form his own character, or right to pronounce any opinion as to the character of his neighbours, still less to interfere with its formation, we are all to set ourselves diligently to work to cure every one around us of the horrible follies and evil propensities, in which they are now wallowing; and to mould their character—after a pattern of our own.

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\* We are rejoiced to see the principle of religious non-intervention in omnium-gatherum schools brought to its proper termination so soon, in a fact stated by Lord Teignmouth in the House of Commons:—“In the schools attached to the establishment of Mr. —, the children were found ready enough to answer questions on all subjects except religion. An appeal being made to Mr. —, he replied that there were children of Socialists in the school, and they objected to the introduction of the New Testament! Admirable Socialists! but more admirable schoolmaster! And still more admirable founder of such a school on such a plan!”—*Times Newspaper*, March 6th, 1840.



X. The rational religion consists in chemistry, botany, zoology, geology, &c., and in loving all men alike, whether we like them or not. This love, however, is not to imply any effort to do them good, should we think our religion better than their own; with the exception, indeed, of the Committee, who will have unlimited authority to proselytise.

XI. There is to be nothing so gross as unregulated marriage: only a power of divorce without any limits specified.

Now, we have no intention of 'shrieking,' as a modern writer terms it, over this singular specimen of the enlightenment of our manufacturing population, and of the nineteenth century. Society has seldom been visited with those periodical fits of lunacy, which break out in rebellions and murders, without previously betraying similar symptoms of disease. But as symptoms of disease—of a very deep-seated disease—we do think these absurdities require to be seriously noticed; and therefore we shall ask our readers not to turn away at once in laughter, but to examine quietly into the history of this system, which would be ludicrous and harmless, if it did not embrace, and carry out to their natural issues, errors from which few minds in this day are wholly free.

Its original root is a real practical evil. It commences evidently with a keen perception of the misery and degradation, to which a large portion of the population of this country has been reduced by our manufacturing system. We pass over the strange contradiction, that it is the same manufacturing population, thus sunk in distress by their own powerlessness, or ignorance, or folly, to which political economists point as the great source of our prosperity—to which political reformers would delegate the privilege of government—and which, with the very confession in its mouth of utter incompetency to provide for itself, is now desirous to undertake the foundation of a *new moral world*; and, what is more interesting to ourselves, the reformation of this great empire. But men will attempt in despair, what they would shudder at in their sober senses. It is in despair that the Birmingham mechanics are following Mr. Owen's delusions. They are starving. They have children starving around them. They have either no bread for to-day, or none for to-morrow, or nothing to hope for in any continuance of the present system; and therefore they clamour for another.

This wretched state has been brought about by three causes. First, by the reduction of wages, in many cases to the minimum of subsistence. And this reduction itself has been effected, not merely by the natural competition of labour in a superabundant population, where machinery and capital enable the master manufacturer to control the workmen; but in this country, by the

the influx of Irish labourers, who, having been inured at home to an existence of semi-starvation, can sell their labour at a price far lower than the English workmen. In fact, by a singular retribution, England at this moment is gradually sliding, from this cause, into the same state with Ireland; and Irish paupers are taking possession of the very vitals of our towns, to the degradation, and, ultimately, to the destruction of the English mechanics.

But besides the low rate of wages, there is also to be taken into account their fluctuation—a fluctuation produced necessarily by the unlimited competition of selfishness and avarice in a *boundless free-trade market*, which is perpetually shifting its field, and contracting or extending its demands, without warning, on every change of dynasty, of political relations, of social habits, or of internal commercial speculations. This competition, aided by the powers of machinery, and encouraged by the superior cheapness of manufacturing on a large scale, necessarily causes continual overproduction. Every glut of the market is followed by a paralysis—every paralysis by a return to excessive production. Add to this the shifting nature of the manufacturing processes themselves—how a single alteration of machinery, the discovery of a new locality, even the diversion of a road or a canal, may dry up at once an old channel, and open new, leaving for a time the old population lying like boulder-stones in the course which a torrent has taken; or, like Tadmor and Palmyra in the desert, to show only where trade once passed—and we can understand the utter impossibility of providing, by any fiscal regulations, against a constant fluctuation in the price of labour. We are supposing now that the average is above—it may be far above the minimum of subsistence; and that prudent and economical habits might regulate the rate of living accordingly. But we must know little or nothing of human nature to suppose that prudent and economical habits can ever grow up in such a state of things. Prudence is the result of regularity of habit, and regularity of habit a natural effect of regularity of circumstances. When men are accustomed to see themselves suddenly provided for by circumstances not at their command—to be plunged from affluence into poverty at a moment's warning—when no calculation will enable them to ensure a certain subsistence for the morrow—and yet again and again, though all provision has been neglected, the subsistence comes of itself—scarcely any power upon earth can prevent them from becoming wasteful in their abundance, and sanguine in their poverty. These two habits are imprudence; and from imprudence comes misery, and from misery, impatience, and rage, desperation, and crime. But we must go still farther. We said that no human power could

could create habits of regular prudence in such a state of things. But what if no power is exerted? What if these unhappy men are left to themselves, without any eye to watch, any hand to control them; the only authority which they recognise being a taskmaster, whom they serve for his gain—who counts nothing but the hours of their labour, and the yards of cotton which they produce—whose existence as a manufacturer depends on his making the maximum of profit on the minimum of wages, and even on their degraded condition, without which he cannot command them—who cannot afford to be generous—who is bound to them by no local or hereditary relations—who can cast them off in a moment, as a floating population unattached to the soil—who can have no religious association with them, because religion cannot enter into the estimate of an animal machine for spinning silk or hammering iron—who has no right to interfere with their domestic habits, to take an interest in their comforts, because their homes are not his property—who cannot visit or relieve them, crowded as they are densely in narrow lanes, and packed in floors of houses—who can know nothing of their character, because he can see nothing but their hands and feet—who cannot afford to give them time either for instruction or recreation, because every minute has its price, and every farthing of price is an item in the necessary profit?

In this condition of affairs, when every day, from the increase of competition and the state of the continent, the crises are becoming more frequent and the remedy more desperate, a man, not, perhaps, without benevolence, but conceited and uninstructed (for this is the character stamped on all Mr. Owen's writings), imagines<sup>an</sup> a plan for breaking up the present manufacturing system; in which object we most cordially concur with him. For, with all its show and glitter, and accumulation of capital in the hands of the masters, it never can act without generating more than an equivalent of want and vice in the persons of the workmen. He proposes that the workmen, instead of hiring out their labour, and enabling the master to reap the profits, should form themselves into a community, and work for themselves.

Now this plan may be contemplated under two forms: If it is intended to form a joint-stock company, so that all the members should share in the dividends on the capital, and thus improve upon the present system only by appropriating to themselves the profits of the master, it is evident that those profits, however large for a single individual, will be but a drop of water when divisible among such numbers. As a joint-stock company, moreover, they will be exposed to the same competition as individual manufacturers,

manufacturers, and with the same result of fluctuation, so long as the present extent of market continues, but without the same power of improving opportunities, of speculating boldly but cautiously—in one word, of acquiring profit. We say nothing of the difficulty of providing an adequate capital, or of regulating wages. No change is made, in fact, but that, which is no improvement, the substitution in the manufacturing system of democracies for monarchies; and therefore the whole scheme must fall to the ground.

But Mr. Owen's plan seems to contemplate also something very different. He proposes rather to destroy the principle of acquisitiveness, to abandon all commercial speculation, and only to form communities, in which individuals should contribute their various talents to make up one perfect society, provided with all necessaries for common wants, very much as Plato conceives the formation of his polity. The shoemaker is to make shoes, the cotton-spinner to make handkerchiefs, the miller to grind corn, and from the whole combined is to arise a perfect man. It is needless to say that the idea in theory is as old as the first speculation on the nature of human society, and in practice, whether regular or irregular, is coeval with the creation of man. But this plan, it is evident, cannot be effected so long as individual covetousness is allowed to exist. If individuals are permitted to accumulate, competition is necessarily introduced; with competition comes reduction of wages, and with reduction of wages the original misery of the labourer. Mr. Owen therefore proposes to exclude competition altogether. Grand conception! The only difficulty is to accomplish it. How will you eradicate from the human mind the root of covetousness, the instinct of appropriation and desire? Mr. Owen is totally silent. He seems to think it possible; talks of a state when prudence and education will show its evils, and therefore abolish it: but beyond this he does not go. Strange that an infidel should have stumbled at the very threshold of his system on the same maxim with Christianity—that he should proclaim, in almost the very words of the Bible, that 'the love of money is the root of all evil;' and yet that he should have rejected the aid, which Christianity promises in order to extirpate the evil, by a spiritual influence controlling the heart, as well as by a spiritual Society maintaining a high standard of morals! Strange also (were he not a very ignorant man) that he should overlook the fact, that the first irregularities of Christians were committed, if not under a clear perception of the same truths, as he in the nineteenth century has for the first time, as he supposes, discovered, at least under a deep moral feeling, which pointed out truth, even

where the head did not discern it. The monastic communities, with their vow of poverty, were in their temporal relations nothing but Mr. Owen's societies; supporting themselves by their common labour and common capital, but with the principle of acquisitiveness, which Mr. Owen cannot touch, confined by the most solemn obligations; their habits formed, not as he would form them, to luxury, but to self-denial; their self-denial sanctioned and rendered honourable by devotion; and, what is the strangest omission in Mr. Owen's plan, a rigid, inflexible discipline maintained over them every hour, so that the slightest act of appropriation was vigilantly watched and severely punished. The very clothes of the monks were common. As Plato proposes for his Phylaces, they not only took their meals together, but no one was allowed to fasten his door, or to lock up anything in his cell; even the plucking an apple in the garden without the leave of the superior was an act of disobedience. Men smile at such notions now, but Mr. Owen, with his horror of *property*—his conviction that it forms one, as he terms it, of the *Trinity of human curses*\*—will admire the wisdom of the monks. He will allow that, if infringed in one act, the whole principle of appropriation would creep in, and therefore that the most rigid superintendence was wise and necessary. And he might perhaps be prevailed on to acknowledge that the monks, with the Church to support them, and something like historical testimony, however weak he may deem it, to authorise their expectation of some superhuman assistance in controlling the evil passions of men, had logically more grounds for their plan than the individual Mr. Owen, with no one but his starving mechanics to applaud his anticipations of a coming millennium, in which all property shall have vanished from the earth, and all poverty with it.

For this, perhaps, is one of his strangest hallucinations. To abolish property is feasible. It has often been attempted, and sometimes, for a season, succeeded. But to abolish *property*, and retain *wealth*—to prohibit covetousness, and yet encourage luxury—to make the multiplication of the means of enjoyment a

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\* 'I now declare to you, and to the world, that man up to this hour has been, in all parts of the earth, a slave to a Trinity, the most monstrous that could be combined, to inflict mental and physical evil upon his whole race. I refer to private or individual property—absurd and irrational systems of religion—and marriage, founded on individual property, combined with some one of these irrational systems of religion. It is difficult to say which of these three sources of all crime ought to be placed first or last, for they are so intimately interlinked and woven together by time that they cannot be separated without being destroyed; each one is necessary to the support of the other two. This formidable Trinity, compounded of ignorance, superstition, and hypocrisy, is the only demon or Devil that ever has, or most likely ever will torment the human race.'—*Queen's Declaration of Sentimental Independence.*

crime, while the multiplication of enjoyment itself is the very end of his system—and to expect that this singular balance of opposite tendencies will be maintained, not by the strong arm of superior power, but by the voluntary agency of voluntary members of a joint-stock society, is really too bold a theory, we should have supposed, even for the unhappy and ignorant mechanics, for whom he is writing. And yet this is the fundamental axiom—the corner-stone of a system, which boasts to overthrow all difficulties—to have no connexion with any mysteries—to say nothing but what is intelligible to all men, and founded on habitual experience.

Unhappily, this absurd theory—melancholy as it is to think on the sad state of the population among whom he ventures to broach it—is the only part of his speculations on which it is possible to mention him, even in the comparatively mild terms of an uninstructed enthusiast; and it was this alone which Mr. Southey, and Mr. Wilberforce, and other men of high character, contemplated, when they spoke, in former days, of his benevolence and respectability. He has seen, and, we hope, felt deeply for, an evil, which is, and will be, a curse to this country; and he has imagined a silly scheme for its removal, which, however, is not more silly than the scheme of abolishing the corn laws, or increasing the suffrage, or giving vote by ballot, or many other projects of modern date, for remedying the same evil—an evil which never can be remedied, so long as our manufactories exist under a high pressure of covetous free-trade competition.

But the political economy of this scheme is coupled with certain ethical and religious speculations: and, like an ulcer in a body generally diseased, they deserve to be inspected—they indicate something far worse than either depravity or hallucination in the mind of one individual.

Mr. Owen is an Eudæmonist—that is, he belongs to a school, or, rather, we should say, to a generation, which, following the fashion of several generations before it, makes all goodness, all action, and all knowledge referable, not to a *positive law emanating either mediately or immediately from a superior Divine authority*, but to *human enjoyment*—to what they call *happiness*. On this principle, Mr. Owen has taken his stand; and he has followed it out—correctly, we think, most correctly—with a courage and perseverance far superior to any of his predecessors, into its legitimate and necessary consequences. His conclusions, indeed, are so accurate, that we must wince from any conflict with him—from any contempt or sarcasm, or any attempt to convert him ~~into~~ <sup>from</sup> ~~any~~ <sup>every</sup> eudæmonist in the nation—every political economist, who measures the prosperity of his country by

the amount of the excise and customs—every moralist who makes the exercise of the intellect, or the indulgence of the affections, or the pursuit of an end, or the pleasures of the sense, or power, or honour, or any gratification whatever, in the body or in the mind, the supreme end and rule of man—and every religionist, also, who makes devotion an enjoyment, and religion easy, and a future life the motive of piety, forgetting the express declaration respecting a ‘strait gate and a narrow way.’ Not one of these but must be foiled, if he engages in battle with the poor infidel, who has taken the same ground with themselves, but has understood it better.

For if our own happiness, that is, the happiness either of ourselves or of the species, be the sole object and rule of man, he needs no other. If any other rule is to be referred to, to guide us in our pursuit, then this rule, and not our happiness, is our ultimate law; and this law could have no validity except as the dictate of a supreme authority over man; and that supreme authority is God: and thus, obedience to God, and not benevolence to man, either to ourselves or to others, is the *criterion* of our duty, and the essence of our perfection. But this would little suit the enlightened eudæmonist, who, by his first maxim, necessarily excludes the idea of a divine revelation. He, therefore, takes his stand with his own dim telescope to make a survey of human happiness, and his own poor hands and feet, without a guide, to carry him in the pursuit. And when he starts on his course, and tumbles into this ditch, and befouls himself in that quagmire, and now breaks his head against an unseen wall, and now is run over and trodden on by the more rapid pursuers in the same chase, and still more frequently knocks down and mutilates the parties, for whose benefit he is racing—quiet spectators look on with amazement, and pity and praise him for his zeal, whatever be his blunders, as a benevolent and amiable enthusiast, with a good heart, but rather heated head;—instead of calling him, as they ought, and as the scriptures call him, an infidel or a fool, for walking in the sight of his own eyes, when his Creator has expressly forbidden it.

In this race Mr. Owen is supremely energetic. Few have been more so since the days of the French Revolution. His only law being his own notion of his own happiness, and of the happiness of other people, of both which he naturally forms pretty much the same conception—he asserts, with undoubted consistency, that he has as much right to his own views of happiness, as any other man has to his; a claim which no eudæmonist can dispute, without allowing an authority in man to dictate to his fellow-man on his nearest and dearest interests, and to dictate, as mere man, with common human frailties, and human fallibilities, without

without any Divine assistance. Mr. Owen, therefore, is fully at liberty to adopt his own views; and his own views will seem very sensible, and what philosophers in the present day call sound and practical. There is not a taint of mysticism about them. He seems to think, as far as we can discover, that when a man has a good coat upon his shoulders, and a joint of meat upon his spit, and a good fire to warm him, and a good house to keep out the weather, and pretty sights to please his eye, and agreeable sounds to soothe his ear, and the wants of the touch and the nostrils properly provided for, like the other senses, then man is a happy animal, and may lie down in his sty content. And Mr. Owen has a large, a very large, number of supporters in this ennobling theory, who yet would little like to be ranged under his banners. If enjoyment in any shape is the end of our life, and the rule of our conduct, why the pleasure of the body is more easily obtained than that of the mind, and is liable to fewer disappointments, and is assuredly more poignant; and if properly and prudently husbanded, as Mr. Owen earnestly recommends, why it will last for a considerable time, and bring perhaps in this world few disagreeable results; and so Mr. Owen will carry with him not only the whole Epicurean herd, but all the grave, respectable political economists, who make the wealth or the woe of a nation to consist in its exports and imports—those exports and imports being only so many indulgences for man's flesh and blood.

Having arrived safely thus far, and fixed his end, he then claims an undoubted right (and all the expediency gentlemen, either moral or political, must receive him among them, whether they like it or not, just as fine ladies in muslin dresses would welcome a chimney-sweeper)—he claims an undoubted right to form his own judgment as to the means necessary and proper for obtaining his end. In selecting them indeed he is bold, and in prosecuting them vigorous, but not to any degree which is not logically defensible on the expediency principle.

One of the first of these is—not the abolition of marriage; no wise or moral man would dream of recommending 'a promiscuous intercourse like beasts;' but marriage is one of the trinity of curses—property and religion being the two others, which hang like a blight upon the world. What can be more miserable than an ill-assorted union? What more hard than the prohibition of consorting as we choose—joining when we choose—and separating as we choose? Milton (oh, what a lesson it is to see the sophistries and follies of such men, clothed as they have hitherto been by the delusion of a name, now brought out and exposed to shame!)—Milton in this point was a socialist; and they



they reprint a number of his works. And they follow Milton's steps, perhaps with rather a greater plenitude of licence, but nothing which any logician can refuse, in petitioning for an unlimited power of separation—whether it is to be daily or hourly, they do not say; but, of course, no objection can be raised on the score of frequency. Whatever is necessary for man's *happiness* is right; and who can be happy if prevented from withdrawing, whenever he may wish, from a disagreeable companion?

We wish particularly that it should be observed, that these new ideas respecting marriage follow close upon the New Marriage Act. They are, indeed, very intimately connected.

But the permanence of the marriage tie is not the only 'curse' in the present system of domestic life. Children are generally troublesome. When persons are poor and starving they are peculiarly so; and life is not a blessing either to themselves or to their parents. And Mr. Malthus has satisfactorily shown by countless figures, omitting only one (the power of a merciful Providence), that man multiplies and will multiply more rapidly than food, and therefore we must put some stop to this growth of population. It is interesting to remark how every foul sink of doctrine, which has been opened of late years in this country, all run together into this grand cloaca of Owenism. The present is a sewer avowedly drained off from the lucubrations of the Benthamites. Mr. Owen has not yet reached the acmé of wisdom on this subject; but we are sure that a little reflection will show him the mistake, which he has made, in stopping short of the plan, which has been proposed and 'published for the instruction of the labourer, by one Marcus.' 'Charcoal vapour' (we quote from Mr. Carlyle, who had the book before him\*) 'and other easy methods exist, by which all children of working people after the third, may be disposed of by painless extinction.' 'And beautiful cemeteries,' adds Marcus, 'with walks and flower-pots, may be provided at the public expense, for the réception of superfluous infants, and as consolatory promenades for their afflicted parents.'

We beg to assure the reader that the proposal is perfectly serious; and, more than this, we may assure them that it is almost innocence compared with what has been written and sanctioned by the man Owen himself, and his son, on this loathsome subject, and to which we dare not allude farther.

But one fact is curious: the infidel, to speak generally, has discovered two means, by which man may hope to escape from the catastrophe prophesied by political economists: they are, fasting and self-denial—a self-denial, however, which is not to exclude a gross sensuality. We thought that the Church long since—

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\* Chartism, by T. Carlyle, p. 111.

not looking to political economy, not afraid of perishing with famine under the eye of a merciful Creator, unless famine was sent on us for our sins, but obeying the law of the cross, and mortifying its earthly passions in order to fit itself for heaven—had anticipated, nineteen centuries ago, this modern discovery; had prescribed the same rules to her children, only leaving out the sensuality, and consecrating the marriage union with a mystery of purity and holiness. But we must proceed.

The man has discovered a third curse beside property and marriage—it is *religion*; and we can well understand that it should be so. Religion—true, genuine religion—is of all things most opposed to dreams of epicurism, expediency, and licence. It sets up for the guide of man, not man himself, but law; stern, uncompromising law, for his reason as well as for his will. It speaks nothing of pleasure at first, but of pain and self-denial; that man must work before he rests; suffer before he is crowned; show, in the sight of heaven, that he can bear, and act, and be a hero and a martyr,—not merely that he can eat, and drink, and sleep, and fatten like a pig in his sty. And Religion has her truths—her fixed, indisputable truths—her message and commission from heaven, countersigned and attested—and she cannot slur over errors, or think light of blasphemies, or bear that men should walk on in ignorance and folly, without raising her protest, drawing her lines of exclusion, censuring, warning, condemning, and punishing. It is the task laid on her by God. The very office of the Church is to hold up the light of truth in the world; to save it from being blown out by every wind of fancy; to bring it constantly and firmly before the eyes of all men, that those who will see, may see. If bad men have gone beyond this, and made religion the mask of cruelty, religion is as much to be censured for it, as justice would be, if a judge gave a corrupt judgment and declared it law.

But all this illiberality, this condemnation of others for not thinking as we do ourselves, is to be banished from the New World. Unhappily the author of the New World, like others of the same school, does not set so good an example as we might hope from his profession—‘Moral monsters,’ ‘robbers and murderers,’ ‘cruel and irrational creatures,’ ‘persons fit only for the cells of our terrestrial lunatic asylums,’ ‘the curses of mankind,’ ‘intellectual hypocrites,’ which are the least uncomplimentary terms applied to all, who happen to differ from Mr. Owen’s notions; surely these indicate something like the old leaven of illiberality. But then, Mr. Owen knows full well what liberality and toleration really mean. And he speaks the language of the day. It means, opening one’s door, when a thief asks for admis-  
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sion; throwing down one's arms, when a murderer is threatening an attack—giving without taking—submitting without resisting—and all this, when under a solemn injunction to give nothing, and yield nothing, because, what we are placed to guard is not our own. But Mr. Owen is quite safe. All the haters of positive doctrines, all the lax sentimental religionists, who have made charity, not truth, their worship, and would sacrifice God himself for peace and quietness, have spoken, as he has spoken, for the last two hundred years; and they will all fall into the procession of absurdities, with which he hopes to be inducted into the throne of a New Moral World.

Still there is a difficulty to be surmounted. With all our laxity of principles—hollow as the ground is, on which every branch of sectarians have been resting their belief—the great mass of the British nation still do call themselves Christian—still profess their faith in the different creeds, which they each make for themselves, and all declare to be found, clearly and palpably written, in the pages of the Scriptures. Till this prejudice be overthrown, a system which denies Christianity, which denies all religion,<sup>+</sup> must be liable to illiberal censures.

The very judicious course taken in removing this difficulty cannot be pointed out better than in the words of a very eminent man, an eye-witness:—

'In private,' he says, 'I find their course to be this. A Socialist calls perhaps on a young man just leaving our Sunday school; he falls into conversation about the Church, admits that an *Establishment* is useful for many purposes, but insinuates objections urged by *dissenters*; and so he leaves him. After calling again a few times, he brings his friend over to *general Protestantism*; against *general Protestantism* he brings the *Romish* objections; at last he insinuates the objections against Christianity altogether; and, speaking of the *Bible*, affirms that the Socialists have a great regard for the Bible—"that is, for the *moral* parts, excluding, of course, the *immoral*." These are the very words often used, and then begins the attack on the Bible.'

The attack on the Bible is carried on, as may be seen in their tracts, and in the republication of Volney, and Voltaire's and Payne's exploded blasphemies, by the aid of physical science—by geology, chemistry, geometry, astronomy, and other modern onomies and ologies brought to bear on the historical facts of the Scriptures, forgetting that those very sciences rest on the same basis of testimony with Scripture itself, but testimony a million times weaker. When the Bible has been disposed of, the course is plain; for not having as yet any system of Mahometanism or

\* 'All the Mythology of the Ancients, and all the Religion of the Moderns, are mere fanciful notions of men.'—*Owen's Book of the New Moral World*, p. 46.

Buddhism recognised by Parliament, and supported by grants from the Treasury, the unhappy beings who have been exposed to these attacks have no place of refuge from themselves but in the rational religion, of which Owen is the apostle, and halls of science the churches, and infanticide, in some shape or other, an article of its creed.

And now let us look back to Mr. Owen's allies—to those who, we are told, pave the way for him, and pave it smoothly. First and foremost, *Conservatism*; and by Conservatism we mean not loyalty and attachment to our old and sound institutions, both in Church and State—God forbid!—but the support of the Church merely as an establishment, as a civil functionary, not as an independent religious society founded by God himself. Secondly, *Dissent*—dissent which attacks the Church, but hopes to leave religion untouched; which calls for liberty of conscience—meaning, by liberty of conscience, the right of every individual to hold and to promulgate his own fancies, whether true or false, without check or rebuke. Thirdly, *Popery*—Popery with its strong and irrefragable arguments against the principles of dissent, and attested at every turn by the miseries of our distractions, and the destruction which they have wrought in society and in truth. Then *Ultra-Protestantism*, or a blind indiscriminate hatred of all that mixed system which is well called Roman Catholic—Catholic in its truths, Roman in its falsehoods—a hatred which condemns practices and tenets, not because they are novel interpolations of the Divine word, but because they do not accord with our notions of what is right or wrong, useful or pernicious, true or false. Then *morality*—the moral system of the day, which follows up the principle of Ultra-Protestantism, and makes it own conscience the standard of truth, and looks down calmly and contemptuously upon the combatants for theological dogmas, as they are called, without deigning to enter into ‘questions of words, and names, and of your law.’ Then follows *Biblical criticism*—the captious quibbling scepticism, coming in upon us from Germany like a flood; which, armed with the maxim of ‘the Bible and the Bible alone,’ strips it of all its defences, while nominally magnifying its authority,—which, instead of approaching it with a reverential and child-like spirit, and reading it as it lies open, in the hands of the Church, under the guidance of her eye, and with the support of her testimony, snatches it from her, runs with it into a corner, doubts this point, disputes that, modifies another, is startled at a fourth, and tears out text after text, leaf after leaf, until nothing is left but the empty cover, and the word of God  
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has vanished, as before from the mouth of the Church, so now from the written page—vanished altogether from the world. And, lastly, *Physical Science*, in every age and country the great hand-maid of infidelity. Not as if the works of God were not also His word, though written in ciphers and hieroglyphics; or as if to know His works were not man's privilege and duty. But when men will study God's works before they have learnt His nature—when they will bury themselves in the darkness of the brute material world, till the very sun, as they turn to look up, becomes black to their dazzled eye—when they will fix men's thoughts and hearts on what they taste, and see, and touch, and handle, so that all the world unseen becomes unreal and visionary—when they make experience their teacher, instead of their assistant, distrust the power of the mind in generating truth, and call it a dead passive machine at the mercy of external impressions—and when they have traced the motions and the laws of matter till they can prophesy, and combine, and control them, worshipping it for its power, and yet governing it as a slave—then, indeed, physical science turns into an open foe of Christianity. It becomes idolatry. It raises up for man the same object of worship in Nature—precisely the same, as the person does, of whose more open blasphemies it is our pain to be now speaking.

These are the considerations which have induced us to notice him at present. By himself he would pass away like a Hone, a Carlisle, or a Thoms, or any other wretched being, who has been permitted to disturb the peace of society. But he has friends and agents in every class of the community, from the highest to the lowest—in our expediency politicians, in our evangelical clergy, in our pious dissenters, in our German scholars, and literary and scientific societies—all unconsciously but zealously doing his work, and preparing the minds of the nation for imbibing his poisons. And again we warn them all against attempting to battle with him openly, until they have provided other principles, and a sounder creed than they profess at present. Theirs are the premises—his is the conclusion; and a conclusion, which cannot be evaded by any subtlety of logic, or any horror at its atrocity.

But *such doctrines*, it will be urged in the vain hope of escape, are *contrary to the law of the land*. The Government has answered, No; the toleration system answers, No. There was a time when the doctrines of the Church were the law of the land. Then—when Protestantism was sufficient; for no one yet dreamed of a creed, which should go farther in modifying Catholic truths than the abjuration of Popery. Then came Christianity, anything which called itself Christianity. But Christianity has had its turn

turn; and now comes Rational Religion, avowing, as its boast, the principle of rationalism from which all the rest proceeded. You cannot punish the blasphemies of Socialism without following it up by the condemnation of Dissent. If you allow Dissent, receive it into your legislature, admit it to your homes, treat it as an erroneous opinion, but an opinion for which man is not responsible to man, you cannot shut your doors against only another species of dissent, though the dissent is from the name of Christianity, as well as from its fundamental axiom of One Apostolic Catholic Church.

But it is morally mischievous, destructive to the peace of society, not merely to the unity of religious belief! We had thought, and every lax, easy religionist, who has ridiculed polemical controversies, has made the outcry also, that of all things which destroy the peace of society, religious dissension was the most formidable—the most to be repressed. But whatever be thought of this—moral or immoral—Socialism is safe from attack. Our hands are tied. We have laid down the principle, and acted on it for years, that blasphemy and sedition are not the proper subjects of legal condemnation—that to punish the circulation of them only promotes it; that we may trust to the good sense and wisdom of Englishmen to repudiate such absurdities. Let things alone, and all will come right. May we ask then, what is the use of a government? What need of laws, and courts of justice, if the grossest of crimes—treason against God and our country—are encouraged by the sight of punishment? If we are so sensible and so wise, what do we want with rulers? But government has destroyed itself. It has abdicated its own functions. In flying from persecution it has sunk into indifference. It has abstained from punishment, till criminals are so hardy and so numerous, that punishment seems impossible. Even contempt can no longer be enforced. What the Attorney-General might shrink from producing before a jury, for fear, shall we say, of provoking opposition, or of uncloaking hideous vice—the bishops have been compelled to bring publicly before the House of Lords—to defile themselves and that assembly by details which we could not republish. And it is found that the wisdom and good sense of the English nation is in the condition in which all, who know the principles of the age, would expect to find them—at the lowest ebb—in a state, which is leaving at this moment a large portion of the population an easy, unyielding prey to the monstrosities of Socialism.

But public opinion will correct it! We answer that public opinion is itself corrupted. Public opinion can never sit as a  
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stern inexorable judge, without a volume of positive and undisputed law to support its decisions; and this has been taken from its hand by the same sophistical process, which has rested religion on individual ratiocination, and morals on individual feeling. And public opinion feels this; it dares not speak. How few would venture to turn off their labourers, who become Socialists—would refuse to meet such men in society—would order them from their presence as self-convicted criminals—as loathsome objects—if they ventured to appear within their doors. No! public opinion is at this moment a coward—bullied (it is the only word to express the abjectness of its submission to every new absurdity)—bullied by sophisms and nicknames, not knowing the grounds of its own belief, and therefore distrusting itself, and incapable of condemning others. And even if it dared to condemn, Socialism is deaf; and before it ran the risk of incurring the stripes of shame, it put on a hard tough skin, through which no pain can pierce. Bentham, and the French materialists, whom they translate and publish, have provided them amply with this. Our opinions, they say, are not in our power: they are made for by us our brain—by nerves, blood, skin, bones, sun, air, water, beef, mutton, brandy, everything we touch, or see, or taste—they grow, like potatoes in the ground; and as no potato can help being round or oblong, white or black, so no man's mind can resist the force which moulds it, and become other than it is made to become; and therefore all moral censure is unjust and criminal!

And here let us pause for a moment to warn any well-intentioned but not deeply-instructed antagonist against rashly venturing on the refutation of this metaphysical problem. Bishop Butler\* has shown them already the only mode, in which the doctrine of necessity, and materialism as connected with necessity, can be safely met. It is by denying, not the minor premiss, 'that man's agency depends on organisation,' but the major, 'that he is therefore irresponsible,' that the argument, if argument is ever to be tolerated, must be conducted. It is one of the great mysteries of our being, that we are most intimately connected with an external creation, with the machines of our bodies as well as with the other detached parts of the material world. It is a mystery, involved essentially in the very fact of a creation—for a creation without laws to guide it, rendering it dependent on the Creator; is incomprehensible, perhaps impossible. And whatever be the degree of our dependence upon a material organisation without us, there is evidence of it to some extent,—sufficient to em-

barrass the metaphysical discussion. And why should we wish to escape from the fact, when Christianity itself, beyond any other system, has declared the close communion of mind and body, and made the resurrection of the body a very article of faith? But besides this, Socialism is not dealing with it blindly. It has at its back Locke and the sensualists, and Marat and the materialist philosophers of the French revolution; and materialist physicians and metaphysicians of our own times; and the Scotch school, who have been urging us so long to analyse our mental movements, just as we analyse the physical world; and, above all, it has the phrenologists, who have done Socialism admirable service, as a link-boy to a hangman's cart. Let it therefore be remembered that this question of external organisation and influence has nothing in the world to do with the real object, for which its advocates support it, the irresponsibility of man. As Butler admirably shows, human responsibility, whether right or wrong, just or unjust—of which points, in our present defective knowledge, we cannot be competent judges—is a fact of experience. Whether or not it ought to co-exist with a dependence on external circumstances, we know that it does and will exist. We are punished, we are blained, censured and rewarded, liked and disliked, hated and loved, are thought good or bad, and must take the consequences of such opinions of our characters, however those characters are formed. So long as society has power, they will punish a murderer, whether he is influenced by his brain or not. So long as we have heart and head, we shall like one man more than another; shall approve such actions, and disapprove such others; shall follow up our likings and dislikings by acts of kindness or severity. Till man is disembowelled of his affections, till the works of his mechanism are taken out of him, he must feel and must act upon a distinction between good and evil. And Mr. Owen himself, whatever are his hopes of the millennium, when either men's likings and dislikings of moral actions shall cease altogether, or shall cease to influence their actions, as now he declares they do, has not yet exhibited any specimen of this anticipated phenomenon. He does himself praise and dispraise in very strong language: and though he acknowledges that he ought not to follow up his sentiments by any overt act, he does meditate an entire destruction of the characters, and opinions, and moral practices, which he so strongly detests. That in so doing he will cause considerable pain and inconvenience to those who adhere to the *old moral world* in preference to the *new* cannot be doubted; that he will justify his conduct by referring to the evil character of his antagonists' proceedings is equally clear; and also, that he will consider himself perfectly at liberty to deal with them



them according to their actions. Whether such dealings will be just or not is a question, into which we will not presume to enter. Mr. Owen himself declares they will be most unjust, for our actions to men ought in no way to be influenced by considerations of merit or demerit, good or evil : but that the dealings themselves will take place, we should be quite convinced, even without his repeated assertions that his whole system is founded with this object.

And here again it is singular to see how the infidel, in blaspheming Christianity, is compelled to adopt the very system which he contemns, omitting only those portions which make it practicable. We had thought that the Almighty Author of Christianity had, 1800 years ago, come down upon the earth, proclaiming the same melancholy fact of man's subjection to an external power, which, by himself, he was unable to control—speaking of him as ‘a captive,’ as ‘in prison,’ as ‘unable to get out,’ as ‘fast bound in misery and iron,’ as ‘the slave of his flesh, and of the prince of this world and of darkness.’ It was not left for the nineteenth century to make such a discovery. No good or wise man ever lived, who did not feel and groan over his state of bondage here upon earth ; and the very essence of vice is the omission of efforts to be free. But, of old, man also recognised within himself, not only his chains and fetters, but a spirit struggling to escape ; an eye turned up to heaven, looking longingly for release ; a voice crying for assistance, and catching at any sound which promised aid : this fact the new Folly has forgotten. Man is with it a slave, and a slave he is to remain, contentedly and inextricably—only society is to mould and form him anew, so as to prevent him from feeling his fetters. How society itself is ever to become emancipated from the influence of the old system—how the darkness in which we have been living could ever produce light, it is omitted to explain. If external impressions generate corresponding internal sensations, and those sensations again by necessity generate corresponding external acts, and these acts again generate more similar sensations, how in the world are we to escape from this never ending circle ? By some singular good luck the poor vain old man who has been dreaming of a new world, imagines that he has escaped from the fatality ; and, like Epicurus’ atoms, has struck out of the tram-road to originate an entirely new course. His ignorance is only equal to his conceit. His lamentations over the present state of man, his desire of something better, a great part of the improvement, which he meditates, are nothing but the hackneyed principles, on which every scheme of philosophy, religion, and society has been instituted since the world began. The only parts, which can claim

to be novelties, are no novelties in Newgate or in Bedlam. Few fanatics have risen up either in religion or in politics, without promising a *new moral world*, though few have hitherto dreamed of accomplishing it by such means as his, without it being necessary to commit them to the care either of a gaoler or a keeper. He is claiming by his own confession a miraculous power, a power to interrupt the course of necessity, to make, first, society and then man entirely different from what the laws of his nature must make him by the Socialists' own confession. And that such a power has been sent into the world, and is working in the world at this moment, Christians well know, and that the end will be in time a new moral world—a wholly new creation—where men will neither hate, nor covet, nor censure, nor punish, nor fear poverty, or famine, or sickness; when they shall have all things in common, and all things beyond the utmost abundance of their desires. But then neither will they be sensual, nor blasphemous, nor passive slaves of sense, nor criminals, nor atheists, nor selfish and self indulgent, nor vicious in any other form, which Mr. Owen hopes to reconcile with the bliss of his promised millennium.

There were unhappy heretics in the first centuries of the Church, who claimed the same power with him of establishing a New Moral World, but claimed it as messengers from heaven, as supernaturally inspired, wanting only one thing—credentials in the shape of miracles to attest their mission. Then came others, who would work the same wonder by an usurpation in the name of the Church. The founders of the religious orders were prophets of a New Moral World—all enemies to covetousness—all forbidders of marriage—all declared reformers of the existing evils of society. Then came a third body, the friars and the jesuits. They also would form a New Moral World; and some shadow of authority they possessed in the assumed supremacy of the Pope, to whom they professed to subject it. On them followed Anabaptists, and Brownists, and Fifth Monarchy men, and all the other enthusiasts who set to work to reform the Church, that is, to establish a New Moral World, without reference to precedent or law, as individual Christians only. But even they claimed divine illumination. And then we had politicians, with their new codes of laws and new theories of civil government, backed by the House of Commons and the headsman who decapitated their sovereign. And lastly came philosophers of science—men, who would extirpate all abuses from the face of the earth—and make their fellow-creatures virtuous and happy by knowledge—by mechanics' institutes, and penny magazines, and a board of education, and lectures at the London University—by teaching

teaching men that a cat is not a dog, that A is not B, that it takes so many inches to go round the earth, and so many more to go round the sun; that Romans once lived at Rome, and Greeks at Athens—that twenty and twenty make forty—that if you swallow arsenic, it will poison you—and if you plant acorns, they will certainly grow, and grow with their roots downwards and their boughs up in the air.—These men had their miracles likewise—their steam-engines, and railways, and printing-presses, and calculating machines, and iron animals, which did man service, and made his clothes, and ground his corn, like Homer's tripods. Such things they hailed as miracles, for the very reason that they were not miracles; that they were explicable by man's power to combine the laws of nature—while with the same mouth they denied the existence of any miracle whatever, which they could not by experience discover to be none at all.

And now, a fit conclusion! as if, having cast off the Church, and every semblance of a Church, and religion, and law, and statesmanship, and all philosophy but sense, one after the other, the human mind was now ready to believe anything, however gross, there comes a man without any credentials whatever, with a denial of all authority, either original or delegated, boasting himself 'a passive machine in the hands of fate,' a selfish, interested, solitary, unsupported propagator of a system yet unheard of in the world, and holding out only four nostrums as a panacea for all the ills of life—atheism, divorce, infanticide, and the destruction of master manufacturers;—and hundreds are found to follow him—not miserable starving beggars, or gentlemen, whose organisation has developed itself in the shape of pick-pockets or rioters, but what are called educated men—educated as the nineteenth century educates her children, to read and write—men who can translate French, and write grammatically, and quote the Bible—who have been head-clerks in counting-houses, teachers in Sunday schools, small surgeons, notaries public, middling shop-keepers, 'enlightened mechanics,' and even, it is a fact, persons who can afford to subscribe thousands for the propagation of this new mania.

Surely in all this, if we wanted such an evidence—if the state of the country did not show it on all other sides alike—there is proof of a judicial blindness falling on an age, which calls itself wise—whose sins are remaining on it, because, with thick darkness on its sight, it says that it can see. Surely if our hands are powerless to quell the nuisance—if we dare not touch it, lest its stench should break out further and poison the land—what must be our own weakness, and the surrounding corruption? What is  
to

to become of a nation, whose faith is so sickly that blasphemy, in the most silly of forms, is likely to overthrow it? Where are the powers of government, if it cannot, or dare not, punish what it professes to believe a hideous crime? What has become of public opinion—of that voice, which legislatures and judges, and priests, and kings, are appointed to sound trumpet-tongued throughout the land, proclaiming truth and goodness to a people, if it cannot speak without ruining what it is appointed to guard? If a dead beetle or any other noxious thing is found in a nest of ants, they do not carelessly proceed with their work, as if, by letting it remain, they would not ultimately be poisoned. They carry it away piecemeal, cover it up, destroy it, and never rest till it is destroyed, by the instinct which God has given them. And in the midst of this great country there is an organised society for the propagation of blasphemy and atheism; of maxims which destroy the very moral existence of man, and of foulnesses which cannot be written of—and yet this offensive carrion is to remain among us untouched—and swell in its putrescence, poisoning and defiling all around it! Is it because it is no nuisance, and blasphemy no crime—or because Englishmen are so seared in conscience that they would revenge its punishment as persecution?

For this, let us remember, is the real character of the nuisance. As a politico-economical speculation, Socialism has always failed, and always must fail. It is absurd, but it is comparatively innocent. Anything, which would put an end to the flagitious corruptions of our present manufacturing system—which would extinguish covetousness—which would prevent the accumulation of capital in a few hands, and distribute it among many—raising the mechanic from a mere drudge to comfort and independence—would indeed be a boon to the world. No Christian quarrels with this end—he only wonders, first, that man in his senses should think to accomplish it by the agency of joint-stock societies, uncontrolled by a higher and better power than their own; and, secondly, that the Church itself is not forming plans for some such institution under her own eye. But this politico-economical character is only the mask, under which the Owen sect has enrolled and legalised itself in the eye of the statutes. Mr. Tidd Pratt, they boast, has inspected their rules, and announced that they contain nothing contrary to the law. Surely we may observe, by the bye, this law\* should be looked at. It was not of old the practice to allow societies to shoot up like mushrooms in the heart of the state, subject to no visitation, and especially with such objects as the following—

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\* 10 Geo. IV., cap. 56, sec. 11.

‘The objects of this Society shall be to raise funds for mutual assistance, maintenance, and education, which funds shall be applied for the purchase or rental of land, whereon to erect suitable dwellings, and other buildings; wherein the members shall, by united labour, support each other, and arrange the powers of production, distribution, consumption, and education, so as to produce among the members feelings of pure charity and social affection for each other, and practically plant the standard of “peace and good will on earth,” towards all men.’—*Rules*, p. 11.

Where was the careless statesman who framed so lax a statute, under which a body of blasphemers, with nearly the very same watchword as that of the French Revolution, could enroll themselves in an organised form under the sanction of Mr. Tidd Pratt, and then defy the law?

‘It was,’ said the Bishop of Exeter, ‘not merely an English society. No; it was an universal society. It professed its determination to extend itself all over the world; but at present he believed it had not gone beyond France. At this moment its influence was felt in England, perhaps he should rather say in the British isles, to a very great extent. According to its code, Great Britain was divided into fourteen principal districts. A congress met annually which assumed to itself a legislative power for directing the whole proceedings of the general body. The congress assembled, he believed, at different points in different years. Two delegates were sent from all the places where there were charter branches of the society, not amounting to less than sixty-one. There was besides an executive body—the Central Court. He did not know how often that met; but he believed it was in a constant state and capacity of meeting. That body superintended the formation of associations throughout the land, and appointed missionaries to each of the fourteen districts into which the United Kingdom was divided by the society. There were no fewer than 350 towns regularly visited by those missionaries. Very small sums were individually contributed for their support. Twopence, threepence, and even less, was contributed by each member. But such was their number, that the subscription afforded those missionaries not less than 30s. per week, which, with other incidental advantages, made the situation a matter of importance to persons in their situation of life.’—*Speech*, p. 3.

These missionaries attend public meetings of all kinds for the purpose of obtruding their views; 350 places are already exposed to their pollutions, and upwards of 100,000 members are reckoned among their hearers. Their blasphemies themselves have been already exposed in the Bishop of Exeter’s Speech, and we may spare our readers the pain of quoting them; but the fundamental axiom which they put forth is the denial of a God, and of a future state, and this is stated broadly and nakedly, without equivocation, or any philosophical envelopment. In the case of lectures against their system, they anxiously promote discussion. They make regular

gular reports of their progress, distribute an immense number of tracts, (our table at this moment is covered with them,) cheap, not ungrammatically written; some veiled in something like philosophical language, others putting forward blasphemy and infidelity in the grossest form. They are men conceited, pragmatical, and busy, who have had a half-and-half education, and some experience perhaps in organising other local societies; the very class, let us remind the Church, who would have been made her most efficacious agents in disseminating truth among the poor, had they been taken up by a perfect Church system, and educated properly through a sound organisation of middle schools; and one thing is especially to be observed, that, as they act as individuals, they are enabled to put forth the secret opinions of the society in the boldest shape, without compromising the society itself.

This propagation of blasphemy was no part of Mr. Owen's original proposition. It is an afterthought, but, like many other afterthoughts, it seems to have swallowed up the original intention. Mr. Owen commenced *only with excluding religion under the pretence of admitting all*. It was the fault which Mr. Southey found with him. And it would have been happy if that distinguished man had been induced, by such a deficiency, to abstain from any panegyric on the person, of whose scheme it formed a feature. But when a man is to be condemned, or punished, and held up to scorn in the most efficacious way, we exclude him from society, we send him to Coventry. And so it is with the exclusion of positive religion from any place where, naturally and properly, it may hold a station. No blasphemy so effectually condemns it.

What, then, are the doctrines of this 'rational religion?' Atheism? Assuredly not. Atheism is as much an impossibility as the disbelief of one's own existence; for no man can be conscious that he exists himself without being conscious also that something else exists beyond him, to which he must conform himself—which is a power beyond and above him—and of which he will make his God. And yet Atheism is its profession, the material world being all the while its God:—

'We have been requested to state our opinion respecting that, at present, to us, mysterious Power, "which directs the atom, and controls the aggregate of nature."

'We reply, *That human knowledge is not sufficiently advanced to enable us to state, upon this subject, more than probable conjectures, derived from those laws of nature which have been made known to us.*

'From these laws we deduce the following conjectures, as probable truths:—

'1st. That an eternal, uncaused Existence has ever filled the universe, and is, therefore, omnipresent.

'2nd. That this eternal, uncaused, omnipresent Existence possesses attributes to "direct the atom and control the aggregate of nature;" in other words, to govern the universe as it is governed.

'3rd. That these attributes, being eternal and infinite, are incomprehensible to man.

'4th. That these eternal and infinite attributes are, probably, those laws of nature by which, at all times, in all places, the operations of the universe are incessantly continued.

'5th. That it is of no importance by what name men call this eternal, uncaused, omnipresent existence, because such names alter nothing, explain nothing; and man knows the forms and qualities of those existences around him only so far as his senses have been made to perceive them.

'6th. That, if this Power had desired to make the nature of its existence known to man, it would have enabled him to comprehend it, without mystery or doubt.

'7th. That, as this knowledge has not yet been given to or acquired by man, it is not essential to his well-being and happiness.

'8th. That man is formed to be what he is by this Power; and that the object of his existence is the attainment of happiness.

'9th. That the Power which made man cannot ever, in the slightest iota, be changed in its eternal course, by the request or prayer of so small and insignificant a being as man is, when compared with the universe and its operations.

'10th. That all dissensions among men, on these mere *speculative* matters, are the greatest mistakes that man has ever made, and are now the most formidable obstacles to his attainment of happiness—the ultimate object of his nature.

'11th. That, for the convenience of discourse, it is necessary that some concise term should be adopted, by which to designate this eternal, uncaused, omnipresent Power; and that the term God is, perhaps, as unexceptionable for this purpose as any one word that can be employed; and it has the additional recommendation of general use in its favour.

'12th. That, therefore, this eternal, uncaused, infinite, incomprehensible Power, will probably be called God in the Millennium.

'The next question which has been asked is, What is the whole duty of man to this Power?

'We reply, *That the whole duty of man is to attain the object of his existence; which is, to be happy himself, to make his fellow-beings happy, and to endeavour to make the existence of all that are formed to feel pleasure and pain, as delightful as his knowledge and power, and their nature, will admit.*

'"What!" will the superstitious and irrational exclaim, "no compulsory, or *state* religion—no forms and ceremonies—no temples—no prayers—no gloom—no mortification of the flesh or spirit—no anger on account of religious differences—no religious persecution? What! friendship, and kindness, and charity for Jew and Gentile? What! nothing to be done by man for the glory of God, but to make himself  
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and all other living beings as happy as possible? This is downright blasphemy and infidelity!"

'Yes, this is what men trained according to the notions of the old immoral world think and say; it is the language of insanity and madness; and, as men have hitherto been trained to be insane or mad, it is natural for them thus to feel and express themselves.

'But in the Millennium state, to produce happiness will be the only religion of man; and the worship of God will consist in the practice of active benevolence and useful industry; in the acquisition of knowledge, in uniformly speaking the language of truth, and in the expression of the joyous feelings which a life in accordance with nature and truth is sure to produce.

'Thus will a religion be established which will offend no sensible man, be adopted first by the intelligent and rational of all sects, in all countries, and afterwards by the human race, when it shall become one nation and one people, having one language and one interest, and when Truth, or the "knowledge of the Lord, shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."'—*Robert Owen's New Moral World*, vol. ii. No. 5.

If the miserable man who wrote this trash knew anything of that mighty Nature, whose laws he dares to speak of, the very first thing which he would be compelled to recognise is, that he is placed from his birth in a covenant with it. Why will he not thrust his hand into the fire? Because the fire declares that, if he does, it will burn him. Why will he not attempt to walk upon the water? Because the water threatens to drown him. And yet the fire will warm, and the water will refresh him, if he will learn their nature and submit to their laws. Ay, and these stern, inexorable elements, which can thus destroy him in a moment—without whose ministering aid his life cannot subsist for a day—which, when he disobeys or neglects them, break loose to ravage cities and swallow up navies, are yet, to those who will obey them, who will recur to mediating powers which they submit to, as docile and as flexible as infants. Who shall dare to say that the Spirit, which made man, cannot be bent by prayers of man, when the hard and senseless matter, which He has placed against us like a rock, becomes yielding as water to the hand, when we have learned and conformed ourselves to the mediations which He has appointed? And what is the first thing which this poor worshipper of Nature will have to learn? A creed, a formula of faith, describing the laws of Nature, its attributes, its mysteries—for mysteries they must be before they have been reduced to his own personal experiences. And is this creed a short or easy one? No, it contains the whole code of every branch of physical science. And is it of little consequence? Will it bear to be trifled with? Will it be punctilious and scrupulous in exacting a most rigid conformity, even to an iota of the truth, under penalty  
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of entire destruction? What does this rational religionist say to the damnatory clauses in that Athanasian creed of nature, according to which he believes, that a spark dropped in a powder-magazine—a mere spark, dropped carelessly, doubtfully, ignorantly, will explode it as well as a conflagration—by which a pin's head of deviation from the right line will hurl a man over a precipice—by which a touch will spread a plague through a nation as well as universal contact? These creeds, therefore, are to be learned by him at his peril. And learned how? He answers, by experience. By experience! What will become of the child, who is to learn the suffocating law of water by running into it; and the universality of that law by running into it always?—who must not abstain from putting his finger into the candle, until after a valid number of experiments—who must taste and empty all the bottles in his mother's medicine-chest, before he is convinced that they are poisons? Mr. Owen, of whose sanity the Bishop of Exeter may well doubt, and wish to doubt, founds all knowledge on experience; and experience, we think, will inform him, if nothing better has done so before, that it is wisest, and safest, and most usual, to learn our creeds of Nature from the testimony of men—to begin with taking Newton's word for the movement of the planets—to consult Dr. Buckland when we are boring for coal—to go to Sir Henry Hallford or Sir Astley Cooper if we require to know the mode by which a fever is to be quenched, or a bone set. Experience, we think, would tell him that testimony—the testimony of man—testimony, not so much to opinion, but to facts—is the very sheet-anchor of our existence, the guide of our actions, the record of the past, the light of the future, the criterion of truth, the foundation of belief. What right has Mr. Owen, or Mr. Anybody, to advise, or rebuke, or form plans, or propagate opinions, except on the validity of testimony? And therefore, when he stands before the Power of Nature, and asks how to discover its laws, the first warning of that Power is, that he look carefully to testimony—consult those who have studied it before, to whom it has revealed itself already. And where are they to be found? Has that same Power left him without such witnesses and guides? How came he to be born with parents? How is it that the very presence of a fellow-man is a warning to him, and a teacher? *Qui habet comitem, habet magistrum.* How is it that he is born into a state of society under kings, magistrates, legislators, and tutors, whose interest and duty it is to testify to him his own interest and duty? No, Nature has not left this need of man unprovided for. She has given him a cloud of witnesses to her material laws; founded a Church of science, as well as of religion,

and lords, they never can expect *these* to be others than tyrants and madmen ;—but Mr. Owen's denunciation is more extensive—

' Thus, also, have the middle classes of society, in what are most erroneously called civilized countries, been made, by the existing classification, anything but rational beings.

' The professions, civil and military, the leading merchants, bankers, manufacturers, and tradesmen, are, one and all, systematically trained, by the objects and persons around them, to become deprived of every rational perception, and fit only to occupy one of the larger or smaller cells in our, at present, terrestrial lunatic asylums.

' It is indeed doubtful whether they have yet advanced so far as to admit their best and kindest friends to attempt their cure, without arousing all their angry or irrational feelings. For, hitherto, when their least mentally injured and most disinterested fellow-men have made, at great personal risk, some effort to convince them of some important error, and to show them a valuable truth, these comparatively wise men have uniformly experienced severe persecution, and many of them have suffered death, and some even under the most excruciating tortures.

' These so-called civil professions are real enemies, and most formidable ones too, to the human race. They destroy the minds and morals of all, and materially injure the health of all ; they are, in fact, the cause of all the deception and hypocrisy which spoil the human character, and make the earth a pandemonium instead of a terrestrial paradise ; a paradise which truth, with the progress already attained in the arts and sciences, would now soon form it to become. The irrationality of these professions will appear the more glaring, when it is called to mind that individuals are taken out of families to be trained to deceive and prey upon the other members of the family ; for the priests, lawyers, and medical men, continually deceive and prey upon every other class in society, but especially upon the agriculturists, manufacturers, merchants, traders and operatives, who they consider are trained to be their dupes, and are fair game, from whom to make their fortunes.'

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We see that two self-constituted societies, called the City of London Mission, and the Christian Instruction Society, have taken, one of them the theatre of the London Mechanics' Institution, and the other a chapel near Red Lion Square, in which courses of lectures have been delivered on the subject of Socialism. If these are merely lectures, not *discussions*—such as have been rashly undertaken in many parts of the manufacturing districts, to the great triumph and encouragement of the Socialists—the principal thing to be lamented is—that parties should have ventured on the task, who, by their own principles, must be defeated in it; for we observe they are almost exclusively *Dis-senters*; and Owenism, we beg to assure them, is only a species of Dissent.

The lists of these lecturers and their chosen topics are before us; and we must confess ourselves entirely in the dark if they, one and all, mean anything but an appeal to the understanding, to the moral sentiments, to the personal interests, and the personal

personal experience of each hearer, as the proper standard by which to measure Divine truth, and right and wrong. If this be not the standard appealed to, what is it? Is it revealed law? But the Dissenters must prove the fact of their revelation, and for this they must go to the witness, the historical witness of the church—for its witness not only to the simple fact, but to the definite form of the revelation itself: since a revelation not definite is a contradiction in terms. But throw themselves on this, and what becomes of dissent? If there be this positive witness, why secede from, and set it at nought? And, therefore, dissent dares not grapple with these blasphemies by bringing forward a positive, definite, external, revealed law; and its other standard the blasphemer will gladly accept, for it is the very foundation of his system. We do go by our reason, they will say, and we do not understand Christianity; and, therefore, we reject it. We do act according to our conscience, and our conscience is shocked at nothing which promises to be useful. We do lay, with you, the greatest stress on morality, on charity, on the absurdity of fixed theological creeds, of established hierarchies. We consult, as you recommend, our own interests, and find it much more agreeable to make a paradise upon earth at once than to struggle on in fearful obedience with the prospect of heaven at a distance. We have read the Bible, as you recommend—the Bible, and the Bible alone—by ourselves;—not carelessly, for the innumerable inconsistencies which we produce in it show we have studied it deliberately. To you it seems inspired, to us not; and who will decide between us? We do agree with you, that marriage is not a rite which requires to be solemnly consecrated by God's appointed ministers: therefore, it is left to man's will—therefore we may do as we like with it, and we think it very inconvenient, and are logical and bold enough to remove the inconvenience without any prudery or false shame. You appeal to the misery of vice. We have no intention to be vicious. We mean to be prudent, and temperate, and amiable—to omit nothing from our catalogue of virtues but that one item of Christianity, on which item you yourselves evidently are quite in the dark, quarrelling with yourselves, and only agreeing in separating from a body, who have authority, which you want, for their belief, and in protesting against its receiving the assistance of the State to make your fellow-creatures Christians. Like you, we have a right to our opinions; and if any of you are now too prejudiced under circumstances to be reformed up to our point, the young, at least, will understand us, and appreciate our proposal for their happiness.

And to this there can be no answer.

But the Church has a very different ground. It must raise up  
more

more boldly than ever its historical testimony to the fact of a revelation, and to the definiteness of the revelation itself. Beyond this, it has no concern with minds without its pale. When it has given its witness publicly '*to what it has seen and heard,*' its task is done, and God will do the rest. For those within it, who acknowledge that testimony, and act upon it, it may pour out the whole abundance of its knowledge, to show the reasonableness, and wisdom, and benevolence, and usefulness of the system which, as coming from God, we are bound and glory to receive, whether we can explain it or not. And we are rejoiced to see that one of the most valuable members whom the Church can boast, Dr. Hook—who is happily stationed at Leeds where the Socialists have fixed their head-quarters—is engaged with a body of his brother clergymen in composing and disseminating some very judicious tracts for this purpose. Few persons have done more for the Church than Dr. Hook; and his view of the mode in which the evil must be met, is worthy of his high reputation. But the very first lesson to be taught to churchmen is to listen to no suggestions, to read no books, to attend no meetings, to abstain from polluting themselves by any communication whatever with infidels and blasphemers. It is the rule laid down in the Church—by the Bible—by common prudence, which prohibits the indulgence of curiosity in tasting poisons, or the attacking an enemy rashly with weapons, which we do not know how to use; and, happily, in this case, there can be nothing to confuse its application, as when poor people are led away to dissenting chapels, under the notion that they only hear the same truths as in the Church. Punishment is the only form by which a Christian can recognise them, and punishment by the law of the land.

If to this the Church could add her own solemn Excommunication, it would be a movement of incalculable importance. Excommunication, even Locke confesses, is no persecution. It is a privilege essential to the very existence of a religious society, indeed of any society. There never was a case in which its reasonableness would be more intelligible, or its duty more obviously imperative. It would act as a solemn warning—convey the denunciations of the Church in a clear and indisputable form to every part of the country. It would remind men of the great truth, that the Church has within her power a fountain of spiritual blessings, which she can open and shut, which she herself trusts in unfeignedly, which she will not permit to be profaned, however others may scorn them. And the first step to make others recognise the existence of a privilege is to exert it ourselves. It would be an act of authority wholly independent of the State. It would also be an act of power, like a city surrounded

rounded by enemies, who had gone out and come in at their pleasure, at last rousing itself, and shutting its gates; and the moment the Church begins to show this power, it will find numbers to rejoice in it, and throw themselves under her protection. Socialism itself is a symptom of the craving now rising on all sides for the development of some realised society out of the present disorganised atoms of our civil and ecclesiastical ruins. If in the present anomalous state of the law any temporal evil, such as outlawry, followed the excommunication, it would be necessary to clear this away, and let the spiritual punishment stand quite alone. The man, indeed, on whom it fell might laugh at it as a penalty for which he cared nothing; but the Church itself would be invigorated and relieved, and animated for fresh exertions; and the clergy, especially, would be saved from one most painful and distressing situation, to which they are now exposed. There is nothing to prevent these blasphemers from bringing a dead body to the church, and compelling the clergyman by the law of the land to read the burial service over it. Even now there are numberless instances, in which the existing state of this law, and the suspension of the act of excommunication, press most anxiously on the minds of the clergy. But what would be the mockery, and triumph, and ridicule, the perplexity of ignorant Christians, the humiliation of the clergyman, the doubt thrown on the reality of all we hear uttered and professed by ministers of God in the most solemn of moments, if a man, whose profession it has been to defame the Bible, to insult Christianity, to deny God, to mock at another life, may claim to have his remains accompanied to the grave with the same words of comfort and thanksgiving which are uttered over the body of a Christian! It is scarcely possible to imagine a circumstance which would inflict a more deadly blow on the character of the Church, and on the faith of its members. It may be hoped that the same Providence, which has already roused the heads of the Church to attack the nuisance in the legislature, will save it from this calamity under their own spiritual jurisdiction.

And yet, even if this be done, and if the law succeeds in repressing all overt acts of blasphemy, will the Church be satisfied? Will all be safe? No! most assuredly not! The Church never can be satisfied—religion, and virtue, and obedience, and loyalty never can be free from these outrages, again and again to be repeated, so long as things continue in their present position. Socialism has not dropped from the clouds, but sprung out of the earth. It is the rank produce of a rank soil, uncultivated, and full of poison.

How is it, that our manufacturing towns, occupying as they do  
the

the very vitals of the country, are hot-beds of this profligacy and sedition? First, because they are full of poverty. But poverty will increase and multiply until either some legislative enactment, or the ruin, which sooner or later must fall on unbridled competition, or the growth of manufactures in foreign countries, shall have put limits to our present unbounded market and gambling speculations, and made demand regular, and wages adequate. You may destroy your corn-laws, and with them your agricultural population, and so purchase a short respite from ruin to the master—though none to the workmen—but competition will only advance so much more rapidly, the convulsions of trade become more frequent, the population more alarmingly corrupt. But, if the market is diminished, what is to become of the population created by the present demand? You must provide for them by colonisation, both abroad and on our own waste lands. Still there is the influx of Irish labourers. Now there are poor-laws in Ireland; this ought to be stopped. Then rise up the national encumbrances. How is our debt to be paid, if our manufactures are curtailed? We answer, that, if our manufactures continue as they are, they will in a few years generate sufficient power to sweep away at one explosion, not only a national debt, but a national constitution, a national religion, a national name. Any amount of debt may be tolerated, if the heart and mind of the people is sound and healthy. None will be safe, if corruption advances as at present.

But who then is to attempt to grapple with this dense mass of population, and throw this chaos into form and order? It must be the Church; without the Church, the State is powerless. It cannot teach, nor guide, nor watch over, nor infuse moral principles, nor communicate, what is greatest of all, that, without which all other things must fail, the supernatural power to resist evil, and work out good—without the Church. And never had a Church to perform a task so grand or so difficult. Oh, that she would raise herself up to fulfil it as she ought! Oh, that she would look the whole battle in the face; measure it in its height and breadth; measure her own weakness first, and gather up her arms for the conflict; that, if she did not conquer, at least she might perish nobly. One thing she has provided in abundance, the written word; but bibles alone are powerless. The Socialists have bibles, read them, quote them, and even praise them, in defence of Atheism. Churches she is now adding, and with an energy, if not equal—or anything like equal—to the demand, yet full of comfort for the present, and hope for the future. But churches require preachers; and preachers will produce churches much more easily than churches will produce preachers. We want

want clergymen — a whole army of clergy, sufficient to act regularly, consistently, efficaciously, on the millions who are dependent upon them. What should we say to a Secretary of State, who proposed to keep the population of London in order by twenty or thirty policemen? What should we think of a schoolmaster who, single-handed, undertook the education of 1000 boys? And yet the moral police, the spiritual education, and in that all the other education of the English people, is in this condition. And why is it thus? Because the Church has no means of sending out more labourers—She is impoverished. And yet in some way or other this miserable blank must be supplied. We want some bold and master hand to trace out the old outlines of our ecclesiastical polity—not those excrescences added on by Romanism, which only encumbered and pulled down by their own weight the original solid walls, but—all that really belonged to the old Catholic scheme of Christianity; and to lay the foundations anew, or raise a new building on their ruins. Of these the very first part required is a nursery for the clergy. At present we have none. The Universities give general education; and a very imperfect outline (for they cannot do more) of the rudiments of Theology. But we want seminaries, which shall create a body of men, who may be most useful in the Church without having been able to incur the necessary expenses of an University education. For these we must look to our Cathedrals, if the Providence, which has hitherto postponed the deadly blow aimed at the Church through them, is continued to preserve them. The Bishops of Chichester, and Bath and Wells, have already formed plans of this kind: and the seminaries thus established may be judiciously fed, both from the national schools and the middle schools, now forming under diocesan superintendence, so as to draw off from the inferior classes the most gifted and intelligent scholars, raise them to a highly respectable position in society, save them from becoming, as they now become, the half-instructed, half-witted agents of mischief, and bind the classes from which they are taken to the interests of religion, as the Irish poor are attached to their Romanist system, by opening to them an entrance into the highest spiritual offices, from which they are now generally excluded. In this diocesan-education plan, and in the germs of a clerical education-system lying dormant in our cathedral institutions, there are the rudiments of a grand design for rebuilding the walls of the Church, and let us pray that they may be fully developed.

But this is not all. Until we have opened our eyes to the great crying mistake in our present system, no multiplication of clergy will effect much. When the Duke of Wellington was re-



solved to stand the charge of the enemy's army, or to charge them himself, it was not his practice, we are sure, to spread his troops, soldier by soldier, with spaces of miles between each, over a whole country. No! he threw them into dense columns—into hollow squares; and we must form our clergy into dense columns and hollow squares. We must have colleges of clergy established throughout the land—not monasteries, let us remember—we want no vow of celibacy, no vow of poverty, no self-invented asceticism, no new excrescence in the Church exempted from the discipline of the Bishop;—all these were inventions of man, and they ended, as such inventions obtruded on the plans of God naturally would end, in the crimes of Popery and of the Reformation. But we do want, in our parochial system, collegiate bodies, which may give mutual support to the clergy, which may exhibit to the eyes of the people a permanent, living, moral power in the Church—not subject to the errors, and infirmities, and mutability of individuals—which shall grasp their minds as with a hand, not, as now, attempt it with a little finger, from which the thumb and other fingers have been mutilated. Such bodies, properly organised, would, in the first place, be the best and most appropriate provision for the additional parochial clergy. They would maintain them at the least expense; confer on them a respectability and dignity which would render them indifferent to smallness of income—enable them to continue their studies—to divide their labours—to bring under their immediate superintendence the many important operations which, to be well performed, must be carried on by the Church herself—such as educating the young, assisting the poor, contriving plans for bettering their condition, not wholly unlike Mr. Owen's with the one exception of their being systematically religious; and providing refuges and occupations for the many of all classes, who now lie idle and unhappy about our country towns, and dissipated watering-places, with good feelings, and active minds, and small incomes—all ill-employed, but who, under proper training and instruction under such collegiate bodies, might form a most important part of the moral machinery of the Church. Not one of these ends can be accomplished till, as of old, our clergy are stationed in colleges. The Bishop of London, we are rejoiced to hear, has made the first step towards this grand restoration, by an establishment of the kind in one of the worst districts of the metropolis; and he deserves the gratitude of the Church for showing us such an example.

When this has been done, then we shall be able to attack, boldly and successfully, the real root of all this mischief—the self-will of man. Raise up legislators, or witnesses to the laws, whom the people will respect, and you may teach them to respect

*law*

*law* itself; and until we all have learned, from the highest to the lowest, to respect *law*, Socialism, in some form or other—that is, discontent with the condition in which we live—contempt for the will, and the revelation, and institutions of God—vain, conceited schemes of reformation—mischievous associations for carrying them into practice—shameless defiances of appointments which shackle our self-indulgence—and irrational reasonings on mysteries beyond our reach—this, which is the spirit of Socialism, will continue to prevail among us; and its irruption upon religion, and morality, and society, in the gross naked form, in which it has now been laid bare, will only be a question of time.

Lawlessness is our sin and our curse throughout the whole range of society—in our morals as in our politics—in our philosophy as in religion—in our practice as in theory. We despise antiquity, abhor restraint, recognise no power beyond us, and in the mists of a vague speculation overlook all the limits and warnings, which God, and not mere experience, has raised up to be our guides. It was not so with those great men, to whom we owe our liberties and grandeur; it never was so with any man deserving the name of greatness, or wisdom, or goodness—for man is never great except in submission to law, never wise but when he distrusts himself, never good but when obedience triumphs over self-indulgence. Few things, indeed, so strike a thoughtful mind as the timid, cautious, superstitious delicacy, with which the best of past generations recognised the obligation of *law*. Even when to common eyes its lines were scarcely visible, they seemed to feel them—they moved about with caution, as certain blinded animals avoid by instinct the net spread before them. ‘Our polity,’ says Bracton,\* ‘is founded upon usage.’ Our common law is governed by precedent; our religion established upon authority; our church system modelled after antiquity; our property perpetuated by inheritance; our government based upon succession; the dearest rights and liberties of Englishmen claimed not as new inventions, but as our ancient and undoubted birth-right. We owed everything to our fathers, we trusted nothing to our will.† So men used to think; so they will think again, if Providence has yet in store for us the rescue of this country from destruction;—and they, who would aid in this great work, whether in resistance to Socialism or to any other nuisance must here take their stand, and teach others to stand likewise. When schemes for man’s improvement are imagined, they will test them by the statute-law of a past and adequate experience.

\* Cum autem fere in omnibus regionibus utantur legibus et jure scripto, sola Anglia usa est in suis finibus jure non scripto et consuetudine.—Bracton, lib. i. c. 1.

† See Burke *French Revolution*, quarto edit. p. 57.

When infidelity starts up, they will crush it with the historical fact of an indisputable definite revelation. When nature's laws are outraged, they will support them by the positive commands of God. They will not hope for any Millenium in the future, which is to begin by overturning the past and mocking the present.

They will not be afraid of that prejudice of antiquity 'which makes a man's virtue his habit, and his duty a part of his nature.\*' They will not cut off that chain of association, which links them to the whole human race, to all that have been, and all that are to come, by a mutual responsibility and dependence—which gives them their partnership in society, not in the perishable atoms of the day, but in the one eternal system which holds all generations together—'a partnership in all science—a partnership in all art—a partnership in every virtue and in all perfection.†' They will not act as if they were 'masters of their possession in the state—not cut off the entail, or commit waste on the inheritance, by destroying at their pleasure the fabric of their society, hazarding to leave to those who come after them a ruin instead of an habitation, and teaching these successors as little to respect their contrivances as they had themselves respected the institutions of their forefathers.‡' They will be quiet instead of restless, humble instead of ignorant, willing to learn, and cautious to teach; as tolerant of conscientious error as they are firm in condemning the error, and zealous in enlightening the conscience. They will never dream of 'beginning reformation by subversion'—of sacrificing justice to indulge benevolence—as if any benevolence could exist apart from order, and one man could possibly be benefited by the injury of another. They will venerate the doctrines of their religion and the constitution of their country; not as a bundle of statutes, worm-eaten and illegible, which any hand may cast behind the fire, or scrawl over with visionary projects; but as a body of imperishable truths above and beyond all temporary edicts—which were spoken by the mouth of God or written in the heart of man long before Englishmen existed; which, to the envy of the world, our forefathers embodied in their practice *because* they came from God; which they clung to in every Revolution, and chained down the State upon them—so that neither in war nor peace, nor in the usurpation of kings, nor superstitions of popes, nor popular madness, nor the downfall of dynasties, nor vicissitudes of fortunes, not even in the heat of successful resistance to oppression, did they let loose the polity of their country or the faith of their Church, to be carried up recklessly into the air, and torn about by every wind of heaven. They

\* See Burke, *French Revolution*, quarto edit. p. 124.

† *Ibid.* p. 136.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 134.

Beheld upon Thy melancholy boughs  
 The Harps unstrung of Israel's captive band,  
 When heart, and voice, and orisons, and vows  
 Refused the haughty Victor's stern command  
 To move great Sion's festal lay sublime,  
 To mingle heavenly strains of joy with tears,  
 To sing the Lord's song in a stranger's clime,  
 And chant the holy hymn to heathen ears.  
 Down by Euphrates' side They sat and wept,  
 In sorrow mute, but not to memory dead ;  
 Oh Sion!—voice and harp in stillness slept,  
 But the pure mindful tear for Thee was shed :  
 To Thee beloved Sion! vain were given  
 Blessing, and Honor, Wealth and Power—in vain  
 The glorious present Majesty of Heaven  
 Irradiated Thy chosen holy Fane!  
 Fallen from Thy God, the heathen's barbarous hand  
 Despoils thy Temple, and thine Altar stains ;  
 Rest of Her Children mourns the Parent Land,  
 And in Her dwellings death-like silence reigns.  
 Rise, sacred Tree! a monument to tell  
 How Vanity and Folly lead to Woe ;  
 Under what wrath unfaithful Israel fell,  
 What mighty arm laid Babel's triumphs low.  
 Rise, sacred Tree! on Thames's gorgeous shore,  
 To warn the People, and to guard the Throne ;  
 Teach them, their pure religion to adore,  
 And foreign Faiths, and Rites, and Poms disown!  
 Teach them, that their Forefathers' noble race,  
 With Virtue, Liberty, and Truth combined,  
 And honest Zeal, and Piety, and Grace,  
 The Throne and Altar's strength have intertwined:  
 The lofty glories of the Land and Main,  
 The stream of Industry, and Trade's proud course,  
 The Majesty of Empire to sustain,  
 God's Blessing on sound Faith is Britain's force.  
 Me, when Thy shade and Thames's meads and flowers ,  
 Invite to soothe the cares of waning age,  
 May Memory bring to Me my long-past hours  
 To calm my soul, and troubled thoughts assuage!  
 Come, parent Eton! turn the stream of time  
 Back to Thy sacred fountain crowned with bays!  
 Recall my brightest, sweetest days of Prime!  
 When all was hope, and triumph, joy, and praise.

Guided by Thee I raised my youthful sight  
 To the steep solid heights of lasting fame,  
 And hailed the beams of clear ethereal light  
 That brighten round the Greek and Roman name.

O Blest Instruction! friend to generous youth!  
 Source of all good! you taught me to intertwine  
 The Muse's laurel with eternal truth,  
 And wake Her lyre to strains of Faith Divine.

Firm, incorrupt, as in life's dawning morn,  
 Nor swayed by novelty, nor public breath,  
 Teach me false censure, and false fame to scorn,  
 And guide my steps through honor's paths to death.

And Thou Time-honoured Fabric stand! A Tower  
 Impregnable, a bulwark of the state!  
 Untouched by visionary Folly's Power,  
 Above the Vain, and Ignorant, and Great!

The Mighty Race with cultured minds adorn  
 And Piety, and Faith; congenial Pair!  
 And spread Thy gifts through Ages yet unborn,  
 Thy Country's Pride, and Heaven's parental Care!—pp.14-17.

Lord Wellesley adds in a note, that '*a reform of Eton College, on the principles of the new system of education, has been menaced by high authority.*'—If Eton has not very much degenerated, Lord Wellesley's beautiful deprecation of the menaced reforms is a sufficient proof that they are supremely unnecessary.

Our last extract shall be his lordship's last production—also in Latin and English—in which, however, contrary to the opinion expressed on the last specimen, we rather prefer the translation to the original.

INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB OF MISS BROUGHAM, THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY BROUGHAM, WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN. HER LIFE WAS A CONTINUAL ILLNESS; BUT HER SUFFERINGS WERE ALLEVIATED BY AN AMIABLE, CHEERFUL, LIVELY, AND GAY TEMPER OF MIND, WHICH WAS A CONSTANT SOURCE OF CONSOLATION TO HER SELF, AND TO HER AFFLICTED PARENTS AND FAMILY.

'Blanda Anima e cunis heu! longo exercita morbo  
 Inter Maternas heu! lacrymasque Patriæ,  
 Quas risu lenire Tuo jucunda solebas,  
 Et levis, et proprii vix memor Ipsa mali;  
 I pete cælestes ubi nulla est cura recessus!  
 Et Tibi sit nullo mista dolore quies!'

[Translated.]

'Doomed to long suffering from your earliest years,  
 Amidst your parents' grief and pain, alone  
 Cheerful and gay, you smiled to sooth their tears;  
 And in their agonies forgot your own;

Go, gentle Spirit! and among The Blest  
From grief and pain eternal be thy rest.'—pp. 18, 19.

These verses, like all that we have quoted, and indeed all that we have not, are elegant and amiable—creditable to the scholar and the man; but of all, our judgment assigns the palm to those on the *Salix Babylonica*, which would be remarkable for their elegance and spirit, their force and feeling, if written in the full vigour of youth, by one who made poetry his chief pursuit; but when it is recollected that they are the production of a statesman who has spent his life in such very different and absorbing occupations—who was the parliamentary companion of Mr. Pitt in his greatest struggles—who has been Governor-General of India (and such a Governor-General)—Ambassador to Spain, when Spain was to be raised from the dead—Secretary of State at home, and Lord Lieutenant in 'still-vexed' Ireland; and above all, that the piece is written in his *eightieth year*—it appears to us not merely one of the best productions of the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, but a literary curiosity almost without parallel. It fully proves, we think, the happy accomplishment of the wishes expressed in the *rotive* and very appropriate motto, which Lord Wellesley has prefixed to his volume:—

' Valido mihi  
Latoë donec, et, precor, integrâ  
Cum mente, nec turpem senectam  
Degere, nec CITHARA CARENTEM! '

HOR. Ode xxxi., l. i.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Iniquities of the Opium Trade with China.* By the Rev. A. S. Thelwall, of Trinity College, Cambridge, M. A.
2. *The Opium Crisis. A Letter addressed to Charles Elliot, Esq., Chief Superintendent of the British Trade with China.* By an American Merchant (King), resident at Canton.
3. *The Rupture with China, and its Causes, in a Letter to Lord Viscount Palmerston.* By a Resident in China.
4. *The Opium Question.* By Samuel Warren, Esq., F. R. S., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.
5. *Brief Observations respecting the pending Disputes with the Chinese, and a proposal for bringing them to a satisfactory Conciliation.*
6. *Some Pros and Cons of the Opium Question, with a few Suggestions regarding British Claims on China.*
7. *The Opium Question as between Nation and Nation.* By a Barrister-at-Law.
8. *Is the War with China a just one?* By H. Hamilton Lindsay

Lindsay, late of the Hon. East India Company's Service in China.

9. *The Chinese Vindicated, in Reply to S. Warren, Esq.* By Capt. T. H. Bullock, of H. H. the Nizam's Army.

10. *Correspondence relating to China. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.* 1840.

11. *Additional Correspondence, do. do. do.*

**THOUGH** some of the publications, whose titles are here enumerated, may not be considered of much importance, yet their number will serve to show that the subject they embrace is highly so. No. 1. Mr. Thelwall, true to his text, has heaped such a mass of 'iniquities' on the traders in opium, and on the cultivators of the poppy in India, as, if strictly true, would overwhelm the whole parties concerned with shame and remorse. He admits, however, that he knows nothing of either India or China—which indeed is proved by his book. The only pages of the least use are those appropriated to a collection of edicts and proclamations, printed at Canton, which throw considerable light on the motives of the recent proceedings on the part of the Chinese. The remainder of the *farrago libelli* is hashed up chiefly from the exaggerated statements collected, from hearsay only, by the Missionary Medhurst. 2. This is an ingenious, smart, but self-conceited, and, we suspect, not over honest letter of advice, addressed to Captain Elliott, *after* the facts, as to what he should have done *before* them. 3. The 'Letter to Lord Palmerston, by a Resident in China,' gives a plain and correct statement of the present rupture, its causes, and probable effects. 4. The 'Opium Question,' by Mr. Warren, is a piece of pure special pleading, in favour of the traders, spun out to 130 close-printed pages. The avowed object is to prove that smuggling into China was not criminal, and that the loss sustained by those who have practised it entitles them to indemnification by the *British public*. 5. The 'Brief Observations,' of 14 open-printed pages, contain a proposal to bring the disputes to a 'satisfactory conclusion,' by laying Canton in ashes, and marching to Peking! 6. These '*Pros and Cons*' run alternately through the whole pamphlet, neutralising each other in the most amusing manner. The author comes, however, at last to something like a decisive conclusion, which will be noticed as we proceed. 7. 'A Barrister-at-law' we take to be a mere *nom de guerre*. The 'opium question' is not honestly discussed here, but treated with great levity, and mutilated; argument costs more trouble than assertion. His concluding paragraph gives him occasion to pass somewhat of a vulgar sneer at 'a certain Kilkenny Jos.' and 'the Melbourne clique;' but what either of them

them have to do with the matter we cannot discover, unless it be that the 'Barrister' supposes they are among those who may not be likely to sanction the guarantee of the Superintendent at Canton. 8. Mr. H. Lindsay, from his late position in the factory of Canton, and his present connexion with a mercantile house trading to China, is entitled to, and shall receive from us, much consideration; the more that he has had the manliness to come forward under his own name, and that his manner of writing indicates a well-bred gentleman. 9. The 'Chinese Vindicated' is not an ill-written tract—but it goes as far wrong on one side as Mr. Warren does on the other, and is not without a taint of cant, which one would hardly have expected in a servant of the Nizam.

We are fearful that the subject, on which we are about to enter, and the events now passing in the distant empire of China, will prove more 'untoward' than the affair of Navarino was pronounced to be, and more disastrous in their immediate and remote consequences. A summary of the unhappy results, as far as known, amounts to nothing less than these:—the national honour compromised—British subjects insulted, imprisoned, mutilated, and even barbarously massacred—a flourishing commerce annihilated, and with it three or four millions of annual revenue lost to the state. We foresaw and stated, some years ago, in this journal (See Quar. Rev. No. C.), what would be the probable issue of depriving the East India Company of their exclusive privilege of trading to China, of substituting the *free trade* system, and encouraging an indiscriminate intercourse with that country. We were then fully aware that, sooner or later, that which has happened would come to pass; and as some of us have a local and personal knowledge of China and its inhabitants, we undertake our present task of examining the numerous documents claiming public attention, and of expressing our opinions on them, and on the subject generally, with less hesitation than we should otherwise have done.

It is hardly necessary to apprise the reader that opium, the extract from the poppy plant, is an article of almost universal use in Turkey, Persia, Arabia, Sumatra, Java, and the whole of the great Malayan archipelago,—not merely as a drug, but as a source of consolation or of misery, as used sparingly or abused by excess; that it is also in very general use in India, more especially, we may almost say universally, among the Rajpoot race—and a fine race of men they are; we understand also that it is served out as a ration to the Malay troops in Ceylon. In China, however, the use of opium would appear to have been known but little, if at all, in ancient times—nor indeed till a recent date—



date—as it is still without a name in their own language, and called by a corruption of the common name in the East, *afuoyung*. It may, perhaps, have been introduced in the eighth or ninth century by the Arabians, who then had considerable traffic with China; but however that may be, down to a comparatively modern period it would seem to have been thought of only as a drug. By degrees, however, its exciting qualities, with a people whose almost only beverage is weak tea, or an unpleasant spirit distilled from rice or millet, seem to have proved too tempting; and as the dose after a short time requires to be repeated to keep up the stimulus, it is peculiarly the case with opium-eaters, that ‘the increase of appetite grows by what it feeds on.’ The importation, therefore, naturally kept pace with the increased demand—which certainly was not practically interfered with by repeated prohibitory edicts from Peking—the earliest that of the emperor Kia-king, in 1796. Mr. Davis, the last chief officer of the East India Company’s factory, states it to have been as under:—

Year.	Chests.		Dollars.	Sold : Dollars.
1821 . .	4,628	average price	1,375 .	6,132,100
1825 . .	9,621	. „ . .	723 .	6,955,983
1830 . .	18,760	. „ . .	587 .	11,012,120
1832 . .	23,670	. „ . .	648 .	15,338,160

The American merchant, Mr. King (*Opium Crisis*), states the progressive increase as follows:—

‘The East India Company, whose manufacture had fluctuated between 3,000 and 5,000 chests through the first twenty-four years of Chinese interdiction (1800—1824), rose rapidly to 10,600 in 1833, and to near 17,000 in 1837!’

‘The Malwa product went on with even greater rapidity—from 1,600 chests in 1821, to upwards of 20,000 in 1837! The total profit and revenue accruing to the East India Company on both descriptions, for that year, exceed 12,000,000 rupees.’—p. 5.

In 1838 it had acquired its maximum, but fell back, as the same author states, in 1839, to about 20,000 chests, which is something less than the quantity given up by Captain Elliott, and said to have been wantonly destroyed by the Peking commissioner; the few hundred chests above this quantity appear to have been purchased by the superintendent, to keep faith with the commissioner Lin, by making up the amount originally given in.

It does not appear that, while the importation continued small, the Chinese government took much notice of their own prohibitory decrees, either as they affected their own subjects or the foreign merchants. The first edict of 1796 declared, that all who should be found smoking were to be bamboozed and pilloried, and that both smugglers and vendors should, on conviction, suffer a  
more

laying on him the responsibility, if the surrender of the opium be not forthwith carried into effect, adding, 'if he have aught that he would say in the way of entreaty, he is permitted to make a clear statement thereof.' Another letter of the same date, from the Prefect, repeats the Commissioner's commands to the Superintendent, and says, the offence of 'contumacious resistance and opposition is turned away from Dent and fixed on Elliott;' but concludes with a promise that, if the opium were speedily given up, not only the Chinese servants would be restored, but entreaties would be laid before the Great Emperor 'that favours may be shown beyond the bounds of law.' Next morning, at daylight, (the 27th) Captain Elliott writes the following letter to the Commissioner:—

'Canton, March 27th, 1839.

'Elliott, &c. has now had the honour to receive, for the first time, your Excellency's commands, bearing date the 26th day of March, issued by the pleasure of the Great Emperor, to deliver over into the hands of honourable officers to be appointed by your Excellency, all the opium in the hands of British subjects.

'Elliott must faithfully and completely fulfil these commands; and he has now respectfully to request that your Excellency will be pleased to indicate the point to which the ships of his nation, having opium on board, are to proceed, so that the whole may be delivered up.

'The faithful account of the same shall be transmitted as soon as it is ascertained.

(Signed)

'CHARLES ELLIOTT.'

(*Parliamentary papers*, p. 373.)

Now, it appears to us quite plain that this most submissive letter must have been a reply to some communication late in the day of the 26th, which has been suppressed in the compilation of official papers. Why are we left in ignorance of what the Imperial Commissioner really threatened? We certainly shall not easily believe that the mere duress of two days, with a vague intimation that offenders of the laws were liable to punishment, could have frightened Captain Elliott into his grand step!

It can scarcely be doubted that the Commissioner, on finding Dent had been released by the superintendent, thought himself justified in shutting up the superintendent in return. The American merchant more than hints at this: He says, 'When you came in a boat to Canton and wished to take Dent and abscond with him, preventive steps became necessary; for the same reason the native servants were removed also.' Mr. Elliott, however, says he was told by the merchants that these orders had been given in the morning of the day he arrived. Here, again, we desiderate conclusive details.

But to proceed: This summary mode of dealing with a handful  
of

of defenceless men, is stated by Mr. King to be, as it certainly was, 'very un-English;' but it is perfectly Chinese, and had often been practised on the factory servants of the East India Company, though not to such an extreme degree. We even find it at the earliest period of our intercourse with the Chinese, as in the instance of Captain Weddell, whose adventure is disinterred in the 'Letter to Viscount Palmerston.' In the year 1635, an association was formed for trading to India and China, under the patronage of Charles I., when Captain Weddell was sent out with four ships. In proceeding up the river of Canton, his boat was fired upon, in consequence of which he attacked a fort, landed a hundred men, and carried off forty-six guns, fired a house, and, having seized some junks, the Chinese, not much relishing so determined a character, made overtures for peace, and gave permission for his supercargoes to proceed and trade at Canton. From thence he received 'a patent for free trade, and liberty to fortify any place outside of the mouth of the river,' on the condition, however, that he gave up the guns which he had taken on board his ship, and intended to keep; but the Chinese, 'with their usual treachery and bad faith,' soon after arrested one of his supercargoes with the goods in his possession, placed him in confinement, and sent down fire-junks to burn Weddell's ships; and the two supercargoes at Canton *'were confined to their house, their domestics expelled, their fire quenched, victuals denied them, and a guard of soldiers set over them to prevent all access.'* After this, Captain Weddell attacked sixteen men-of-war junks, burnt five of them, dispersed the rest; burnt and destroyed several towns and villages, the inhabitants of which fled with their complaints to Canton; and this had the desired effect of bringing the officers of government to their senses; all sorts of apologies were made and indulgences granted to Captain Weddell. How very like all the first part of this story is to the recent proceedings of the Chinese!

The American merchant, in his letter to the Superintendent, wherein he truly, if not kindly, reminds him over and over again of his vacillating conduct, says,—

'In the first place, you warned (December 18th) the British owners of small craft engaged in the opium traffic *within* the Bogue, that "Her Majesty's Government will in no way interpose, if the Chinese Government shall think fit to seize and confiscate the same:" whereas, on the issue of the decree of March 17th, confiscating the *materiel* of the same traffic *without* the Bogue, you charged the several commanders named in your notice, with "the duty of protecting" the same property. Again, in the former notice you declared, that "the forcible resisting of the Chinese officers, in the duty of searching and seizing, *is a lawless act*, liable to the penalties of forcible resistance *opposed* to officers of our own Government:" while in the latter, you directed *"all ships of her*

her Majesty's subjects, at the outward anchorages, to proceed to Hong Kong, and, *hoisting their national colours*, to be prepared to resist every act of aggression on the part of the Chinese Government."—*Opium Crisis*, pp. 34, 35.

In the same tone he tells Captain Elliott that his language, in a moment of excitement, 'has already gone far to involve two great nations in *causeless hostilities*.'—More wormwood:—

'I must be permitted to repeat that, if there were one principle of more importance than any other—a principle never to be contravened, never to be lost sight of in the progress of this question—it was the separation of the British flag, the British name, from all responsibility for the illicit commerce. What, then, must be our decision on a course of measures which, instead of accomplishing this grand end, has, within the period of two years, completely identified the two; exhibiting the British factory at Canton as the refuge of the opium-importer; her Majesty's sloop at Hong Kong as the armed defender of the drug after confiscation; and the British superintendent himself as its open assumer, its real controller, its forced transferrer, its public deliverer, to the extent of 20,283 chests; and all "in the name and for the service of her Majesty's Government?"'—*Opium Crisis*, pp. 43, 44.

Had the admirable *Memorandum* on Chinese affairs, drawn up by the Duke of Wellington when last in office, in the beginning of 1835, been duly consulted and acted upon, how different would have been the present position of things!—In the spirit of that strikingly simple, clear, and comprehensive paper (*Correspondence*, p. 51), it was undoubtedly Capt. Elliott's duty to adhere to his first resolution, not to interfere in any way with the opium traders, and inform the Imperial Commissioner that his office was confined to the protection of the legitimate trade. The opium people might then have taken their own measures; as they were at that time under no restraint, and their ships in safety at Hong Kong, they might have remained there in defiance of Admiral Kwan and the whole force of the Chinese, and disposed of their *drug* along the coast, as it is well known other opium ships have been doing, and that to a great extent, since the violent measures of the Commissioner. This is the line they undoubtedly would have taken, had not the bait been too tempting to resist—an immediate market for the whole quantity—the purchaser her Majesty's Superintendent,—the paymaster the Chancellor of the Exchequer. No wonder, then, that matters should have taken a different and a most unfortunate turn. The opium was delivered up, and deposited at a place within, and five or six miles above, the Bogue—Mr. Johnstone, who held some situation under the Superintendent, acting as a landwaiter of the customs, and the latter, as Collector, registering the daily account of the deliveries. This done, Commissioner Lin is said to have lost no time in making

preparations for enjoying the triumph of witnessing in person the whole destroyed (it is alleged by a mixture of salt and lime), and then swept into the river. A letter of Mr. King, detailing these preparations, and the process of launching the drug into the water, has appeared in all the newspapers. But has Lin acted honestly in this proceeding? Did he really destroy the whole of this immense mass of opium? We ask the question, because the 'Resident in China' assigns some grounds for doubting it. None of the Chinese boatmen even were allowed to approach the place. The editor of the 'Canton Register' applied for permission to see the process, on the ground that foreigners, if excluded, would not believe the opium had been destroyed—but he was refused. The Commissioner's friend—Mr. King—we are told, and he alone, was allowed that favour. He went to the place one day, protected by the armed boats of two American ships of war, and was at once admitted. But the doubts of the 'Resident' are mainly founded on this:—The emperor's edict for the destruction was promulgated at Canton on the 3rd June; and a letter from the agent of Lloyd's, dated 25th June, states, 'The last of the opium is to be destroyed this day.' Now, the intervening period of twenty-two days, at 300 chests destroyed per day (the number stated to have been settled for the process), would give no more than 6600 chests, not one-third of the quantity delivered. Has LIN, too, become a smuggler of opium? Whatever may be the case, the crisis has passed: the sacrifice has been made—it did not satisfy the Chinese, but forthwith tempted them to new audacities—and the consequences are to follow.

The American letter-writer deprecates war, which, he says, would not be against the Chinese government, but the Chinese people. We were once of the same opinion. We indeed deemed the proceedings of the Imperial Commissioner to have been carried to an extremity which could admit of no justification, considering how long a legitimate commercial intercourse (valuable to both parties) had subsisted, and the great number of years that the opium trade had been tolerated, so far, at least, by the Peking government, that it had entirely overlooked its own decrees, both as regarded foreigners and Chinese. But, nevertheless, had matters remained as they were at the point to which we have brought them, and had the Commissioner Lin not proceeded to acts against British subjects still more outrageous than the violence by which he obtained possession of the opium, we should still have advocated a peaceable adjustment of the question; but this appears to be now impossible.

The question is, however, a very grave one. Notwithstanding all the irritating reflections to which these recent occurrences give rise

rise in every English mind, we cannot get rid of a certain predilection in favour of China. We cannot divest ourselves of the recollection, that it is the oldest nation on the whole earth, at present existing; one whose annals extend to at least 3000 years, brought down in a regular and uncontradicted history, in which we find an unbroken series of dynasties, ruling over a population exceeding that of any other empire in the world in numbers, yet *one*, unchangeable, to all appearance, unmixed. When, moreover, we find such a multitudinous population, possessed of the largest, most fertile, and best watered country on the globe, intersected with numerous navigable rivers (two of the first magnitude), and their affluent streams; an internal navigation, unparalleled even in Europe, extending in one line 1200 miles, with a single portage, and connecting the northern capital with the great southern emporium of foreign trade;—when we find that this great mass of human beings are supplied with all the necessaries of life, and most of the luxuries, without foreign aid; that they are living in a state of peaceful industry, governed by a code of laws peculiarly their own, and wholly unlike those of any other nation; using a written, original, and philosophically constructed language, which bears no affinity to any other, and of so high an antiquity that neither the records nor the memory of man run to the contrary;—when we find the arts almost all in a state of high advancement, and many of them of extreme beauty;—for example, their silks, satins, sculptures in wood, in ivory, and horn, such as those exquisitely-wrought ivory fans and horn lanterns, which we have not yet been able to imitate;—their porcelain vases, to the beauty and transparency of which none of the nations of Europe have yet attained;—when we reflect that the art of printing has been practised by them from time immemorial, and thousands upon thousands of volumes published on the various subjects of government, laws, morals, and religion (pagan as it is), on agriculture, gardening, and other domestic arts, together with the lighter kinds of reading, as novels, plays, and romances;—when, moreover, we find, what is not to be found elsewhere in the whole Eastern world, this vast population living in houses of stone, or brick, or wood, neatly fitted up and furnished, the upper and middle ranks dressed in silks and satins, and the peasantry in cotton clothing—advantages, too, which their ancestors possessed when our own were rudely wrapped in the skins of animals;—when we find them enjoying the luxury of lying in beds surrounded with curtains, sitting on chairs and sofas, and eating their meals off tables, while other orientals are still squatting on the ground—when we consider these things, we confess ourselves unable to regard the Chinese without a feeling of respect;

nor are we surprised that, to quote only one eye-witness, the Right Honourable Henry Ellis, after traversing the land from Peking to Canton, should say:—

‘It is impossible to travel through the emperor of China’s dominions without feeling that he has the finest country within an imperial ring-fence in the world.’

It seems to us absurd to contemplate such a nation, with such a history and such a country, without far more respect than European writers are in the habit of expressing. Whatever defects we may see in the details of its government, still we must feel that there is some grand principle of good management at the bottom—something which no other nation has been able to match. And indeed we must take the liberty of remarking that, in comparing the official Reports and other Chinese state documents, comprehended in the parliamentary folio now on our table, with *almost all* the specimens of English diplomacy bound up within the same blue cover, we are more and more disposed to pause about adopting the self-satisfied contemptuous tone of thinking and speaking as to China, which has been so much in fashion both in and out of Downing Street.

While on this part of the subject, we may here introduce an extract from a letter in our possession, written last summer at Canton by a gentleman wholly unconnected with trade.

‘You will, of course, be acquainted long ere this can reach you with the desperate state of our affairs in China. I can scarce find words to describe the pass to which matters have been brought. The opium trade is the cause; but it does not end with the opium trade. It has also embarrassed seriously our *legal* trade, which is in such a position that I can see no medium course to re-open it, except by means of a successful war, or the most cringing and humiliating concessions. The former I deprecate, as we have a bad, a notoriously unjust, cause to build upon; and if circumstances compel us to the second, why then the sooner the better, and let us put the best face upon matters that we can. Meantime the Americans, most luckily for them, not being politically mixed up with the opium trade, as we unfortunately are, are preparing to renew their commercial intercourse with the Chinese, as if nothing had happened; while all the British subjects are ordered out of Canton by the chief superintendent. The British ships and property are ordered by the same authority to remain outside; and any transactions for British accounts must pass, *pro tempore*, through the hands of the Americans. I cannot tell you how ashamed I feel at the state of affairs here. I am certainly averse to retrace our steps, and confess to the Chinese that all we have said and threatened before is just so much bullying and blustering, to which they need pay no attention; and yet to try the *voie de fait* and *fait*, would, I fear, be to have our flag banished from those seas, and the whole of the foreign trade to pass through the hands of the Americans,

cans, as took place at Japan some couple of hundred years ago, in the case of the Portuguese and Dutchmen.

‘Again, with reference to the force required for the renewal of our intercourse with the Chinese on higher or more honourable grounds, little as the English people know of the internal power of the country, they are about to enter the lists with three hundred millions of intelligent human beings, forming the mightiest nation upon earth; one not to be coerced by some sixteen hundred men, as Mr. Lindsay proposes. If the Chinese are determined, *as a nation*, to resist, then, I fear, the scale of warfare on which we must engage will be of such a magnitude as to be totally out of the power of the British empire to follow up; and yet of the two evils, since we have now crossed the Rubicon, since we have now drawn the sword and cast away the scabbard, I would rather fight it out manfully than bend our necks for the Chinese to set their feet upon; for, with all their good qualities, they are not magnanimous and would show but little generosity towards a fallen foe.’

Thus far from Canton.

‘*Macao, 8th July.*

‘I had written the above at Canton some days previously, and have now come down here, leaving but *one* British subject behind me; but he lives with the Americans, and passes for one of them. The American ships are now at Whampo, in security. The British ships are lying at anchor at Hong-Kong; and in the event of any hostilities ensuing between our government and that of the United States, would all be easily captured by the two American ships-of-war at anchor here. Strange to say, in this important crisis we have no English vessel of war here! \* . . The commissioner Lin is a very remarkable man, especially for a Chinese. He has frequently sent to me for information upon subjects of history, geography, coins, medals, the steam-engine, &c. &c., and seems to feel an interest in matters that the other mandarins affect to look upon with contempt.

‘There is now in circulation here a very curious document, being no less than a letter from the imperial commissioner, the viceroy, and fuyuen, to her majesty the Queen of England; but as they insisted on writing to her as their *equal*, Captain Elliott declines to forward it. It refers chiefly to the opium trade, praying that she will take steps to put it down. It is a very good and sensible letter; and with the exception of one or two expressions, respectful enough throughout. I am, &c.’

One of the expressions here alluded to is the address ‘To the barbarian Queen Victoria.’ We have shown elsewhere† how wholly mistaken is this translation; and we are only surprised that Mr. Morrison did not take a lesson from his late father’s ‘Chinese and English Dictionary,’ where he will find that, in the

\* The Duke of Wellington, in his memorandum of March, 1836, recommended two things: first, that the English authorities should most carefully abstain from mixing themselves up with the opium traders; and second, that, in order to enable them to transact their proper business with security and dignity, there should always be at hand ‘a stout frigate’ and a lesser vessel of war!

† Quarterly Review No 100.



*eighteen* significations of the character *E*, the word *barbarian* is not included. Its general meaning is something *strange, foreign*; and the sense in the address is, simply, 'To the Foreign Queen Victoria.' We do not see that anything would have been gained in courtesy had the usual name of *English* (*Hung-mou*) been adopted—nor yet that the Commissioner Lin would have been more accurate had he written, 'To the *red-haired* Queen Victoria.' Great offence was given to the late Lord Napier and his friends by his being styled, in some of the translations, the *Barbarian Eye*—meaning neither more nor less than the *foreign superintendent* or *overseer*; but we thought the blunder had been sufficiently exposed. Enough, however, for the present, of the Chinese: we shall know them better soon, and they us.

Among other questions of importance to which the opium crisis has given rise, is one of a financial nature,—Whether any, or what, or by whom, restitution is to be made for the value of the large amount of property delivered up on Captain Elliott's order, said to be about two millions and a half sterling;—that is to say, is the British government, or is the East India Company—in whose territory the greater part of the opium was produced, and through whose custom-houses it was sent to China—or are the opium dealers themselves to sustain that loss? This question, in our opinion, is not yet ripe for solution. The now unavoidable and immediate hostilities must first be brought to a point, before some of the most important practical *data* can be ascertained.

In the mean time, the opium traders are using their best exertions to induce the British government to indemnify them for the whole amount of the loss. The government would, in our opinion, establish a most dangerous precedent, by thus consenting to reward illegal transactions, on the promise or pledge of an unauthorised agent. If such an agent, the mere superintendent of trade, can bind the government to the payment of millions, what might not an ambassador, *chargé-d'affaires*, or even secretary of legation do? The thing appears to us utterly inadmissible. The ablest advocate for the traders is Mr. Warren,\* who argues the case as between a principal and his agent, and maintains that the former is responsible for the acts of the latter. That doctrine, however, in the broad view taken of it, cannot be sustained. The instructions to an agent, we apprehend, are defined; and if any of his acts fall beyond the scope of his commission, the principal is not responsible. Suppose, for instance, an agent for the owner of a great estate on the west coast of Ireland, availing himself of the name, character, and

\* Mr. Warren is a barrister of the Inner Temple—and the author of the highly popular work called 'Diary of a late Physician.'

credit of his principal, should be able to raise a large sum of money, ostensibly on his account, and embark with it for that happy land where runaway rogues can dwell in security and unmolested—will Mr. Warren maintain that the owner of the estate, whose name was made use of, is bound by the fraudulent act of his agent to replace the money? But Mr. Warren takes up another ground equally untenable: he asks, ‘Can it be seriously suggested that the “*trade and commerce*,” which Captain Elliott was sent to protect and promote, did not extend to the traffic in opium, which was contraband?’ In reply, we do ‘seriously suggest’ that the *trade and commerce* in question did *not* include opium. Would any British minister so far stultify himself as to instruct, for instance, the superintendent, or chief of the commission, or by whatever title he may be called, to protect and promote *smuggling* at Canton, at the same time that he is instructing a consul ‘to take special notice of all prohibitions, so that he may admonish all British subjects against carrying on an illicit commerce;’ and, moreover, that ‘he is diligently to attend to this part of his duty, in order to *prevent smuggling*?’ But Mr. Warren will find, on referring to Captain Elliott’s instructions, which we understand to be the same as those of the late Lord Napier, that they are not ‘vague and obscure,’ as he pronounces them to be, on this point; but that the mercantile interests, which these officers were sent to protect, are such and no other than, as expressed therein, ‘the trade and commerce of our subjects in the peaceable prosecution of *all lawful enterprises*.’ He will find, too, that Captain Elliott himself perfectly understood that his commission was thus limited; that it was not until the very day he signed the grand *order* that he ever compromised himself to the Chinese as having any concern in, or control over, the traders in *opium*. It is the sudden change of resolution as to this matter, which forms the most extraordinary point in the whole story as told in these Parliamentary documents.

Another learned advocate, who calls himself ‘a barrister at law,’ has made a discovery we were not prepared for—he qualifies it, indeed, with an *if*, but we fear his *if*, in the present case, will be no peacemaker—he says, ‘*if* the emperor gave his sanction to his authorities in Canton’—(which he never did, but the contrary)—‘to permit the importation of opium, notwithstanding the law (of 1796), it was as much a repeal of the law, as if the formal revocation of it had actually taken place, and the punishing persons for the violation of it, is as unjust and cruel, as if it were an *ex post facto* law altogether.’ Were this good law, what a number of our old statute-books might be committed to the flames! Choo-tsun argues the point much better. We  
agree

agree with him that the non-execution of a law may happen from ignorance, indifference, or connivance, but that none of these can repeal the law or affect its validity.

We apprehend that Captain Elliott stood precisely in the same position with the late East India Company's supercargoes. These gentlemen, as well as the commanders of the East India ships, were strictly prohibited from having, directly or indirectly, any concern with the importation of opium; not from any abstract moral aversion to the drug, but simply *because* it had been declared contraband by the Peking government; and it will not be denied, that every government has a full right to declare what foreign articles may, and what shall not, be imported. But, say the advocates for the traders, the poppy is grown in the possessions of the East India Company, the drug is carefully prepared there for the China market, it passes through their custom-houses, and its destination is well known. What then? Do no smuggled goods for France, Spain, and the two Americas pass through our custom-houses, with a sufficient knowledge of their several destinations, and is any attempt made to stop them? Does France make any attempt to prevent her brandies, silks, or any other article from being smuggled into England? Or the Dutch their gins or sweet waters? Do any of the smugglers of these nations, or their governments, make any reclamation on ours for property lost, or vessels destroyed by our coast blockade or revenue cruisers? Certainly not; the smugglers and their employers take upon themselves all risks of their illegal enterprises, well knowing that no man can take advantage of his own wrong.

But it is alleged that the Indian ryots, or farmers, are compelled to cultivate the poppy, to the exclusion of other products. We doubt this very much. It is true, no doubt, that the Company have advanced money to help ryots engaged in this as well as in other branches of cultivation—the growth of rice, for instance, out of which *arrack* is made—but we cannot see that the persons who bought opium for the purposes of an illegal trade, and lost it in the course of their proceedings, have any legal claim of indemnity against the government of Bengal. The House of Commons, we are told, refused on one occasion to interfere with these internal territorial arrangements of the Company, and therefore the British nation is compromised! But we reject such inferences. Firstly, why should the House of Commons conclude that one of the most blessed of medical articles could only be grown in India with a view to immoral indulgences in China. So much for those who argue this whole question as if it were one of pure ethics. Secondly, for rational persons who look at matters

matters of business with common sense, would it not have been rather hard on the East India Company, after stripping them of all the benefits derived from trade, and particularly that most lucrative branch of it with China, to dictate to them the manner in which they should raise a revenue from the cultivation of their land? Lord Sandon, we perceive, has been prevailed upon by a certain set or sect of persons to present a petition against the growth of opium in India. Among them are 'Quakers sly and Presbyterians sour,'—excellent people, but sometimes more busy than wise. Has the noble lord consulted his constituents of Liverpool?

Lastly, it has been said that the opium ships were not in China waters when the seizure was made. This plea cannot avail: Hong-Kong is close to the continent of China, in the bay of Macao, and as much in China as Spithead is in England.

But we must say a word or two more on a plea which has already been glanced at: we mean the alleged encouragement given to the introduction of opium by the Chinese themselves. No doubt it has been winked at by inferior officers, as in other nations, where smuggled articles are generally sought after with avidity; it was this that made our coast blockades and coast guards necessary. 'Most men,' says Choo-tsun, 'prize what is strange;' and so we find it at most of our own great ports. It is well known how eagerly, at the bathing-places on the coast, the ladies seek to gratify their desires in procuring *Brussels* lace (frequently *de facto* English), French gloves, silks, &c., through the means of some old woman, who is always at hand to wait on them well stuffed with such-like commodities. We all remember the carriage of the lady of a lord-chief-justice of the Court of King's Bench being stopped on the highway, the smuggled goods seized, and a penalty of 1000*l.* laid on the coach. If smugglers had not been encouraged along our shores, why should we have to pay 400 commissioned officers of the navy and 4000 seamen, as a coast-guard against their illicit practices? This plea, then, of encouragement by the subaltern officers, while the government was denouncing the trade under severe penalties, will not, we think, avail.

Mr. Lindsay, however, assures us, that 'during the peaceful and regular days,'—that is, from 1821 to the time when the traders were forced to quit Whampoa—there was neither mystery nor secrecy in the mode of carrying on the traffic.

'At that time there must have been from thirty to forty fine Chinese boats, each pulling from thirty to fifty oars, employed in the trade. These boats plied up and down the river in open day, passing to and fro, in front of the forts and government cruisers, without any notice what-  
ever

ever being taken of them. In Canton, boating was a favourite diversion; and we had several first-rate six-oared London wherries, in which we used generally to go out for a pull about four in the afternoon, and many a race have we held with these large opium boats, which generally used to arrive at Canton about that hour. For the honour of London wherries, I must say that I never saw a fifty-oared boat which we could not beat. Several times, during the winter, certain large boats used to leave Canton bearing divers foreign articles for the imperial palace. These boats carried the imperial flag, which privileged them against all search or examination; and thus each flotilla carried away several hundred chests of opium for sale and distribution in the various towns along the coast, forming another valuable perquisite of office to some functionary.'—*Lindsay*, pp. 10, 11.

He goes on to tell a most strange story: it is neither more nor less than that in 1836, when the proposal of Heu-nac-tse to legalise the opium trade was agitated in the cabinet at Peking, the trade was suddenly stopped, and the leading opium dealers thought it safe to burn their boats;—but

'The viceroy of Canton was thus reduced to a serious dilemma as to how the opium trade should be conducted, and the mode he adopted to arrange the matter was strange indeed. He built four of the largest-sized boats, each pulling fifty oars, carrying his own flag, and with these he carried on the trade himself, through the agency of his own son. This fact was so notorious that the whole of Canton was placarded with pasquinades in doggerel rhymes about the viceroy, his four boats, and his hopeful son. About the same period, for the first time in the history of the opium trade, foreigners commenced actually to carry on a smuggling trade themselves in European boats.'—*Lindsay*, p. 15.

If any one of less authority than Mr. Lindsay, who was on the spot, had stated this, we should scarcely have felt disposed to give it credit. But, with such an example before them, can it be surprising that all the inferior officers of the government became active smugglers of opium?—that they not only connived at, but participated in the profits of, the trade—their share of which, upon a moderate estimate, is stated by Mr. Lindsay at not less than '280,000*l.* annually;' this sum 'being divided between the viceroy, the hoppo, the admiral of the station, and their dependants?'

'There is a singular fact connected with a small fee or perquisite of a dollar per chest, which especially belonged to the admiral. It would appear that this sum had not been very regularly paid, so, in order to secure himself against being cheated by his own countrymen, his excellency, some years ago, sent a very civil message to the various depôt ships at Lintin, requesting, as a special favour, that his perquisite might be collected on board the foreign ships, and paid over to him monthly, which had actually been done, so long as the regular trade lasted.'—*Lindsay*, p. 10.

Under

Under all the circumstances of the case—the Superintendent's (however absurd) identification of himself with the opium traders—his order (however rash) for the surrender of the opium to him when it was placed securely in their ships, and utterly beyond the power of the Chinese—the encouragement given to the culture and manufacture of the drug by the East India Company—and the indifference as to its prohibition by the Chinese authorities, 'during the peaceful and regular days,' thereby encouraging its importation:—all these things being considered, we are not disposed to deny that a case, not of strict right and justice, but *ad misericordiam*, may be made out for the opium dealers;—especially if the report in the city should prove unfounded (of which we know nothing), that the gains made by those concerned in the trade have been enormous, —that one gentleman boasts having put in his pocket 180,000*l.*; and that one house has cleared not less than 400,000*l.*!

Some of their advocates suggest a partial remuneration for their losses; but the main question is, who is to advance the money? The '*Pro and Con*' gentleman finds no difficulty on this point. He decides at once, and only once, while wavering between his two little *parts of speech*, as follows:—'If the pagan semi-barbarians,' as he calls the Chinese, 'have really destroyed the drug, and are desirous of stopping the opium trade, through fears regarding the morals of their people, or the loss of their *sey-see* silver, let us demand immediate payment, with interest, of only one half the value of the opium seized, at an average of seven years' price; let our two governments pay one-fourth, and let those concerned bear the loss of the remaining fourth part; say, China pay fifty per cent., England and India twenty-five per cent., and the concerned lose twenty-five per cent.' On this point of indemnification, we should once more say,—wait the issue of the contest with China; after which, and, perhaps, indeed before, the Chinese may not object, on a very slight pressure, to announce that their benevolent emperor, out of compassion for the ignorance of foreigners in the sublime and merciful laws of the 'Central Flowery Land,' and as an act of *charity* to the *starving* English, whose property has been so properly destroyed, to save the lives of millions of his beloved subjects, has ordered, &c. &c. A friend of ours, who, from long experience, knows the Chinese better, perhaps, than any other individual, has suggested to us the same notion, and that it will be done by four or five annual instalments, as was the general practice with regard to the debts of Hong merchants, whenever they became insolvent. By a juggle of this kind the government knows well how to indemnify itself, at the expense of future traders, by laying on additional imposts.

But

But the question of indemnification forms but a small portion of the evil :—a lucrative legal trade destroyed ;—the merchants engaged in it in danger of being ruined ;—a defalcation in the revenue of four millions :—these are the most important and serious results of the opium crisis. We are told, on the best authority,\* that the extent of the China trade, separate and distinct from that of opium, was as follows, on an average of four years, from 1835 to 1838 :—

Imports into Canton . . . . .	£2,666,194
Exports from . . . . .	3,825,744

£6,491,938 ;

that the amount in the year, from April, 1835, to March, 1836, was . . . . . £8,844,044 ;

and that the annual average quantity of *tea* imported in the four years above mentioned, was 37,827,774 pounds, producing an annual revenue to the exchequer of 3,830,000*l*.

Compensation for these losses of trade and revenue is at this moment suspended, and placed in imminent peril. The deprivation of the article of tea alone would prove a public calamity of no slight importance. It is an article that affords a luxury to the rich, and a blessing to the poor. The moral effect of this beverage, as preventing recourse to stronger stimulants, is inestimable.

It is easy to say we shall get it through other channels : we are not so sure of that ; for should our trade be cut off, the supply of tea itself in China will undoubtedly fail. Immense as is the empire in population, not a fourth part of the quantity of tea produced is consumed by the inhabitants ; and if foreign export be cut off, the cultivation will to a very large extent be abandoned.

The Chinese now admit, and we believe for the first time, that the loss of foreign trade would be to them a great misfortune ; but they have brought it upon themselves, and let them look to the recovery of it : and as to the prevention of opium, whether on account of its destructive quality, or as to its draining the country of its specie, it is their business, not ours. If, with a population of three or four hundred millions, they cannot afford a coast-guard sufficient to prevent its introduction, let them suffer the whole inconvenience—the loss of their *sey-see* silver—and all those deplorable effects of smoking, which, however, we have reason to believe are greatly exaggerated—and that not so much by them as by us. We give very little credit to the following statement drawn from the methodist missionary who collected it, with other tales, from an American house at Canton—none of whose partners, we venture to say, ever saw a Chinese smoking-shop :—

\* Report of the London East India and Chinese Association in 1840.

‘Opium is not only regularly introduced, but openly sold in all parts of China. Notwithstanding the prohibition, opium shops are as plentiful in some towns of China as gin-shops are in England. The sign of these receptacles is a bamboo screen hanging before the door, which is as certain an intimation there as the chequers are here that the slave of intemperance may be gratified. Into these shops all classes of persons continually flock, from the pampered official to the abject menial. No one makes a secret of the business or the practice; and though the officers of government are loud in denouncing the indulgence in public, they privately wink at what is patronised by their own example, or subservient to their own interests.’—*Thelwall*, p. 123.

We fearlessly assert that this is not a true statement; it wears an absurdity on the very face of it. *Openly!* why, the poor Chinese that was strangled had only a little opium concealed in his back premises; and can it be supposed that, after its solemn denouncement on penalty of death, opium is *openly* sold, and that opium-shops are as plentiful as gin-shops in England? Opium, in fact, is *not* openly sold; opium-shops are *not* plentiful; a bamboo screen is *not* the sign of these receptacles; such a screen may be seen hanging before the door of almost every poor peasant. If Mr. Thelwall, who seems to be courting a crusade against opium, is not satisfied with our denial, let him inquire of any or all of the gentlemen of Lord Macartney’s and Lord Amherst’s embassies, who traversed the country from Peking to Canton, through the very densest part of the population, and mixed with the people,—let him ask any of those gentlemen, whether they ever saw one of these shops, ‘into which all manner of persons continually flock?’ Nay, let him ask Mr. Medhurst himself, who supplies him with a text-book, if *he* ever saw one? He traversed the whole coast of China, from Canton to the promontory of Shan-tung, landed at various places, visited cities and villages, found the people civil, sober, and quiet; talks of their tobacco pipes and pouches, but never once mentions the word opium. One gentleman of the Company’s factory, hearing of one of these shops in Macao, visited it, and found three Chinese smoking. He tried a pipe himself, and the only effect it had on him was to make him very sick. Mr. Lindsay, indeed, says, ‘the public smoking houses were open to all; and no one who has been in Canton can have failed observing opium pipes, with all the apparatus for smoking, publicly exhibited for sale, not only in shops, but by common hawkers in the streets.’ But all this was in the ‘peaceful and regular days,’ when, he tells us, there was no mystery.

One would really suppose, from Mr. Thelwall’s lamentations, that the whole population of China were opium-smokers, a drunken, depraved, and immoral set of beings, wholly absorbed in inhaling this deadly poison, destructive both of body and mind.

Nothing



Nothing can be more incorrect. It is stated by Sir John Barrow,\* who appears to have *walked* a great part of the way along the banks of the grand canal, that in the whole distance (about 1200 miles) he did not see one man in a state of intoxication; and we believe that this smoking of opium is, in fact, a very confined and limited practice. The 'Resident in China' has made a calculation, the result of which is, that 40,000 chests a-year will just afford a daily whiff to no more than one person in 166, men, women, and children, out of a population of 350,000,000 inhabitants; that is to say, about 2,110,000 individuals would smoke opium, and the cost to each person would be something less than a penny a day.

➤ If we must extend our sympathies to the other side of the globe, let them be, at least, in favour of our own subjects, in preference to those who have nothing in common with us, whose religion, morals, and habits are altogether at variance with our own, and whose natural protectors ought to be the authorities under whom they are governed. But there are among us a certain description of persons, whose sensitive feelings are ever ready to expand in proportion to the distance of the objects. To such philanthropists may we suggest a little compassion for the condition of our subjects in Assam, so painfully described by Mr. Bruce, the superintendent of the tea plantations:—

'I might here observe,' he says, 'that the British government would confer a blessing on the Assamese, and the new settlers, if immediate and active measures were taken to put down the cultivation of opium in Assam, and afterwards to stop its importation by levying high duties on opium land. If something of this kind is not done, and done quickly too, the thousands that are about to emigrate from the plains into Assam will soon be infected with the opium mania—that dreadful plague, which has depopulated this beautiful country, turned it into a land of wild beasts, with which it is overrun, and has degenerated the Assamese, from a fine race of people, to the most abject, servile, crafty, and demoralised race in India.

'This vile drug has kept, and does now keep, down the population; the women have fewer children, compared with those of other countries, and the children seldom live to become old men, but in general die at manhood, very few old men being seen in this unfortunate country, in comparison with others. Few but those who have resided long in this unhappy country know the dreadful and immoral effects which the use of opium produces on the native. He will steal, sell his property, his children, the mother of his children, and, finally, commit murder for it. Would it not be the highest of blessings, if our humane and enlightened government would stop these evils by a single dash of the pen, and save Assam and all those who are about to emigrate into it as tea

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\* Travels in China.

cultivators, from the dreadful results attendant on the habitual use of opium? We should in the end be richly rewarded by having a fine healthy race of men growing up for our plantations, to fell our forests, to clear the land from jungle and wild beasts, and to plant and cultivate the luxuries of the world. This can never be effected by the enfeebled opium-eaters of Assam, who are more effeminate than women. I have dwelt thus long on the subject, thinking it one of great importance, as it will affect our future prospects in regard to tea; also from a wish to benefit this people, and save those who are coming here from catching the plague by our using timely measures of prevention.'

Now, we have already intimated our suspicion that the evils of opium are greatly exaggerated—we have very strong doubts whether they are worse than those of gin and whisky; but supposing the above picture to be not a gross caricature, surely our government has reason to be alarmed for things nearer home than the habits and health of the Celestials. The importation of opium into England is rapidly increasing;\* the use of the drug is extending especially in our manufacturing districts; and, we understand, many of the temperance societies are making up for their abstinence from gin by the use of opium. What will they do when tea is no longer to be had? They will, no doubt return to gin, or have recourse to opium. We cannot but think that a strict inquiry should take place as to what the effects of opium-taking really are; but that in the mean time no evidence is required as to the necessity of putting down the open, profligate, and unblushing manner in which those glaring buildings in the metropolis, known by the name of gin-palaces, are frequented. On this point we entirely concur with the writer of the 'Letter to Lord Palmerston.'

'Canton,' he says, 'is said to contain 800,000 to 1,000,000 of inhabitants; but I do not remember to have seen in its crowded thoroughfares the same debilitated frames, the flushed faces or squalid features, that constantly meet the eye in the streets of London, and traceable to the haunts of the gin-drinkers. They talk of the smoking shops, or opium dens—as *some* have been pleased to call them—of the Chinese, but *they* at any rate have the merit of retirement from the public eye. *Here* the petty gin-shop has swelled out its dimensions, and assumed all the splendour of a gorgeous palace, affronting the eye and ear of the sober and respectable passenger, with the disgusting appearance and language of the deluded beings that throng its portals. I remember the time when those who visited these, then more humble, resorts of

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\* By a return made to the House of Commons in the year ending

	lbs.		lbs.
5th January, 1839, Imported	95,832	Consumed	21,204
Ditto 1840, Ditto	196,246	Ditto	41,671
	<u>          </u>		<u>          </u>
Increase . .	100,414		10,467

pretty well for one year!

the

the wretched and vicious, used to stop and look round to see if they were observed; but now all such precaution is abandoned; for in they go, both men and women, ill dressed or well dressed, without shame or remorse.'—p. 6.

Most undoubtedly we have human depravity and human misery enough at home; not to trouble ourselves with the subjects of the emperor of China. The authorities of Canton, at least, have very little claim on our compassion or forbearance. We have frankly done them justice as to all the early series of transactions; but the haughty intractable violence of Commissioner Lin, in not being satisfied, as he had pledged himself he would be, with the great surrender of March—but trampling on the English Superintendent, who had but too far complied with his previous demands, in proceeding to tax Captain Elliott with a farther and apparently unlimited supervision of all who were, or were suspected of being, engaged in this opium trade—above all, the brutality of the Imperial Commissioner in expelling, *en masse*, our countrymen, who had neither offended him nor the laws of China, from Macao, where they were living under the protection of a friendly power—forcing men, women, and children, at twelve hours' notice, to flee to the ships already crowded, depriving them when there of all provisions, and preventing them by armed vessels from taking off those they had purchased from the willing natives—these are proceedings for which we suppose no Englishman, but 'Captain T. H. Bullock, in the service of H. H. the Nizam,' would have the courage to demand applause. We are bound to admit that the parliamentary papers give but an obscure notion of the whole *res gesta* subsequent to Captain Elliott's final abandonment of Canton; but still the outline seems to be one of unquestionable atrocity. There appears to have been something so vindictive in the conduct of this Commissioner Lin, in subjecting the victims of his persecution to all the horrors of dying by famine, that it is utterly impossible to imagine he can have been acting under, or sanctioned by, the orders of his government; and all this because the Superintendent very properly refused to give up an innocent person, who happened to have been one in a general scuffle of English, Americans, and Chinese on shore, in which one of the latter was unfortunately killed; but to point out any particular individual, who gave the fatal blow, was utterly impossible, and if possible, no Englishman would dare to give him up to certain destruction *without trial*. We will not accuse Lin of the diabolical act of murdering five innocent lascars, when carrying over an English gentleman of the name of Moss from Macao to the ships, of hacking or stabbing this gentleman, and, when in a state more dead than alive, of cutting

cutting off his ear and cramming it into his mouth. He could not be so far lost to every feeling of humanity as to give direct sanction to such fiendish doings; but he is strongly suspected of having ordered the seizure, and his inveterate conduct towards the English must have been quite enough to countenance the wretches who actually committed the enormity. But whether or not—taking into consideration the whole of this imperial commissioner's conduct—whether the extreme outrages committed had or had not his assent, he has done enough to make the interposition of the English crown inevitable.

And the truth is, that sooner or later the commercial intercourse of China with the nations of Christendom must have been brought to some crisis of a nature enforcing the necessity of a very serious demonstration at least, on the part of one or more of the 'outside foreigners.' It is practically impossible for any nation to carry on a great and lucrative commerce with others, and yet refuse to enter into some species of diplomatic relation with them. The inconveniences of the want of such recognised relations may be endured for a season; but individual violences, on one side or the other, are sure, at some time or other, to bring the *reductio ad absurdum*; and now that the crisis has arrived in this our only prayer is that it may be made use of wisely.

We hear of troops being ordered to join the naval expedition in India. Will not Lord Auckland find enough for the services of his soldiers in that territory? We cannot imagine in what beneficial way land troops could be employed in the dispute with China: seamen and marines appear to us the proper description of force for that service. In every part of China the population is abundant; and though their soldiers are not in the best state of training and discipline, their numbers are so great, that near every city they will be found to swarm like a hive of bees; and like them, they can sting; nothing short of a whole army could be of any avail, or safe, in inland operations. Their troops may not be expert in the field, but, generally speaking, few people are more clever at expedients than the Chinese.

The general feeling of the British nation seems to be for war with the Chinese; ministers are for it; almost all the writers of the pamphlets we have recorded are for war—but differ as to the manner of prosecuting it. One would level the forts at the Bogue, and lay Canton in ashes; and, not satisfied with this, would march on to Peking (1200 miles). We hope, however, he knows the road somewhat better than a Mr. Walter Stevenson Davidson, who, when examined by a committee, proposed to march thither with 20,000 men, but admitted that he had no hints to offer for the details of such a movement. The present

writer would not only 'march on to Peking, but conclude a commercial treaty in the imperial palace.' Nay, he tells us very briefly what might be the tenor of this treaty:—'You take my opium; I take your island in return, we are therefore quits; and henceforth, if you please, let us live in friendly communion and good fellowship. You cannot protect your *sea-board* against pirates and buccaneers—I can! So let us understand each other, and study to promote our mutual interests.'—(*Brief Observations.*)

We have even seen a proposal for paying a visit to Peking in a first-rate man-of-war, though 100 miles inland. The 'Barrister-at-Law' would also 'penetrate to Peking,' and see what they were doing there. But none of them tell us how we are to reach that city, much less how we are to get back again. And as to 'seeing the emperor,' we must first cross the great wall, and penetrate not only to Peking, but into Tartary, for thither he would certainly betake himself. What (besides the emperor) the invaders would not find at Peking, we have stated elsewhere. They would, however, find, among other articles exposed for sale in almost every shop, in the four wide streets, what might somewhat surprise them, as many most splendidly-decorated coffins, as would be sufficient to hold the whole of a more numerous party than will ever reach that capital. Some, again, are satisfied with blockading the whole coast of the Eastern and Yellow Sea; taking, sinking, or destroying every species of craft fallen in with, from the Gulf of Pechelée to Hainan, an extent of 1400 or 1500 miles, full of fine rivers, bays, and harbours, which would require more than half the navy of England efficiently to blockade. But almost every one calls out for the seizure and occupation of some island; though whether Amoy, or one of the Chusans, or Hong-Kong, Lantau, or Lintin, they seem not to agree.

We cannot say that we should reckon on much advantage from the possession of an island on the Chinese coast, whether seized or granted. In either case it could not fail to be a source of jealousy and dislike; and instead of benefiting, would be more likely to damage, our commercial interests. Let us suppose one of those outside the Bocca Tigris; what should we gain by our exclusion from the great mart of trade at Canton, while all other nations were on the spot taking the earliest advantage of the market—except the immense benefit of involving ourselves in perpetual broils with the natives, probably in frequent homicides? Or, of what use would it be, if we were still to live in the Canton factory? Those who talk of taking possession of Hainan or Formosa, islands nearly as large as Ireland, are not deserving of notice. If we could succeed in obtaining leave to establish a *factory* on the eastern coast,—at Amoy, for instance,—in

—in the neighbourhood of the tea districts, or on the great island of Chusan, as a *dépôt* from whence a most extensive trade in silks and other valuable articles might be carried on with the wealthy city of Hong-kong, and the populous districts bordering on the Imperial Canal; one of both of these would be worth contending for; but neither these, nor any island, should be taken or held by compulsion. On this point we are glad to find that Mr. Lindsay concurs with us:—

‘Many people are disposed to maintain that some insular possession on the coast of China is desirable, where we might carry on our trade under the protection of our own flag. I confess that in my mind I see great and serious objections to such a measure. Nothing would tend so much to degrade the imperial government before their own people as demanding such a concession; and merely looking to our own interests, anything having such a tendency is most seriously to be deprecated. Our object in China is mere commercial intercourse, not territorial aggrandisement; and I cannot help fearing, that if we once planted our flag and built a fort within the Chinese dominions, circumstances would compel us to extend our limits, and our career of British India would be repeated in China.’—*Lindsay*, pp. 36, 37.

But Mr. Lindsay says, ‘to prevent future quarrels, free access to the imperial court is the first and foremost point, which can *only be attained by the residence of an ambassador at Peking*. Then we can venture to assure him, it never will be attained; but if it were possible, God help the unfortunate ambassador! The indignities and insults he would constantly receive would soon drive him away. We have had one embassy too many already. The treatment which Van Braam and Lord Amherst met with—the one for a full compliance with the degrading demands of the Chinese court, the other for non-compliance—ought to be quite sufficient to deter any man of rank or character from accepting such an appointment. But the Russian mission, says Mr. Lindsay, is a precedent. We know, in modern times, of but one mission from Russia, which was accompanied by Mr. Charles Stuart (the present Lord Stuart de Rothesay). After a long and tedious journey through Siberia, and just as they were approaching the great wall, they were met by a deputation from the emperor of China, conveying more of condolence for their fatigues, than congratulation at their arrival in his dominions, and expressing his hearty wishes for their safe return—but anything rather than the remotest hint of a desire that they should extend their labours by proceeding to Peking. Others, we perceive, talk of the Russian legation at Peking: this too is a mistake. They have what they call a college there, where half-a-dozen youths are instructed in the Chinese language, for the mutual benefit of the two nations,

in their commercial transactions at the great market of Kiatcha, near to which they are conterminous; a permission granted so far back as in the time of the Empress Elizabeth, nearly one hundred years ago.

The American friend of Captain Elliott points out, very obligingly, various modes in which we may settle the Chinese.

‘Finally, there are two powers in the hands of Great Britain, capable of being wielded for the subduing of the Chinese—the power of inflicting infinite harm, and the power of imparting infinite blessings. To recommend the latter means, is the object of this publication. If, however, all confidence in truth, in peaceful policy, is lost; if resistance to rival aggrandisement can be reconciled with these remoter usurpations; if it be consistent to uphold the Mohammedan power in Europe with one hand, and to force changes on Asia, in the name of Christianity, with the other—seize the present occasion to make war on China. And, as there is no assignable stopping-place between the assumption of arms, and a thorough reduction of the Chinese spirit and force, take measures accordingly. Find the way to the mouths of the “two rivers” by sea; and the way to Yunnan by land from India. Cut off the coasting trade, and destroy the canal approaches to the Imperial residences. Look out for some talented traitor; call him the sole representative of the old Ming family; set up his throne in the deserted courts of its ancient capital. Make free intercourse with the southern half of China the price of this “protection;” and on coming away, bring a reimbursement, and leave a subsidy. Superiority in arms and discipline *may* make all this easy. To render it more sure, let it appeal, that Providence shall always wait in vain for western piety to give Christianity to the East, and that its angry ambition is the only means within its reach, I mean its only *human* instrumentality.’—*Opium Crisis*, pp. 81, 82.

We are not disposed to agree with any of this gentleman’s suggestions, least of all with the hint about encouraging the disaffected partisans, if there be any, of the old *Ming* dynasty, to put down the present government. England is not the nation to foment rebellion, and encourage revolution, in foreign states. Perish the tea, the opium, the silk, and the whole trade of China, rather than she should be concerned in such nefarious plans! Something, however, must be done; a solemn example is necessary after the brutal and vindictive measures of the Chinese at Canton; and on that spot, too, where the English character has suffered insult, and the British flag has been dishonoured in what, certainly, appears to have been a foolish attack by a cutter, a pinnae, and a small armed vessel, on three large men-of-war junks, protected by a battery. Captain Elliot admits that he fired the first shot, which was answered, both by them and the battery, with a spirit not at all unexpected by me; for I have already had experience that the Chinese are much underrated in  
at

that respect.' After a fire of half an hour, the boats retreated from a want of ammunition.' It would have been still worse, if there were truth in the story of the *Volage* having looked at these junks, and retired the following morning, *because* Captain Elliott had changed his mind in the course of the night. The *Volage* acted as she did, *because* it was felt to be wrong that deliberate hostilities should be committed by one of her Majesty's ships without direct authority from the government. Let us, however, put the most favourable construction on this affair, the Canton people will attach to it the very worst, and call it cowardice. It is highly expedient, therefore, that those who have seen our disgrace, should be the first to feel our power.

Whatever is to be done, we trust will be effectual; that our demand upon them will be peremptory—the execution prompt. Active measures, and these alone, will make an impression on the Chinese authorities, and do away that slight and contempt of our power, which we have unfortunately allowed to spring up among them. Written correspondence, in the first instance, we are decidedly of opinion, should be avoided: their aim will be *delay*, and a reference to Peking would give them two months. Written discussion once admitted, and they will assuredly beat us at it; no people on earth are such adepts at what is called, 'passive resistance,' as the Chinese. The two rivers, the one within and the other without Macao, (the eastern and western passages) ought to be immediately blockaded; but not, we trust, until a declaration of war, and a subsequent or simultaneous notification of blockade, according to ancient practice, shall have been promulgated; for why should we follow the lawless example of modern France? We mention this with a view to prevent cavil from neutral nations, who are at all times naturally annoyed, and extensively injured, by a blockade. The short blockade of two or three days of the Canton river by the *Volage* produced from twelve 'free and independent citizens' of the United States the following remonstrance:—

'To H. Smith, Esq., Captain of her Majesty's ship *Volage*, Hong Kong Bay.

'We beg leave most respectfully to present to you, and through you, to her Majesty's chief superintendent of trade in China, that the right of such a blockade cannot be recognised by the undersigned; and, if attempted to be carried into effect to their injury, or the injury of the American shipping and interests, will be considered by the undersigned, and by their countrymen, an infringement of their legal and just rights; it being contrary to the laws of nations, existing treaties, illegal, and without precedent.

'We hereby enter our most solemn protest against such a blockade, as we understand, from report, is now proposed to be enforced. And

we



we do hereby give notice, that we shall hold her Britannic Majesty and her government responsible in the fullest manner for whatever lives may be sacrificed, and other losses that may be sustained by American citizens, in consequence of said blockade and sudden proceedings of her Majesty's officers in China, and we shall further hold you personally, and all persons acting under your authority, responsible for whatever lives may be lost or injury sustained, in person or property, by any American citizen.

Nothing of this protest appears in the papers laid before parliament; but that such a blockade was illegal, must, we think, be admitted by all. No power, we believe, can legally institute a blockade except a *belligerent*, and we were not then at war with China. We may, perhaps, blockade the port of a foreign power, who has done us an injury, or on whom we have claims, without a declaration of war; but under such a blockade, we have no right to prevent the free ingress and egress of the ships of a neutral power.

Supposing, however, that neither a blockade nor a declaration of war be adopted, but that the flag-ship should at once pass the Bocca Tigris, and proceed to the second bar, perhaps to Whampoa:—From thence the admiral would probably send a message to the governor, or commissioner, if he should still be there, to demand an interview, either on board the flag-ship or in the city—both of which, we doubt not, would be refused. But the flag-ship, in passing the Bocca, it is probable, would be fired upon by the fort, hence the commencement of hostilities. The fort would soon be silenced, taken possession of, and the blockade necessarily follow, and probably an order given to take, sink, or destroy, the whole of the shipping between the mouth of the river and the city, consisting of many hundreds—thousands, indeed, of one description or other. This proceeding may be deemed advisable, to prevent the enemy sinking them to impede the navigation of the river. A desire to communicate may at this point, perhaps, be signified by the Chinese authorities, and the answer might properly be, that the conditions must now be settled at Peking, and that a powerful squadron is already gone up the Eastern and Yellow Sea for that purpose.

A part of the squadron with the flag-ship will no doubt go into the Gulf of Petchelee. The despatch of a peremptory demand of satisfaction from the emperor, sent by one of the mandarins at Takoo (close to the mouth of the Pei-ho) may be proper, accompanied probably with proposals for a treaty. This would not fail to occasion considerable alarm at Peking; but any attempt to proceed thither, or, indeed, up to the great northern emporium, Tien-tung, would, we think, be attended with vast difficulty, and probable disaster. There are thousands of junks, barges, and various

various kinds of craft, the whole way from Ta-koo to Tien-sing, the distance being about eighty miles by the river, and from forty to fifty by land. The barges either go under sail or are dragged by men, according as the wind suits or not; but it is more than probable that the country around would be driven, and no trackers to be had. Admitting this, however, not to be the case, and that the party were suffered to reach Tien-sing with little molestation, they would find abundance of wealth, no doubt, in this immense city, which, according to Lord Macartney, extends along both banks of the river, as far as Milbank is from Limehouse, and is said to contain 700,000 inhabitants; but the objects of plunder or confiscation would be of a bulky description: no precious metals or jewellery, no articles of great value and small compass. Indeed it may be considered a matter of doubt, whether the invading party would be able to bring anything away, even themselves; for it can hardly be doubted that the troops, the militia, and the whole *posse comitatus*, would be called to the banks of the river, where thousands and tens of thousands would be assembled, and the river itself most easily rendered impassable, by the sinking of barges or junks, or whatever might effectually stop the navigation. Our opinion, then, most decidedly is, that any attempt of the kind would fail, the result be fatal, and defeat and disgrace certain.

The more we think on what has happened at Canton, the stronger is our conviction that the first and great blow must be struck *there*; because it is there that insult, oppression, robbery, defeat, and disgrace have been sustained. Having struck this blow, which would soon be known at Peking, then proceed to the northward, and let the flag-ship, with part of the squadron, anchor before the mouth of the Pei-ho; or, for the purpose of increasing the alarm, take possession of the Mia-tan islands in the gulf, where there is excellent anchorage. The very appearance of these ships would, no doubt, create such an alarm in the capital, as to induce the ministers of the imperial court to sue for peace. This would be infinitely more desirable than anything, in the way of treating, that could be effected with the officers of Canton; for even supposing their intentions honourable (a most liberal supposition!), whatever one triennial governor might concede, his successor would be very likely to set aside. But if a treaty could be concluded, with the seal and signature of the emperor, it would bear the stamp of law, and be considered in all parts of China valid and permanent. The concession of a just and reasonable indemnity for the past aggressions, and security for persons and property for the future, placing our commercial intercourse with China on an honourable and stable footing, might reasonably be expected

expected from the imperial court, rather than the entertainment of any hope on its part from the continuance of the war.

Before making such a concession, however, it is a matter of course that the emperor should demand from England, what Lin would fain have extorted from Elliott—a solemn pledge that no more opium should ever be imported into China in English ships; and this we must say, is a pledge which would not and could not be given, because it would be impossible to redeem it. All we could promise would be, to discountenance its introduction, while it must be their business, not ours, to effect its prohibition. They should be made acquainted that we can have no control over the cargoes of ships from Manilla, Batavia, Singapore, and various parts of the eastern world, nor can we possess any power to prohibit such ships from attempting to smuggle opium into any of the numerous ports of a coast 1300 or 1400 miles in extent. Captain Elliott, however, has proposed a measure, which appears to be unobjectionable, that ‘unless the consignee and commander of every English vessel, on the day of arrival, hand in to the superintendent a solemn declaration, in Chinese and English, that she has brought no opium to China, has none on board, neither will receive any, she shall not be allowed to trade.’ This, we think, goes as far as can reasonably be required. All Lin had—all the Pekin government ever can have—a right to demand from us is, that our public officers shall neither give nor claim protection of any sort, for the behoof of those who choose to prosecute an illegal traffic.

If the conceit and ignorance of the Chinese should induce them, notwithstanding what is likely to happen, to refuse all reasonable demands, in such case, undoubtedly, nothing would be left but to let loose our ships of war along the whole extent of the eastern coast, to take or destroy their coasting trade, and to threaten their towns and villages. But the force employed on such a service need only consist of two or three small frigates and as many sloops, which would be more than equal to lay waste the whole face of the country from the Pei-ho to the Bocca Tigris. They must not, however, from mistaken humanity, or whatever other feeling, let any of the public ships of war escape, as those of Admiral Kwan’s squadron were allowed to do. After sinking two (not five or six) out of thirty or thereabouts, and the destruction of four or five hundred men, by the *Volage* and *Hyacinth*, without a single man killed on our part, the letting the rest quietly escape may have been dictated by a generous and humane feeling, added to the consideration that these British vessels were only on the defensive; but the Chinese will give us no credit for any such feelings, and we shall see, by the next account,

account, that this gallant admiral, who boasts his descent from the Chinese god of war, will claim a victory.\*

It is scarcely possible to conceive the state of poverty that prevails on a great part of the coast; and the public buildings and works of defence, where there are any, are almost everywhere a mass of ruins. Medhurst, the missionary, who coasted downwards from the promontory of Shan-tung, thus describes one of the places at which he landed—adding, that many others were very similar to it:

‘We had now time to look around us and survey the town, which we found to have been originally surrounded with a mud wall, and provided with gateways, but now miserably out of repair. The ramparts were so low and so sloping that it was easy to walk up one side and down the other, while the portals were dilapidated and exposed. Only one fourth of the space within the walls was occupied by houses, many of which were in ruins. All things marked decay rather than improvement; and the place must have sadly deteriorated within the last century, as the Jesuits have marked it down in their map as an important military station. The same observation holds true of all parts of Shan-hung which we have seen.’

And yet this is one of the finest provinces, and adjacent to that of the capital.

With the exception, therefore, of the immense group of the Chusan Islands, into the midst of which flow two navigable rivers, the one leading to the city of Ningpo, a flourishing place, and the other to Hong-cheu-foo, one of the wealthiest cities in the empire, and excepting, also, Amoy, a town of considerable trade, there is no spot on that extensive coast that would be likely to tempt the hostility of a British man-of-war. Some of the writers talk of the numerous ships in the Yellow Sea, bearing tribute to Peking. This is a mistake; the valuable articles of *tribute*, as it is called—tea, silks, grain—are all conveyed to the several public depôts by the great internal navigation—the Imperial Canal. The coast-trade is of a mean description: all the junks, with the exception of those conveying rice and salt to the northern provinces, being carried on by poor families, several of them living in separate departments of the same junk. There are the various kinds of fishing craft, in which myriads of poor people are employed along the whole line of the eastern coast; others, again, obtain a livelihood by a petty coasting trade from port to port. All these and the numerous villages along the sea-coast might most easily be swept away, and universal distress be inflicted on the unoffending natives; and to no good purpose, for

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\* We were right; a report has been sent to Peking of Kwan's victory over two British ships of war.

this would make but little impression at Peking; it would be set forth in the Peking gazette, as the act of foreign pirates and robbers, whom his imperial majesty had ordered his admirals to drive away from the face of the ocean. But these extreme proceedings, we trust, will not happen. God forbid it should fall to the lot of British naval officers to carry into execution such severities, in order to avenge the local tyranny of a few menials of a despotic government!

We are quite aware that, to make the results of war efficient, a proportion of the inhabitants of the country, against which it is waged, must suffer; but in all cases, and especially with regard to China, whose people can offer little or no resistance, our efforts should, as much as possible, be directed to establishments and edifices of a public nature; if contributions are to be levied, it should be only on the wealthy and accessible cities of Canton, Amoy, Ningpo, and Hong-cheu-foo. As steamers will probably be employed on the present occasion, they might ascend the two great rivers, the Whang-ho and the Yang-tse-kiang, to the points where they intersect the Grand Canal, and where, if destruction were the object, there are the means of inflicting the greatest possible degree of distress, both of a public and private nature, not only by intercepting all the supplies proceeding along that populous line, but by breaking down the banks, in consequence of which the whole adjacent country for many thousand square miles might be completely deluged.\* But in whatever way the circumstances of the war may compel the brave officers of our navy to act, we may be quite sure that their own sense and feeling will be '*parcere subjectos, debellare superbos.*'

We are not, however, by any means, clear as to the expediency of ascending either of these great rivers. Steamers would, undoubtedly, get up—though the currents are so rapid, that sailing craft would not be able to stem them; but the safe return even of steamers might be doubtful: the Chinese, as we have said, are a crafty people, and full of expedients, and little would be thought by them of blocking up the navigation by sinking a multitude of their huge junks, which are to be found in every creek and stream on the banks. The same observation indeed will apply to all the rivers; but the Pei-ho, which leads to the great emporium of Tien-sing, could be more easily blocked up than the others. Our caution not to hold the Chinese too cheap is not to be despised. The 8000 Tartar troops in the vicinity of the capital may be better than we are apt to fancy. We did not expect to find that, in the fort protecting the bay of Cooloon, there was mounted a thirty-two pounder gun; or that one of their junks

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\* Quarterly Review, No. C.

should have fired a twelve-pound shot into the mast of the Hyacinth.

But of one thing we are quite certain—that whatever the issue of the ‘crisis’ may be—whatever concession we may obtain in the way of apology, indemnification, restoration, or even extension and enfranchisement of our legitimate trade—in short, whatever advantages we may gain by the contest—and by prudent management we cannot fail to gain some—none of them will long avail us, if dependent on any agreement concluded with the Viceroy of Canton; on the contrary, all our exertions—all the expense of the armament—loss of time and delay—will produce no permanent effect, unless, as we have already said, we shall be able to obtain a solemn treaty, written in the two languages, and ratified under the seal and signature of the Emperor of China, confirming the future security of the lives and property of our mercantile subjects, employed in *lawful enterprises*, granting full permission to communicate freely and directly with the provincial authorities, and embracing all other points which it may be deemed necessary to secure in our future intercourse with this great kingdom. The demand of such a treaty cannot well be resisted on the plea of want of precedent, for *Russia* obtained a treaty, signed at Peking, regulating the trade of the two nations at Kiatka and Mai-mai-chin, but even if there were no precedent in Chinese history, it is sufficient that the time has come when China can no longer be allowed, from whatever jealousy or haughtiness, to refuse to bind herself to something like the diplomatic *jus gentium*. And it is needless to conceal that, even in regard to the *status*, and *animus* too, of this Empire, we and the other civilised nations of the world have excellent reason to keep in consideration the past and present course, tendency, and extent of Russian influence and Russian intrigue.

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- ART. IX.—1. *Reports of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Printed Papers.* 1837-1840.  
 2. *Speech of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel on the Question of Privilege*, 8th June, 1837.  
 3. *Remarks on the Report of a Select Committee of the late House of Commons on the Publication of Printed Papers.* 1837.  
 4. *Letter to Lord Langdale on the recent proceedings of the House of Commons on the subject of Privilege.* By Thomas Pemberton, Esq., M.P. Third Edition. 1840.

**G**OOD cases make bad precedents: when the merits of a particular question are very clear, mankind in general are not disposed to be critical as to its minute forms, nor jealous of

of its possible *consequences*. And it was probably under the influence of some such feeling, in the case of *Stockdale and Hansard* (where the *merits* were so decidedly against the plaintiff), that the House of Commons was led to pass certain resolutions of a wider scope and more comprehensively penal character than they would probably have adopted if the *subject-matter* had been more questionable. Whether this was from mere natural impulse, or whether there was in any mind a latent desire to seize a favourable opportunity for *extending* the privileges of the democratic branch of the legislature, we cannot presume to form an opinion, except only that we may confidently assume that neither this latter object, nor any other constitutional change, ever entered into the imaginations of some of the most eminent persons who gave their approbation to those proceedings. Certain, however, it is, that these resolutions seem to involve some very alarming principles, and have in fact produced a conflict between *law* and *privilege*, of extreme difficulty, and even of considerable danger.

It may, perhaps, appear presumptuous in us to hope that our opinion can have any effect in accommodating a difference where the most eminent of our lawyers and statesmen seemed to have failed; but as we have a strong impression that the *real and fundamental* principle of the case has been, if not overlooked, at least overlaid, in a vast quantity of extrinsic matter, and as we fancy that we see a mode of reconciling all—except, perhaps, the very extreme opinions—we feel it our duty to offer our humble attempt towards so desirable an object.

We shall begin by a short statement of the facts.

The great expense of printing the vast, and, in too great a proportion, useless, quantity of papers annually laid before parliament, induced Mr. Hume to suggest, and a select committee to adopt, *so lately as the 13th August, 1835*, the following resolution:—

“Resolved, that the Parliamentary Papers and Reports printed for the use of the House should be rendered *accessible to the public by purchase*, at the lowest price they can be furnished; and that a sufficient number of extra copies shall be printed for that purpose.”—*Pemberton*, pp. 10, 11.

And this was followed, 18th March, 1836, by the following:—

“Resolved, that Messrs. Hansard, the printers to the House, be appointed to *conduct the sale*.

“That, in order to render the Parliamentary Papers accessible to the public *through the means of other booksellers*, it is expedient that a discount of twelve and a half per cent. should be allowed to the *TRADE* who shall become purchasers.”—p. 11.

Now

Now be it observed—a most important fact, and never to be lost sight of—that this *promiscuous* sale—under *commercial* forms, and for a mere *economical* object—was entirely *new* ; and that therefore all *antecedent* precedents as to the publication and sale of parliamentary papers—however numerous and conclusive as to *such modes* of ‘sale and publication’ as formerly existed—can have no bearing on an entirely *novel practice* introduced for entirely *novel purposes*. This our readers already see is the key-stone of the whole affair. We shall revert to it by and by in argument—at present we mention it only in the series of facts. Under this resolution a report made in pursuance of the provision of an Act of Parliament (5 and 6 Will. IV.) by certain ‘Inspectors of Prisons’ was offered for sale, in which report, after stating that improper books found their way into Newgate, it was added that amongst them was—

\* “the ———, by ———, eighteen plates, published by Stockdale, 1827. ‘This last,’ they observed, “is a book of a most disgusting nature, and the plates are obscene and disgusting in the extreme.”—p. 7.

For this passage Mr. Stockdale—actuated, it seems, rather by a morbid love of notoriety than by any other motive—brought an action for libel against Messrs. Hansard. To this Messrs. Hansard put in a general plea of not guilty, by which the fact and nature of the publication were put in issue ; and they also pleaded a *justification*, that the alleged libel was true.

This, however, they did in their own private capacity, and it does not appear that the House of Commons interfered, or thought they had any authority to interfere, to stop the action. This is a remarkable fact.

The Attorney-General happened to be counsel for Hansard—as he might have been for John Doe or Richard Roe—for it does not appear that he had any directions on the subject from the House of Commons ; the question of whose jurisdiction was not in any way raised on the face of the pleadings ; but, in his speech, Mr. Attorney unfortunately raised that question, by insisting, on the part of the defendants, that the publication was *privileged* on the ground of its having been sold by order of the House of Commons. On this Lord Denman told the jury—

‘It seems to me, gentlemen, that the only questions for you upon the general issue can be, first, whether the publication was by the defendants at all ; and, secondly, whether it is a publication of a libel ; because, on the third ground, namely, that this is a privileged publication, I am bound to say, as it comes before me as a question of law for my direction, that I entirely disagree from the law laid down by the learned counsel for the defendant. I am not aware of the existence in  
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this country of any body whatever that can privilege any servant of theirs to publish libels of any individual. Whatever arrangements may be made between the House of Commons and any publisher in their employ, I am of opinion that the publisher *who publishes that in his public shop, and especially for money*, which may be injurious, and possibly ruinous, to any one of the King's subjects, must answer in a court of justice to that subject, if he challenge him for a libel.'—*Pemberton*, pp. 8, 9.

The jury, accordingly, found *against* Hansard on the first plea, or, in substance, that he had published a libel, but *for* him on the plea of *justification*: namely, that the matter was true; which prevented the recovery of any damages by the plaintiff.

It was now—and not till now, when the question had been allowed to come to a judicial decision—that the House of Commons interposed. The question raised by Mr. Attorney, and negatived by the Chief-Justice, was in terms so large as to involve the privilege of publishing defamatory matter against an individual, even in a case in which parliament should think it necessary for the public service *specially* to order such a publication—a case, he it observed, essentially distinct in public policy from that then before the court, of an accidental and incidental defamation published under a *general* resolution to sell *commercially* for profit *every thing* which might happen to be printed for the use of the house. It must, therefore, be admitted that the House was perfectly justifiable in determining to clear up the ambiguity, and to contend for the right of *special*, or even, if it pleased, of *general* sale: but it is to be regretted that it did not rather, according to many successful precedents, prefer to carry the matter forward in the legal course by writ of error, than to take the matter prematurely, as we think, into its own hands, and attempt to set aside the proceedings of the court by the high hand of its own authority; above all, we cannot hesitate to express our wonder that, when the House of Commons determined to proceed to extremities in the assertion of its privilege, it did not fairly and manfully go to the fountain-head of the opposition. The opinion of the Lord Chief-Justice—confirmed by a subsequent decision of the whole court—was and is to this moment not merely the *real*, but in fact the *only* direct, formal, and tangible denial of the privilege claimed. Neither Stockdale, nor the sheriffs, nor the inferior agents who have been since implicated in the affair, pretend to *directly* deny or affirm anything about the privileges of the House of Commons: they do things that the house pronounces, *ex post facto*, to be against their privileges, but these things, at the time the parties did them, they believed to be according to the law of the land; and the first constitutional ex-  
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pounder of the laws of the land, the Court of Queen's Bench, has told them that they were right. It was the Court of Queen's Bench, and in a more particular manner the Lord Chief-Justice, who denied the privilege, and who even travelled a little beyond the actual case to enlarge, and corroborate, and solemnise that denial in the most emphatic manner. 'The direction,' said the Chief-Justice, 'of the House of Commons to Messrs. Hansard is no justification for him, nor for any other bookseller who publishes a parliamentary report containing a libel against any man.' Thus enlarging his decision beyond the present case;—and he gives his opinion—

'emphatically and distinctly; because I think, that if, upon the first opportunity that arose in a court of justice for questioning that point, it were left unsatisfactorily explained, the judge who sat there might be an accomplice in the *destruction of the liberties of the country*, and expose every individual who lives in it to a *tyranny that no man ought to submit to*.'—p. 9.

This is a denial of the privilege the 'most distinct and emphatic' that, we believe, was ever pronounced anywhere. But this real and sufficient cause and only justification of the subsequent alarm of the Commons was not, as in common sense it ought to have been, debated and decided between the Court of Queen's Bench and them; but after considerable delay they took a subsequent opportunity of turning round on some poor devils, printers and clerks, whose acts did not directly impugn the privilege, and whose submission would not have confirmed it—whatever these poor people might have been terrified or tortured\* into doing, would not have obliterated or invalidated the judgment of Lord Denman, or the decision of the court. This appears to us the greatest and least excusable error the House of Commons has made, because it was undignified as well as unjust, and every way unfortunate, to attempt to intimidate ignorant and comparatively innocent underlings, rather than boldly and fairly to debate the right with the superior and only authority which had questioned it, and with whom alone a contest of so delicate a nature could be creditably conducted or *effectually concluded*. A different course was unhappily adopted.

A select committee was appointed to consider the whole question, and in a very able and elaborate report of the 2d May, 1837, that committee embodied certain abstract propositions, much larger, as we have said, than the case required, and about

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\* See the strange propositions of Lord Howick and the Solicitor-General for increasing the *severity of coercion* on Stockdale and Howard, when it was found that simple imprisonment was likely to fail.

which,

which, both in their extent and application, we, in common with many others of infinitely greater authority, entertain very serious doubts:—

‘Your committee, having considered the subject of parliamentary privilege, and the jurisdiction of this house to determine the extent of its own privileges, submit, as their opinion, that, by the law and usage of parliament, the House of Commons does possess an exclusive jurisdiction, and that it is a breach of its privileges to bring them into discussion before any other tribunal, directly or incidentally; and that such breach of privilege subjects the parties to punishment by this house.’—p. 12.

On this important proposition we must make two observations; first, that it asserts a right in the House, never, we believe, before contended for, of creating *new privileges*, which it should be as highly penal to question as any of its old, undoubted, and constitutional rights; this seems to us a very violent assumption, and one which, probably, the committee did not seriously mean to claim. And, secondly, that it was equally penal to bring any of the privileges of the House into discussion, directly or indirectly. Now, without stopping to show the absurdity of prohibiting ‘any discussion, directly or indirectly,’ of questions of privilege, which could, *in natura rerum*, be neither established nor defined nor understood, without some such discussions—and in support of which the committee adduced an infinite number of discussions and decisions in the courts of law—exclusive, we say, of this absurdity, it contained one still greater; for, in the present case, the offender against this asserted privilege was—not Stockdale, nor the Chief Justice, but—Mr. Attorney General himself, who was the first to bring the question of privilege into discussion. Nor, if the committee had said, what they probably meant, ‘an adverse discussion,’ would it have cured the absurdity; for he who takes before a court of justice the affirmative side of a discussion obliges the Court to discuss the *negative* as well as the *affirmative*, and to decide negatively if it feels itself bound in law and conscience to do so. Mr. Attorney was, therefore, in this point, the real culprit.

The Report then proceeds—

‘That, by the law and privilege of Parliament, this House has the sole and exclusive jurisdiction to determine upon the existence and extent of its privileges; and that the institution or prosecution of any action, suit, or other proceeding, for the purpose of bringing them into discussion or decision, before any court or tribunal elsewhere than in Parliament, is a high breach of such privilege, and renders all parties concerned therein amenable to its just displeasure, and to the punishment consequent thereon.

That for any court or tribunal to assume to decide upon matters of

of privilege, inconsistent with the determination of either House of Parliament thereon, is contrary to the law of Parliament, and is a breach and contempt of the privileges of Parliament.'—pp. 12, 13.

And this is stated in a report which produces and *relies upon* numerous cases (*Ashby and White*, *Burdett and Abbot*, for instance) in which the House had accepted, and appealed to, the judgments of the courts of law in questions of privilege—sometimes successfully, sometimes unsuccessfully—but in which it had, when unsuccessful, acquiesced in the adverse decision.

We really do not understand how the House could have agreed to resolutions so extravagant and contradictory. Mr. Pemberton, in his excellent pamphlet, seems to account for it by saying that they were passed unexpectedly in a very thin house. Passed however they were, to the great surprise of all thinking men out of doors, and particularly of the whole legal profession, with the single exception, we believe, of Mr. Serjeant Wilde (now Solicitor General), who is supposed to have had the chief hand in framing the report, which, able as we admit it to be, is peculiarly powerful in proving what nobody questioned, but rather deficient in establishing any of the substantial points on which its conclusions could be founded.

These resolutions, and the public opinion upon them, encouraged, it would seem, Mr. Stockdale to commence another action for a different emission of the Inspectors' report. Still the House attacked neither the judge, nor the party, nor the attorney, as, in pursuance of these recent resolutions, might have been expected; but, on the contrary, and in the teeth of their resolution, directed that Hansard should plead. He did plead; and on a solemn argument the whole court affirmed, in substance, the Chief-Justice's former opinion, and damages of 100*l.* were awarded to Stockdale.

Here, again, the House made an extraordinary halt. They neither put their resolution in force, nor followed the more obvious and prudent course of appealing by *writ of error* from the decision—they paid the damages: thus substantially stultifying all their own pretensions, and virtually admitting the legality of all Stockdale's proceedings.

Now occurred what is called *Polack's case*, and which has been too little and too superficially considered; for, though its relation to the Stockdale proceedings was only incidental, it illustrates very forcibly the true principles of the general question. The facts are these. A committee of the *House of Lords* had made, and that House had, in its usual course, ordered to be printed, a report on New Zealand, with an appendix of evidence, containing some defamatory matter against Mr. Polack. Did

Mr. Polack dream of attacking the *House of Lords*?—not at all; but by-and-by the ‘*Times*’ newspaper, deeming that the evidence might interest the public, reprinted it; and *then* Mr. Polack, seeing that he had an unprivileged commercial publication to deal with, brought an action against the ‘*Times*,’ and recovered 100*l.* damages. This was a hard case on the ‘*Times*,’ but it marks very clearly the distinction—the legal and constitutional distinction—between the privileged and the unprivileged publication of a parliamentary document; and what followed marked it still more strongly.

The House of Lords thought it right to communicate its report to the House of Commons, who ordered it to be reprinted, and then, as *a matter of course*, under the resolution of 1835, Messrs. Hansard sold, in their public shop, at the price of 4*s.*, that which, in the case of the ‘*Times*,’ was pronounced a punishable libel. Can common sense imagine any possible distinction between the sale by Hansard and by the ‘*Times*?’ No wonder, then, that Mr. Polack—fortified by his verdict—sanctioned by the opinion of the Queen’s Bench in *Stockdale and Hansard*—and encouraged by the retrograde proceedings of the House of Commons itself, should have brought an action against Hansard for the *republication* of the libel. Hansard appealed to the House of Commons; and that House, which had so recently decided, in a precisely similar case, that Hansard *should plead*, were now pleased to decide that Hansard *should not plead*; but still, contrary to its recent pledges, took no measures whatsoever against the parties who brought, or the courts which entertained, the action.

Polack’s case, we know not why, here fell to the ground; but our readers see that, as far as it had gone, it corroborates our view of the obvious distinction between a privileged publication and a publication by commercial sale; and, though not farther prosecuted, it had incidentally a serious effect, on the next step in the *Stockdale* case. For, encouraged, we presume, by this repeated *dereliction* of its resolutions, on the part of the House of Commons, and this *variation* from its former course of proceeding, *Stockdale* took advantage of the *recess* to bring a third action against Hansard.

The House not being sitting, Hansard had recourse to the Speaker, who took upon himself to act upon the view which the House had lately adopted in Polack’s case, and directed Hansard not to plead. The Speaker had, it seems, forgotten, that, in spite of the proverbial delay of the law, an undefended cause progresses rapidly, and, in fact, *Stockdale* obtained a verdict of 600*l.* by Hansard’s default; and this amount was levied, in the usual course  
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of law, by the sheriffs of London and Middlesex, on the goods of Hansard, during the recess.

The House, on its re-assembling, now found itself driven into the most difficult strait of abandoning its resolutions, or of proceeding summarily against all the parties to the third suit: they adopted the latter course. Stockdale and his attorney\* were committed, and the sheriffs, who refused to pay back to Hansard the money they had levied, and which by law they were bound to pay over to Stockdale, were committed also. The subsequent release of the sheriffs, on rather flimsy excuses, has no other effect on the great question at issue than to show, either that the House was not very firm in its position, or that it was reluctant to inflict a severe punishment on individuals for a matter in which they were officially and ministerially implicated, without any fault of theirs; Stockdale and his attorney, and even the attorney's son a boy *under age*, and his clerk who was no more than the mere instrument of his master, still remaining in custody. But this has not prevented the bringing of fresh actions; nor can it, we fear, prevent the ultimate collision between the King's Bench and the House of Commons, unless the House will either consent to carry one of the causes to the *dernier ressort* (as had been done in *Ashby and White*, and in *Burdett and Abbott*), or that there may be found some extrication from the difficulty by a legislative enactment. On this latter point we shall say a few words by and by; but let us previously look back at the *rationale* of these proceedings.

For near 150 years, ever since the establishment of the present constitution in 1688, the House of Commons has (with insignificant exceptions) continued to *sell its votes*, and occasionally other papers; and to print, and of course to distribute to its members, and, by its members, to the public, all other documents, according to its discretion; and, as far as we know, without any difficulty or question, till the present period. It is obvious that a mere usage, that never has been questioned because perhaps it never was abused, would not be any conclusive argument that the abuse of it would be legal. But—as it is presumed that in this long course of time much defamatory matter must have been published, which would probably have been complained of or prosecuted, if any doubts of the legality of this kind of publication had been entertained—it may, on this presumption, be further presumed that the Houses of Parliament have a right, in the *bona fide* ex-

\* The attorney was not committed in the first instance. On being brought up on the third action he expressed his regret, and was discharged the same night the sheriffs were committed; a few days afterwards he proceeded with the fourth action, and was thereupon finally committed.

ercise of their proper functions, to print for their own use, and to distribute, and perhaps even to sell\* (sale being only a regulated distribution) matters which may happen to be defamatory of individuals, when in their judgment the public service may require it. It is not easy to controvert in the abstract the position of Lord Denman, that no man can be excluded from appealing to the law against an injury of this nature; yet, thinking that *salus populi is suprema lex*, and that the right of publication, as it was exercised by the Houses of Parliament up to 1836, is necessary to the due discharge of their high functions, we do not believe that the courts would have entertained any action for a libel published by their *advised* authority.

It would indeed have been almost impossible to have brought any such action for a plaintiff to a favourable issue; for in the first place, no paper, we believe, ever was *sold* without having *individually* received a special *imprimatur* and order for the *sale*, under the Speaker's own hand, which was not only a guarantee against the publication of improper matter, but was a certificate of the public expediency of publishing matter which might otherwise have appeared questionable; and as to the class of papers which were most liable to contain defamatory matter, their distribution amongst members, or even by members to their constituents, would (when private malice could not be shown) have been, we incline to think, protected as a privileged communication; and in such a case, contrary to the full extent of Lord Denman's dictum, 'an individual, though he might be injured, would have no legal remedy. Suppose my Lord Chief Justice himself had occasion—as happens frequently to every judge—to express, in open court, a strong censure on the conduct of a party or of a witness, even though it were so far *extrajudicial* as to be a mere interlocutor, can it be alleged that such a person would have an action for defamation? We are satisfied that my Lord Chief Justice did not mean to go to that extent; and his words, 'any publisher who publishes in his public *shop*' (though somewhat embarrassed by the addition of '*especially for money*') must have meant, 'any man who publishes *commercially*.' And though he subsequently added,—

'the fact of the House of Commons having directed Messrs. Hansard to publish *all* their Parliamentary Reports is no justification for them,

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\* We treat the *abstract* right to *sell* thus dubiously, because we have in fact *very great doubts about it*; or, to speak more candidly, a strong leaning the other way (not deeming precedents of an *unquestioned* practice conclusive as to its being *unquestionable*); but, as our view of the subject applies to the *special* sale under the resolution of August, 1835, we think it best not to complicate the question with the wider discussion.

or for any bookseller who publishes a Parliamentary Report containing a libel against any man,'—

yet we apprehend, by the introduction of the word '*all*,' that he had an eye to a *promiscuous* commercial publication; and that his Lordship would probably not have applied his doctrine to the case of a paper *pecially* approved by the Speaker, and ordered to be distinctly published, or even sold (though that, we again repeat, may admit of more doubt), for some reason of public utility or policy. He would probably, we think, have said that he could not judge of the motives which so high an authority might have for such a publication, on the same principle that he refused to inquire into the nature of the contempt on which the House thought proper to commit Stockdale.

We believe a great deal of the error and confusion in this case has arisen from the legal technicality, that, in cases of libel, *sale* is no essential ingredient—the whole question being *publication*. This is incontrovertible in ordinary cases; but surely there is, in the common sense and understanding of mankind, a vast difference whether a paper be distributed *advisedly* by the supreme authority of a branch of the legislature for public purposes, or whether it be promiscuously sold as a matter of commercial dealing and pecuniary profit. One is *privilege*, the other is *trade*. We admit the right of the House of Commons to *privilege*, but we never before heard that it pretended to a right to *trade*; for we do not think that the few and cautious instances in which the House has heretofore allowed the *sale* of papers, can be, in principle or in practice, assimilated to the *wholesale* dealing which it has lately practised in *partnership* with Messrs. Hansard. But we may be asked where we would *draw the line*. We reply that we would draw no line at all. We would leave matters as they were before the unfortunate resolution of 1835; and, as we had gone on for 150 years without any serious difficulty, we think it probable that we should go on just as well for 150 years more; or if any difficulties should arise, the *onus* would then lie, as we think it does now, on the *innovators*.

And this leads us to another important consideration. Privilege is not to be created *pro re nata*: it is founded in prescription, and confirmed by time. It is not a *modern gothic* of yesterday's lath and plaster: it is the old baronial fortress of our liberties, venerably ancient, and yet still adequate, by successive accommodations, to its proper purposes—but the most ungainly edifice in the world to turn into a *shop*. We may build a new House of Commons, but we must not erect new privileges. The House affects to stand on its *ancient* privileges: is that consistent with innovations? And will any man in his senses deny that the resolution



lution of August, 1835, is an *innovation*? If we have been in this respect, and almost in this alone, a peaceable community for 150 years, and if we are now disturbed by the introduction of an innovation, what is the remedy? To call in other innovations to our help?—No; but to turn the original innovation out of doors.

But it may be said the spirit of the times requires a greater *publicity* of parliamentary proceedings than formerly: and we are ourselves strong advocates for all necessary publicity—aye, and for more than is necessary. It may be doubted whether, in the ‘multitude of councillors there be *wisdom*,’ but still more, whether, in the multitude of papers, there be *light*, except indeed when—as happens to the greater share of the publications of the House of Commons—we burn them. We remember to have heard of a shrewd old minister of state, who, when papers were moved for on some ticklish point, cheerfully seconded the motion, and offered, on the part of the government, a great deal more than was demanded. ‘The mover shall have,’ he whispered his colleagues, ‘such a *shower of papers* that I defy him to see the object.’

But, admitting the great advantage of publicity, was there not publicity enough in the years preceding August, 1835? Was not every interest abundantly supplied with information? And did not the press, in more convenient shapes than the lumbering folios of Messrs. Hansard, distribute all that the public was inquisitive about? But if that be not enough, let the House permit *everybody* to reprint and publish their papers; but let *everybody* do it as men of business, for their own profit, and at their own risk; and let them, and not the House of Commons, battle it with the Court of Queen’s Bench.

But this argument for *publicity* leads to another important consideration.

It is unnecessary to remind our readers, that the House of Commons has always held that the *publication of its proceedings* was a *high breach of privilege*; nor shall we detail the steps by which this general prohibition was from time to time relaxed or evaded. Suffice it to say that in the beginning of the last century the periodical journals were in the habit of giving a summary of the leading speeches in the most important debates, but with two symptoms of a conscious dread of the power of the House: the first, the flimsy device, designating the *speakers’ names* by their initial and final letters, as *L—d C—d* for *Lord Chesterfield*; *Sir R—t W—e* for *Sir Robert Walpole*; and so on: the second a precaution (which involved a principle), that the publication did not take place during the actual *session*, but was carefully reserved for the *recess*, when it was supposed that the  
power

power of the House was in abeyance. But even with these precautions, *reporting* was thought a perilous calling; and indeed the publishing anything that gave offence to either House, or even to any individual member, was liable to very inquisitorial proceedings, and to very severe punishment. It seems to us at this distance of time hardly credible that Paul Whitehead's poem, called '*Munners*,' was considered a breach of the privilege of the House of Lords, and punished accordingly, and that the authors of what seem to us very fair and moderate '*Considerations on an Embargo on Provisions*,'—which had been laid on by an *Order of the King in Council*, and not yet sanctioned by an act of parliament,—should have been punished by the House of Commons as a breach of privilege with exemplary, or, as it seems to us, revolting severity.

No wonder, then, that the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1737, p. 830) should plead, in extenuation of the defects of its reports, '*the difficulty and sometimes DANGER of publishing speeches in P——t*;' an awful name, which it did not even venture to print at full length. But even these obsequious precautions were not sufficient. On the 13th April, 1738, Mr. Speaker Onslow himself, *et meri motu* as far as appears, complained to the House that 'the publishers of several news letters and papers had taken upon them to give accounts of the proceedings of the House,' and thereupon it was voted, after debate—if debate it may be called, in which there was *not one dissentient voice*—'*that it is a HIGH INDIGNITY to, and a NOTORIOUS BREACH of, the privileges of this House to publish their debates, whether during the session or in the recess, and that this House will proceed with the UTMOST SEVERITY against ANY OFFENDER.*'—*Journals*.

In this discussion the principal men on both sides took a part—Mr. Winnington, Sir W. Yonge, Sir Robert Walpole, Sir William Wyndham, Mr. Pulteney—but the only doubt expressed by any one was, whether the authority of the House spread over the *recess*; the resolution, however, was so worded and voted *nem. con.* Mr. Pulteney, at that time the leading patriot, justified his concurrence in this vote by what appears to us the only true principle on which it can be founded, namely, that a *right on the part of the public* to be informed of their debates would imply a right of judgment on the conduct of members incompatible with the real independence of the House of Commons. This seems to us sound constitutional doctrine; and though the *terms* of the resolution of 1738 are somewhat too pompous, the *principle* is one which, however it may be relaxed or evaded, has never been abandoned, and we doubt whether it could be absolutely repealed without subverting the constitutional character of the House of Commons.

But

But we must observe how incompatible this principle is with the doctrine (urged by the ablest advocates of privilege in the case of *Stockdale and Hansard*), that the House has a right to authorise a publication, even though it should happen to be a libel on an individual, 'because the PUBLIC has a right to know what its representatives are about.' The argument comes to this—the public has a right to know what its *representatives* are about—therefore it has a right to know what Mr. Stockdale, a printer, has been about, but it has not a right to know what the members of the House of Commons are about.

We notice this to show how repugnant both to precedent and reason is the supposed duty—as alleged in the present discussion—of informing the *Public*. But we deny the *major*. The *Public* has, strictly speaking, no constitutional right to know what either Mr. Stockdale or the members of parliament are about—the Constitution knows of no such body politic as the *Public*; and this is not *our* doctrine; it is the doctrine of the House of Commons itself; and is particularly enforced by the advocates of the new privilege, who state distinctly in their celebrated Report 'that the *Parliament*—and of course the House of Commons, *proportionably as a part of it*—includes, in contemplation of law, the whole body of the people.'—Report, § 56.

How, then, is it, that if the Parliament has a right to prohibit the publication of its own debates, because it is itself the *legal Public*, it should *è contra* imagine some other and therefore illegal Public, to whom it claims a right of communicating the proceedings of third parties. How is it, that if—at this very day, in the very course of these privilege discussions—any member were unwarily to mention the publication of the debates in direct terms, he would be interrupted by a general outcry of '*order, order,*' and would be obliged to blink the notorious fact under the veil and subterfuge of alluding to '*some irregular channel by which these debates become known out of doors.*' In fine, it seems to us quite anomalous to see the House of Commons stickling for a right to sell a libel on an individual, while it daily and hourly submits to what itself has pronounced an '*high indignity,*' and '*a notorious breach of privilege.*' It proves, at least, that there are occasions and persons on which, and against whom, they think it consistent with their duty and their dignity to moderate the extreme rigour of privilege, and we cannot but wish that they had been as indulgent to Stockdale and the sheriffs of London as they have habitually been to those wholesale '*offenders,*' with whom they have solemnly pledged themselves to deal with the '*utmost severity,*' and who laugh at their thunderbolt as at a burnt-out rocket.

So much for the argument derived from the necessity of publicity.

With regard to the mode in which the House of Commons enforces respect to its privileges, there are some important questions, upon which we are reluctant to enter, because they are very delicate, and have a much wider operation than their effect on this particular case. We mean that it has, in fact, no intrinsic means of exercising any external authority whatsoever. Their very clerks are appointed by the Crown; their serjeant-at-arms is the officer of the Crown; the *mace*, the type and only instrument of their authority, is the property of the Crown, returned into the jewel-office of the Tower at the end of every parliament, and re-issued again from the Tower on the assembling a new parliament.\* So that, in fact, the House of Commons has no external force whatsoever but through the instrumentality of the Crown; but this, as we have said, is delicate matter, and does not affect one assertion of privilege more than another: it therefore does not belong to our present discussion; but when the resolutions of the House asserted that they will not permit, in any case, directly or indirectly, their privileges to be so much as discussed in a court of law, was it considered what would have happened if unfortunately there had been *a life lost* in the attempt to execute their orders; if the sheriff had defended himself from what he might consider an illegal arrest, by running the serjeant-at-arms through the body; or if the serjeant-at-arms had killed the sheriff while resisting the speaker's order; or if in any struggle of the kind a life had been lost, can it be supposed that the legality of the speaker's warrant, and of course the whole question of privilege between the House and the sheriffs, would not have been carried into a court of law, and that the question of privilege would not have been inevitably discussed in a court of law in the most solemn and fearful manner? Who, therefore, can doubt that the privileges of parliament must ultimately, and in the last resort, be determinable by the courts of law? We do not see what answer can be made to this argument, particularly when we find that every page of the Committee's Report adduces, in support of its claims, the authority of the decisions of the courts in Westminster Hall; and when we recollect that it is the *first* principle of our constitution, that there is *nothing above the law*, and that no man's liberty shall be suspended, except by, as Magna Charta pronounces, '*judicium parium aut LEX terræ*,'—*the verdict of a jury or the law of the land*.

These are serious considerations. But the pressing question now is, how we are to extricate ourselves from these complicated

\* See Hatsell, vol. ii. p. 249.

difficulties without, on the one hand, overthrowing the laws of the land, or, on the other, impairing the just privileges of the House of Commons—our privileges—the privileges of the nation at large—confided to our representatives for our service, and which therefore ought to be and are as precious to us as they can be to our temporary trustees?

The government proposes to do so by an act of parliament; and in the difficulties in which we are now placed, we confess that we are disposed to admit the *knot* to be one which nothing but some species of legislation can cut.

But, before we examine this new feature of the case, let us be permitted to recapitulate our view of what has passed.

1°. We think that the sweeping resolution of the House, that it has an irresponsible and uncontrollable power of making privileges for itself, and of punishing without limit or appeal any breach of them (for such is the effect of the resolution), was an unconstitutional, untenable, and unfortunate step, and of a much more alarming nature than any error, or even injustice, which might have been committed in dealing with the *individual* case.

2°. We believe that, in this particular instance, the House is endeavouring to push a *legal, necessary, and indisputable* privilege to an illegal, unnecessary, and indefensible *extent*, not really necessary to the due discharge of its own proper functions—a condition which is essential to every constitutional claim of privilege; and we are convinced that the day is not far distant when the claim of protecting the *commercial* publication of what the *law* deems to be a *libel*, will be read of with as much wonder as we now read of those '*ancient and undoubted*' cases in which it was held to be a breach of privilege of parliament to shoot a member's rabbits, or to swear a child to a member's footman.

3°. We think that the House of Commons, in its elaborate reports, and in its ingenious speeches, is endeavouring to spread the protection of a long series of *ancient* precedents over an entirely *modern* practice—a practice of no more ancient or respectable date than Mr. Hume's economical resolution of August, 1835, that *all* its printed papers, *indiscriminately*, should be sold to the public, to help to defray the expenses of printing what they wanted for their own use:—by which peddling in waste paper, it is notorious that all the mischief has been produced. This is an entire novelty, to which, therefore, none of the antecedent precedents can apply. We have admitted that the House has long sold its Votes; and, occasionally, individual papers, printed under its authority, have been sold, though not *by them*; but every sheet of the *Votes* has always been specially perused and allowed

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by the Speaker, and the individual papers which have been sold were so for a *special object*, and had received an individual *imprimatur* in each case. This is far different from the *promiscuous* sale of *everything*, without selection, and for no special object, but simply as a mercantile speculation, and with the mercantile expedient 'of making an allowance of twelve and a half per cent. to the TRADE'—a proceeding, as we have said, without a colour of precedent, and by which, as Lord Brougham has expressed and explained it in a homely but just and energetic phrase,

'the House of Commons is called upon to resist the judges of the land, and to break its laws *by opening a shop for libels*.'—*Hist. Sketches*, vol. i. p. 37.

There were, we humbly think, two clear and safe courses, either of which the House of Commons might have adopted with prudence and with dignity. When they had once accepted the wager of law, they should have gone on with the cause to the *dernier ressort*. It looks like a kind of *mala fides* to appeal to law, with a secret resolution, if the *law* should be against them, to settle the matter in their own favour, by *force*. But in the present state of the case this course is, we suppose, no longer possible.

But there was still another course, which even now would be we think the best solution of the difficulty—First;—It was quite right to satisfy Stockdale's acquired damages, because, worthless as his case is on the merits, he had obtained (through the default of the House) a full legal judgment; but *there*, we admit, it has become necessary to *stop him*; and, as many other notoriously litigious and vexatious actions have been commenced for the *same* substantial offence (however technically varied), no man in England would have been dissatisfied that—on the sacred principle of *non bis in idem*—Mr. Hansard should have had a bill of INDEMNITY for all that is passed. Bills of indemnity are constitutional in their spirit and of frequent occurrence, and therefore this would be no innovation either in principle or practice; and would be perfectly defensible on the merits as well as on the exigency: but, at the same time, the House of Commons should, by repealing Mr. Hume's resolution, have stopped the source of future mischief, and shut up the '*libel shop*.' Had this been done, the House of Commons would not have lost one jot of their real and constitutional privilege.—which is, we repeat, as dear to us as it can be to them—and they would have relieved themselves from this partnership in paper-selling with Mr. Hansard, which is paltry when the papers are innocuous, but which may, as we see, become exceedingly embarrassing when,  
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by accident or negligence, anything defamatory to individuals happens to be printed.

The result of the proceeding which we thus venture to suggest would be to leave the House of Commons in *precisely the same state* in which it stood before the commencement of this unhappy litigation; and what can any advocate for privilege desire more?

If it be replied that the House of Commons will forfeit any dignity by rescinding its resolutions, we venture very confidently to deny it. In the first place, we will observe that *technically* they are the resolutions of former parliaments, which, if they have not been renewed—we do not learn that they have—in the present parliament, are *in fact expired*; but, however that may be, is there any degradation in retracing a false step? Even the King's writs are capable of being cancelled by an *improvisum emanavit*. Is the dignity of the House impaired because it did not adhere to its resolutions in the celebrated case of *Ashby and White*; or because it has successively abandoned its once asserted privileges in such cases as the following?—

'Bringing actions against members,—proceeding in Chancery against them,—delivering declarations in ejectment,—driving away their cattle,—digging their coals,—cutting their woods,—breaking down their fences,—ploughing up their lands,—killing their rabbits,—fishing in their ponds,—breaking open their gates, and driving over their fields,—distraining upon their lands,—taking goods which they had previously distrained,—erecting buildings on their wastes,—distraining upon their tenants,—and arresting or suing their servants.'—*Pemberton*, p. 92.

Or these still more absurd pretensions:—

'Picking a member's pocket, and delivering an exorbitant bill of costs, were held breaches of privilege; whilst, on the other hand, Dr. Steward's servant, who had unluckily been "committed to prison for getting a woman with child," claimed, and was allowed his privilege.'—*Ib.*

All these privileges have been successively claimed and abandoned; and is the House of Commons less respected or respectable for having acquiesced in the denial given by the courts of law to those extravagant assumptions?

Such are the grounds on which, when we commenced this article, we had anticipated that this difficult question might be arranged; but while we are writing, a bill has passed the House of Commons, which, though not precisely what we have thus ventured to suggest, does so far fulfil our views as to give an indemnity to all the parties concerned, and, at the same time, virtually to abandon the claim of *exclusive authority* in this matter, which, as we before stated, seemed to us the most objectionable  
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part of the proceedings of the House of Commons. When we find that Sir William Follett, Sir Edward Sugden, and Mr. Pemberton, who were all opposed to the extreme measures taken by the House, have expressed *their assent*, and when we find also that Lord Howick and Mr. Solicitor Wilde, the principal authors and advocates of those extreme measures, have recorded *their opposition* to the bill, we will not venture to raise any objection to the details of a proposition, whose general principle is thus doubly recommended, and whose effect we trust and believe will be to settle this complicated and alarming question more completely, and with a greater concurrence of opinion, than could probably have been obtained by any other course. We wish, therefore, that the bill may pass; and we do not think that any dispassionate and thinking man will venture on the responsibility of defeating such a measure, unless he should be able to offer in its stead some *more clear, effectual, and acceptable* mode of settling the difficulty. We, certainly, in the actual state of the case, and in the present temper of men's minds, see none; and therefore, hail with satisfaction the prospect which it affords of a final and satisfactory arrangement.

There is one clause in the bill on which some difference arose in the House of Commons amongst those who were friendly to its general provisions. We mean that which abates certain actions of trespass brought against the Sergeant-at-Arms and his agents for their proceedings in the execution of the Speaker's warrants. With all submission to the learned and honourable gentlemen who made and supported that objection, we think that this clause is not merely *necessary*, which would be saying enough, but it is clearly defensible on principle; for it is in fact no more than an indemnity which the House of Commons owes to its servants against what it considers, as we also do, vexatious litigation—and owes, not merely in *good faith*, but in *policy*; for without that essential clause we do not see how the great object which we all have in view—the *final settlement* of the whole question—can possibly be obtained.

These are our views, directed exclusively to the *legal and constitutional* bearings of the question; but we beg leave to protest against being implicated in certain *political* opinions and considerations which appear to have recently grown out of it.

Much surprise, and some disapprobation, have been expressed at the part taken by several of the most eminent Conservatives in these proceedings; and some over-zealous partisans, who took little notice of the original questions, have, of late, lamented the letting slip so good an opportunity of *turning cut the Whigs*. To these, and all similar suggestions, we beg leave



to state our entire dissent. The question is a *legal*, and should not be made a *party* question, and least of all by those who hold Conservative opinions. We cannot too often nor too earnestly repeat what has been over and over again stated as the sentiments of the great body of the Conservatives of England, and especially of their parliamentary leaders—that, though they may have been juggled *out* of power, they will never descend to be juggled *in*. They will not enter the palace by a *back-door*, and still less by a *broken window*: they will come, when they do come, on leading principles of public policy, not by courting incongruous combinations, fomenting petty squabbles, or availing themselves of accidental embarrassments. Office is to them not even a secondary consideration, their first is the *country*,—the next their *character*,—and they who would not purchase place by concessions to Mr. Leader or Mr. Grote will certainly not filch it by the meaner hands of Mr. Stockdale or Mr. Pearce.

But in truth the principle of the *Conservative* party is, as its name imports, the maintenance of the ancient constitution of the realm and of all the powers and privileges with which the wisdom of our ancestors has, for the public good, invested constituted authority. They may differ as to the extent to which a particular privilege may be *legally* claimed or *prudently* pushed; but *prima facie* the impulse of their principles would be to support alike the privileges of parliament and the prerogative of the Crown. We have sufficiently shown that we—*nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*—do not agree in all Sir Robert Peel's opinions, but it would be blindness or bad faith to deny that, considering the futility of Stockdale's original case, and under the interpretation which many of the most eminent lawyers (however differing on other points) concurred in giving to the precedents of *publication* and *sale*, his conclusions, if not right, were at least rational, and were supported with a candour, ability, and temper of which the annals of parliament afford no higher example. The distinction between a *decided* right and a *practice*, uninterrupted because unquestioned, and unquestioned because inoffensively exercised, was never, we believe, or at most very faintly, suggested;—nor the still more important difference between the *kinds* of *publication* and *sale*, as they existed before and since the resolution of August 1835— the terms, and of course the legal import of the terms, appearing to be the same, while in fact there was a latent, but, as we have endeavoured to show, most essential distinction between them.

Let us be allowed to add, as history will do, when it comes to treat of these transactions, that in a case in any degree dubious it

was reasonably to be expected that *He*—the foremost man in the House of Commons—who had attained that first place in the first senate of the world by a union of great qualities, which would be best described by the combined traits of Mr. Burke's beautiful eulogies of George Grenville and Charles Townsend ;—it was, we say, to be expected—and it was right—that, in a balance of difficulties, the mind of such a man should preponderate in favour of that assembly of which he is the child, the ornament, and the oracle. We do not say that his decision is unquestionable—far from it—but we will say that his bias towards the privileges of the House of Commons was honourable, natural, inevitable—and the more noble, as it happened to be at variance with a large portion of his political alliance, and of his private friendships. It may have postponed his advent to power—we do not think it has—but if it were so, we confess we should rejoice that, by a fortunate error, he has saved the great Conservative party from the imputation, the disgrace, the eventual ruin, of having *quibbled* themselves into the government by a point of law. When the Conservatives shall mount to the Capitol in *triumph*, it must be for a *victory*—and not for a *skirmish* !



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THERE was a time that the Cape of Good Hope, when in the hands of the Dutch, and, indeed, since its conquest by Great Britain, was considered a place of first-rate importance, both in itself, and by its position. It was held in such estimation as to determine the government of that day, at the general peace, to annex it permanently to the British crown; indeed, when that object was about to be accomplished, the late Henry Dundas (afterwards Lord Melville) declared, in the House of Commons, that the minister, who should dare to give it up, ought to lose his head—of such consequence, in a political point of view, was its retention considered to be by one of the longest-headed statesmen of his age. Independent, however, of the political advantages derivable from this half-way house between England and India, there is not perhaps, on the face of the globe, a spot which, taken altogether, can be deemed preferable to the Cape as a place of residence. Situated in a climate equally removed from oppressive heat and shivering cold—where the fig-tree, and the vine, and the orange luxuriate in the open air, requiring but little aid at the hand of man—where the atmosphere is almost always pure, clear, and dry,—it has been found so congenial with the feelings and pursuits of that amiable and accomplished scholar and philosopher, Sir John Herschell, that, hardly able to tear himself away, he is ready to say with Horace—(as indeed he has said, in other and stronger words)—

‘ Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes  
Angulus ridet.’

Yet with all these enchantments, and notwithstanding its high political value, this southern *angle* of Africa has scarcely, of late years, excited a degree of interest equal to Botany Bay or New Zealand.

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B

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Zealand. Our ministers did, it is true, soon after the conclusion of the war, send out at the public expense an ill-assorted cargo of emigrants, permitting them to locate themselves on the untenanted and unappropriated lands near the eastern boundary of the Colony—by far the most productive district, whether for grazing or for tillage, in the whole settlement; but labouring under the great disadvantage of being removed five or six hundred miles from the seat of government. It had also a further drawback, in being situated close to the frontiers of the Caffre country. Such proximity had constantly led, so long as the Dutch were the sole occupiers of the soil, to a mutual pilfering of cattle—a kind of black-mail business—the consequence of which was, not only a constant collision of interests, but now and then a murder on one side or the other, and the setting fire to huts and houses;—but here the matter ended—conflicts of this kind being generally made up between the Dutch boors and the Caffres, without the interference of the governing powers on either side. The same sort of collision disturbed and distracted our emigrants of 1819—as the readers of Mr. Pringle's African Sketches will remember. It was hoped, however, that the influx of a more respectable and substantial class of British settlers than the first batch, whose numbers might be expected speedily to increase, and in fact did so, would put a stop to the incursions of the Caffres, by establishing a better understanding with this fine race of men—for such they are allowed to be by all travellers. A treaty, accordingly, was soon made with these people, who are by no means to be accounted savages, by which it was agreed, in order to preserve peace and friendship, that a neutral ground should be established between the Great Fish River (the British boundary) and the Keiskamma (the Caffre boundary); and as a security against either party's transgressing the limits, three small forts were erected, at intervals, down the centre of this neutral strip of land—Beaufort, Wiltshire, and Fredricksburgh.

Under these arrangements the inhabitants of the great eastern plain, called the Zuyre Veldt, were rapidly advancing in wealth and prosperous circumstances. Their herds and flocks increased, and the breed of both was improved by importations of the best kind; pasturage and tillage went hand in hand, towns and villages arose on the heretofore naked plains,—churches and school-houses were built,—and Graham's Town, near our frontier, had become the populous capital of this flourishing territory. Things went on thus prosperously until the end of the year 1834, when the colonists bordering close on the frontier, and scattered here and there in their single dwellings along the whole  
line,

line, became agitated by hourly swelling rumours of a meditated irruption, on a large scale, by the Caffres.

‘On the first of December,’ says the Report of the Board of Relief, ‘the general abolition of slavery throughout the British dominions was celebrated at Graham’s Town, with grateful unanimity. The inhabitants of all classes and persuasions attended Divine service in the morning at St. George’s church, when the acting chaplain preached a sermon, suited to the occasion, from the following words, rendered remarkable by the sequel:—“I will also make thy officers peace, and thine exactors righteousness; violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders.”—Isaiah lx. v. 17, 18. All the other places of worship being closed, and several hundred children from the respective Sunday schools assembled, the church was crowded, and the several choirs and congregations united in one loud song of harmony, and praise, and cheering anticipation. But how shortsighted is man; and how mysterious the paths of the Almighty! Before the sound had ceased to vibrate in our ears, an alarm was heard of war and bloodshed—before the expiration of the month, the same sacred edifice was converted into an asylum for fugitive women and children, a magazine of arms, and a centre of warlike preparations.’—*Abstract, &c.* p. 7.

The melancholy tidings burst upon Graham’s Town on the 24th December.

‘In the course of the evening, information was brought to the sitting magistrate, that an old man of the name of Cranier had been barbarously murdered near the Clay Pits. His two children who were with him at the time, described the cruel deed with sickening simplicity. Intense anxiety was now felt for the safety of Mr. Mahoney and Mr. Henderson, his son-in-law, a merchant of Graham’s Town, who, for change of air, had lately gone out with two of his children to Mr. Mahoney’s farm in that neighbourhood. Next day was Christmas-day, but no hymns of “peace on earth” or “good will towards men,” saluted our ears. Devastation and death,—the ravages of the spoiler,—the wail of the widow,—the cry of the fatherless, the sound of the trumpet, and the alarm of war—were our only music. Our worst apprehensions for Mahoney and Henderson were realized. They had both been murdered while endeavouring to retire to the military post at Caffer Drift.’—*ibid.* p. 13.

Along the frontier line from the Winterberg to the mouth of the Keiskamma, a distance of about one hundred miles, fifteen thousand Caffres are supposed to have made a simultaneous irruption into the Colony.

‘The invaders appeared in such formidable numbers, that most of the boors considered resistance not only useless, but imprudent. In many cases, indeed, the marauders met with opposition, and several of them fell on different occasions; but by repeated assaults, with augmented numbers, they always succeeded in their main object of driving off the cattle. Several of the Dutch farmers had already lost their lives. Ste-

phen Buys was run through the heart with an assagai, while standing at his own door fearing no evil. His wife escaping by the back door, spent the whole night with six small children in the neighbouring thickets. Mrs. Silverhoorne had only been married three days when her husband was murdered in a similar manner. Mrs. De Cock and several other women, were obliged to flee with their children to the jungle by night—to wade the Great Fish River in the dark, at a time when it was considerably swollen—and to travel many hours on foot before they reached a place of comparative safety. Persons leaving their homes under such circumstances, could, generally speaking, save nothing but the clothes they wore. In this condition they were crowded together in camps, where the sufferings were exceedingly severe.’—*ibid.* p. 14.

The chairman of the Committee was in Bathurst Town when about a thousand of the ruined inhabitants of the plain were driven thither for refuge.

‘The women and children,’ he tells us, ‘were conveyed in seventy ox-waggons. The men, who were on foot or horseback, appeared fatigued and harassed. Their neglected apparel and unshaven beards, and several other minute circumstances which cannot be detailed, contributed much to the melancholy effect of the scene. They appeared, however, to be in better spirits than could have been expected, considering the distressing circumstances under which they had just been compelled “to abandon the whole of their property and cattle, the result of fifteen years’ hard labour and perseverance,” and to become dependent on public charity for subsistence. Many of the females were in a very feeble and pitiable condition, many of the waggons were destitute of tents, and both the women and children seemed suffering severely from cold and rain. The widow of the murdered trader, Iles, had been delivered of a child in the church at Bathurst only three or four days before. Such of the parties as had friends in the town, procured lodgings for themselves; the rest we provided for as well as we could; the town’s-people being everywhere forward to put themselves to almost any inconvenience for their accommodation.’—*ibid.* p. 20.

The aggregate of distress, as appearing on the books of the committee, may be thus summed up. The number of petitions for relief amounted to 1895, comprising at least 8370 individuals. Of these applications 891 were from persons of Dutch extraction, 300 from British settlers, and 704 from Hottentots and other persons of colour. The Abstract adds:—

‘The total amount of live-stock represented as lost, by applicants to this board, is upwards of 51,000 head of horned cattle, 2339 horses, and 118,195 sheep and goats; and besides the loss in corn, furniture, and other moveable property, to a considerable amount, 369 houses have been burnt, and 261 pillaged and otherwise injured. The amount of live-stock given in by the same applicants as saved, is 11,418 cattle, 1186 horses, 102,343 sheep and goats.’

It appears, however, from a summary transmitted by the governor of the Cape, that ample vengeance was taken on the Cafres, on the arrival of the military. He says,

‘In the course of the Commissioners’ progress in the census of the tribes of Gaika and T’Llambie, it was ascertained that their loss, during our operations against them, has amounted to 4,000 of their warriors or fighting men, and among them many captains. Ours, fortunately, has not in the whole amounted to 100, and of these only two officers. There have been taken from them also, besides the conquest and alienation of their country, about 60,000 head of cattle, and almost all their goats; their habitations have everywhere been destroyed, and their gardens and corn-fields laid waste. They have, therefore, been chastised, *not extremely, but sufficiently.*’

This cool statement does not include the horrible murder of the chief Hintza, and his losses. We cannot withhold the sensible and humane observations of Lord Glenelg, on receipt of the document.

‘I am bound,’ his lordship writes to Sir B. D’Urban, ‘to record the very deep regret with which I have perused this passage. In a conflict between regular troops and hordes of barbarous men, it is almost a matter of course that there should exist an enormous disproportion between the loss of life on either side. But to consign an entire country to desolation, and a whole people to famine, is an aggravation of the necessary horrors of war, so repugnant to every just feeling, and so totally at variance with the habits of civilized nations, that I should not be justified in receiving such a statement without calling upon you for further explanations. The honour of the British name is deeply interested in obtaining and giving publicity to the proofs that the king’s subjects really demanded so fearful an exercise of the irresistible power of his majesty’s forces.’

We have no intention to trace the origin and progress of this unhappy war, much less to speak with severity of any of the parties involved in it. We have no doubt there were faults enough on both sides; but we concur entirely with Lord Glenelg, that ‘whatever may have been the remote or the proximate causes of this warfare, its results can be contemplated with no other feelings than those of the most lively regret;’ and we further agree with his lordship, that ‘the motives which induced the jealousy and exasperation of the contending parties remain in unimpaired force, and may be expected to reproduce the same evils, unless some decisive means be adopted for the prevention of them.’ This brings us to the point we intended to come to at our first setting out. The ‘decisive means’ which Lord Glenelg appears to have adopted are, the contraction of the colony to its old limits of the Great Fish River, and the appointment of a lieutenant-governor

nor to the four distant eastern districts. The unhappy sufferers, however, would seem not to trust to these 'decisive means,' or to await their issue. If our information be correct, and we place every reliance on its being so, not fewer than one thousand families, chiefly Dutch, are preparing to go, and many have already gone, to seek a refuge and subsistence to the north-east, and mostly to the country known by the name of Natal, choosing rather to trust themselves to the mercy of one of the greatest despots and barbarians that ever existed, than to the marauding and murdering irruptions of hordes of Caffres, uncontrolled, or nearly so, by any authority which their petty chiefs possess over them.

Thinking it may be interesting, at this time, to give some account of the nature of the country and of its inhabitants, where these poor emigrants hope to find an asylum—we have taken up the two books whose titles follow that of the 'Report by the Board of Relief,'—the one being the '*Travels and Adventures of Nathaniel Isaacs*,' in two volumes—and the other the '*Narrative of a Journey in the Zoolu Country, by Captain Allen Gardiner of the Royal Navy*.' The former was resident nearly three years in this country, when under the rule of the ferocious *Chaka*—the other for some months under his brother *Dinguan*, whom the *Commander* (not *Captain*) calls *Dingarn*, as he writes *Charka* for *Chaka*. This *Dingaan* first murdered, and then succeeded, that brother-monster, of whom he appears to be a worthy representative.

The motives of these two travellers were widely different. The expedition of Mr. Nathaniel Isaacs, as he tells us, 'emanated from the impulse of curiosity, and the attractions of commercial speculation,' and he assures us that he 'sought nothing but to sate the one, and to promote the other;' and we may so far pronounce a favourable opinion of his labours, that, if Mr. Isaacs had narrated his adventures and told the facts and incidents which fell under his own observation, in plain and homely language, he might have produced *one small volume*, interesting from its novelty, and of some importance from its varied information, as a guide to future settlers. Instead of this, however, we find an eternal repetition of the same disgusting scenes of bloodshed and slaughter—of journeys repeatedly performed over the same routes—of disasters and difficulties in crossing the same rivers—of vague description couched in turgid and inflated phrases, mixed up with scraps of poetry, from Shakspeare down to Byron—and all this from one 'who left England in the year 1822, at the age of fourteen,'—and admits 'he could not have acquired any great advancement

advancement or eminence in scholastic knowledge, nor made that progress which his sanguine relatives fondly anticipated.' When the pages of such a youth are stuffed with pompous prate about Demosthenes, and Cambyces, and Dionysius of Syracuse—we can come to no other conclusion than that his journal has been placed in the hands of some bookseller's lack, who has thus disfigured the original simplicity in which the narrative must have been written, and added irrelative matter, where his principal business, if he had been up to his trade, would have been the curtailment of vapid tautology.

Our naval traveller on the other hand, in his visit to Natal, was actuated neither by 'the impulse of curiosity,' nor the 'attractions of commercial speculation,' but by motives of a much higher character. 'It is not,' says Commander Gardiner, 'with a view to recount my personal adventures that the following narrative is now offered to the public, nor was it for the mere novelty of travelling that I determined on a visit to South Africa; far otherwise was the object of my journey—an endeavour, under the blessing of God, to open a way whereby the ministers of the Gospel might find access to the Zoolu nation, and be the means of introducing true religion, civilization, and industry, into those benighted regions.' The motive, it must be allowed, was a worthy one; and we only do him justice in saying, that his whole conduct throughout many trying and critical situations entitles him to the unqualified praise of sincerity. In *his* volume there is no affectation of fine writing; it is conducted throughout in that kind of style which characterises the general run of missionary productions—full of quotations from Scripture—of pious ejaculations—of acknowledgments to a gracious providence for special interferences on every, even the most trifling, occurrence of difficulty or supposed danger. He deals also largely in verse of his own weaving. Every Sunday morning his muse inspires him with a hymn or spiritual song, and on two or three occasions we find her delivered of, what we suppose we must call, in contradistinction to the others, effusions of profane poetry. One of these *poems* gives so lively a picture of his dwelling among the Zoolus, and of his happy and contented frame of mind, that we select it for quotation:—

‘MY ZOOLU HUT.

‘Dear is that spot, however mean,  
Which once we ‘ve called our own;  
And if ‘twas snug, and neat, and clean,  
Our thoughts oft thither roam.  
I see them now—those four low props,  
That held the hay-stack o’er my head;  
The dusky frame-work from their tops,  
Like a large mouse-trap, round me  
spread.

To stand erect I never tried,  
For reasons you may guess;  
Full fourteen feet my hut was wide,  
Its height was nine feet less.  
My furniture, a scanty store,  
Some saddle-bags beside me laid;  
A hurdle used to close the door,  
Raised upon stones, my table made.

And



And when my visitors arrived,  
 To sit, and plate, and stare;  
 Of light and air at once deprived,  
 The heat I scarce could bear.  
 The solid ground my softest bed,  
 A mat my mattress made;  
 The friendly saddle raised my head,  
 As in my cloak I laid.

The homely lizard harmless crept  
 Unnoticed through the door;  
 And rats their gambols round me kept,  
 While sleeping on the floor.  
 Such was my humble Zoolu home,  
 And memory paints thee yet;  
 While life shall last, where'er I roam,  
 That hut I'll ne'er forget.

We may here observe that Commander Gardiner proceeded by land through the midst of the Caffre country, and had a very narrow escape; the war having broken out two days after he had cleared their country; 'it was one,' he says, 'of those merciful escapes in which the hand of a gracious God is so eminently conspicuous.' In passing through the Amakosa tribes (those bordering on the colony), and others beyond them, he called at several missionary stations scattered among these people; he stopped also at some of the dwellings of the English and Dutch traders, who subsisted by bartering knives, beads, coarse cottons, and tobacco, for elephants' tusks, hides, and deer-skins.

'These are wretched mud-built hovels, and in so filthy a state that my surprise is that any of the inmates ever escaped the most malignant fevers. Contented with two rooms, they inhabited one while the other (the partition of which, as though purposely constructed to admit the effluvia, did not reach within several feet of the roof,) was piled nearly to the rafters with a collection of hides and horns, the former in all the intermediate stages from the green to the pickled. Such an odoriferous *mélange* of garbage, fat, and filth was perhaps never before compacted into so small a compass, yet were these people seemingly happy, and sipped their tea and their coffee, and offered the same to every stranger that passed, with as much frankness and disregard to their olfactory nerves as though the walls were of cedar and their floors carpeted with lavender and roses. Nothing so soon dissipates a romantic dream as one of these charnel houses.'—*Gardiner*, pp. 9, 10.

But it is time we proceed with our two authors to the Zoolu Country, the limits of which may be roughly, but not, from any data they have supplied, accurately determined; both, indeed, are very loose in all their descriptions. Port Natal we know to be situated in 29° 53' S. lat., 30° 32' E. long.; it has a narrow entrance with a bar across, but with a depth of water sufficient to admit ships of from two to three hundred tons burden; within, it spreads, like the Knysna of the colony, into a fine sheet of water, surrounded with rising ground covered with wood, and having an island in the midst. If we take the river Umzincooloo as the southern boundary, forty miles to the south-west of the port, and the Amatakoola, seventy miles to the north-east of it, we shall have one hundred and ten miles for the extent of the sea-coast of the Zoolu territory; and as Commander Gardiner estimates at one  
hundred

hundred miles his journey inland to the Quathlamba Mountains, which run parallel with the sea-coast, we may assume the Zoolu country to be a square of about one hundred miles each side. From this range of mountains a number of rivers intersect the plain in their way to the sea, the largest of which, frequently unfordable, appear to be the Umzincoolu and the Tugala, the latter of which Isaacs calls Ootoogale. We must leave our authors to give their own descriptive sketches of the interior.

The small trading vessel, that carried our youthful adventurer Nathaniel to the east coast of Africa, was commanded by Lieut. King of the navy. The object of the voyage was, in the first place, to touch at the Cape, and from thence at the bay of Natal. 'Our little bark,' he says, 'soon faced the bar, which had an awful and even terrific aspect. The surf beat over it with a prodigiously overwhelming force; the foaming of the sea gave it an appearance that would have unnerved any but an experienced seaman; the wind whistling through the rigging seemed as the knell of our approaching destruction.' In short, after some six pages of description of this appalling kind, and as many more from Lieut. King's journal, we find the little bark completely wrecked on the rocks; but the people remained on board in safety. At first all around looked wild and desolate, and they concluded that Lieut. Farewell, who was known to have been there with a party, had been disposed of by the natives. Presently, however, they perceived a group of people, who planted a ragged union-jack on the point opposite to the wreck, one of them clad in European garments, but ragged as the flag. This proved to be an English youth, by name Holstead, one of Farewell's party. 'The rest of the group consisted of a Hottentot woman, in a dungaree petticoat, with a blue cotton handkerchief tied round her head; five natives entirely naked; and a female with a piece of bullock's hide fastened round her waist.' The other European settlers, now absent in the interior, were Cane, Ogle, Fynn, and Lieut. Farewell, together with one Jacob, who, being a Caffre and speaking English, was serving as an interpreter. Their houses were little barns, made of wattle and plastered with clay, without windows, and with one door to each; near them were several native huts, shaped like beehives, about seven feet in diameter and six feet high. Appearances, in short, were anything but encouraging,—'all seemed wild, gloomy, and revolting; yet here,' says Isaacs, 'I was destined to remain two years and nine months, an almost solitary European, wandering occasionally I knew not where, and in search of I knew not what.'

A sailor is never at a loss. Lieut. King, with his chief mate, Mr. Hatton, who happened to be a practical shipwright, commenced

menced preparations for building a new vessel from the materials of the one wrecked, with the assistance of plenty of fine timber growing near the bay. It was not long before Mr. Farewell returned from his visit to Chaka, the chief of the Zoolus ; but the account he gave of this personage was not calculated to soothe the apprehensions of Isaacs. Lieut. King, however, determined to visit this despot, and in company of Farewell and Fynn, and a party of his sailors, bearing a suitable present, set out on his journey. They had every reason to be pleased with their reception ; he ordered bullocks to be killed for them, and having observed that the sailors were armed with muskets, desired they might go out with him and his people to hunt the elephant. The men, however, declined this kind of sport, saying they had only leaden bullets, not adapted for such huge animals, on which Chaka desired the interpreter to tell them they were afraid. This remark touched the pride of the blue-jackets ; and Lieut. King and his sailors determined, therefore, to join the party ; and fortunately they did so, as the idea of inferiority in courage was not likely to promote the hospitality of the despot. The following is an extract from Mr. King's Journal :—

‘ We soon fell in with the king, surrounded by his warriors, seated under a large tree, and from which he had a complete view of the valley out of which they intended to start the elephant ; we took our station about two hundred yards from him, waiting impatiently, yet dreading the result. Two hours had nearly elapsed, when a messenger presented to the king the tail of an elephant, at which they all appeared greatly surprised ; he was desired to bring it to us, and say the white people had killed the animal. As may be supposed, we could scarcely credit the fact, but hastened towards the forest to join our people, and met them almost exhausted ; we, notwithstanding, had the satisfaction of congratulating each other upon what appeared to us almost a miracle. It appeared that the natives drove the elephant from the forest to a plain, where the sailors placed themselves directly before the animal : the first shot entered under the ear, when it became furious : the other lodged near the fore shoulder, after which it fell, and soon expired. Had this affair turned out differently, we should, in all probability, have been held in a contemptible light by this nation, and awkward consequences might have resulted to the settlement.’

The evening was spent in dancing, singing, and other amusements ; in the midst of which, our sailors, with true British feeling, and hearty stentorian voices, struck up ‘ God save the King,’ and Chaka, on its being explained, so far from being displeased with this, was highly delighted. On paying him a visit the following morning, the Lieutenant expressed a wish to see him in his war dress :—

He immediately retired, and in a short time returned attired ; his dress consists

consists of monkey's skins, in three folds from his waist to the knee, from which two white cows' tails are suspended, as well as from each arm; round his head is a neat band of fur stuffed, in front of which is placed a tall feather, and on each side a variegated plume. He advanced with his shield, an oval about four feet in length, and an umkonto, or spear, when his warriors commenced a war song, and he began his manoeuvres. Chaka is about thirty-eight years of age, upwards of six feet in height, and well proportioned; he is allowed to be the best pedestrian in the country, and, in fact, during his wonderful exercises this day he exhibited the most astonishing activity. On this occasion he displayed a part of the handsomest beads of our present.'

On the day of their departure Chaka made them a present of one hundred and seven head of cattle. It took them seven days to return to Natal, the distance being above one hundred miles.

The favourable reception of the party inspired Mr. Isaacs with a desire to pay a visit to this potent monarch. He was accompanied by the lad Holstead, and some natives. Chaka received him kindly; asked if King George was as handsome as himself,—and condescendingly said, 'King George and I are brothers; he has conquered all the whites, and I have subdued all the blacks.' Nathaniel tells us the circumference of the '*imperial kraal*' exceeds three miles, and includes about one thousand four hundred huts; and that the *palace*, on an eminence, comprises about one hundred huts, 'in which none but girls live.' At this period about three hundred men passed the king, saluting him as they went on,—this was all very fine; but,

'on a sudden a profound silence ensued, when his majesty uttered one or two words, at which some of the warriors immediately rose and seized three of the people, one of whom sat near me. The poor fellows made no resistance, but were calm and resigned, waiting their fate with apparently stoical indifference. The sanguinary chief was silent; but from some sign he gave the executioners, they took the criminals, laying one hand on the crown and the other on the chin, and by a sudden wrench appeared to dislocate the head. The victims were then dragged away and beaten as they proceeded to the bush, about a mile from the kraal, where a stick was inhumanly forced up each, and they were left as food for the wild beasts of the forests, and those carnivorous birds that hover near the habitations of the natives.'—*Isaacs*, p. 75.

After this exhibition Mr. Isaacs, not feeling quite so easy, expressed a wish to take leave, but to his great dismay was ordered to remain; however, on a drove of cattle being brought up, the property of the wretched victims who had been so brutally sacrificed, Chaka ordered twelve head to be given to him, and allowed him to depart.

Chaka had heard of a boat in which the Lieutenant and his party had crossed the Tugala, and expressed a desire that it should

should be brought to him. This occasioned another visit, when he inquired, in the course of conversation, 'if they had brought any doctors (missionaries) with them ;' he said, 'he wished them to come and teach his people, for he had discovered we were a superior race.' On the following day Chaka entertained them with a review of three regiments of *boys*, amounting to about six thousand strong, all bearing *black* shields of ox hides. Each regiment was distinguished by the different shape and decoration of the caps. After running about the kraal, trying to excel each other in feats of agility, but regardless of all order, regularity, or discipline, a regiment of *men* with *white* shields arrived on the ground, and having saluted Chaka, they all, men and boys, assembled for a dance :—

'They formed a half-circle ; the men in the centre and the boys at the two extremities. The king placed himself in the middle of the space within the circle, and about one thousand five hundred girls stood opposite to the men three deep, in a straight line, and with great regularity. His majesty then commenced dancing, the warriors followed, and the girls kept time by singing, clapping their hands, and raising their bodies on their toes. The strange attitudes of the men exceeded anything I had seen before. The king was remarkable for his unequalled activity, and the surprising muscular powers he exhibited. He was decorated with a profusion of green and yellow glass beads. The girls had their share of such ornaments ; in addition, too, they had each of them four brass bangles round their necks, which kept them in an erect posture, and rendered them as immovable as the neck of a statue.'—*ibid.* pp. 121, 122.

On taking leave the visitors were presented with three oxen and three cows, from a herd of upwards of a thousand head of cattle. On a third visit, Isaacs, who had now become bold, talks of having seen a large body of troops, consisting of seventeen regiments with black shields and twelve regiments with white ones, at drill on the surrounding hills, the whole appearing to amount to about thirty thousand fighting men. This visit seems to have passed off without any outrageous proceedings on the part of the despot, but on another occasion he was witness to a scene of a most wanton and unprovoked massacre, the account of which makes one's blood boil. The monster pretended he had a dream that his boys and others, in his absence, had taken liberties with his women, and thus polluted the purity of his palace. He pointed out a particular kraal, or village, on which he meant to wreak his vengeance, and a party of his ruffians were sent to surround it. Mr. Isaacs shall tell the rest :—

'The king at first beat his aged and infirm mother with inconceivable cruelty, and to the astonishment of all, as he had ever manifested towards his parent a strong filial affection. When all the poor unoffending creatures were collected in the cattle kraal, many of them being sick, their  
number

number amounted to one hundred and seventy girls and boys, a great many of whom were his servants and girls from his seraglios. Nothing could equal the horror and consternation which pervaded these poor wretches, who, surrounded and without hope of escape, knew they were collected to sate some revengeful feeling of their tyrant, but were nevertheless ignorant of the cause, for they felt that they were innocent. Every thing being ready for the bloody scene, to complete this unexampled sanguinary massacre of unoffending beings, he called his warriors, that had surrounded the kraal, and told them that his heart was sore, and that he "had been beating his mother Umnante, because she had not taken proper care of his girls." He then ordered the victims intended for destruction to be brought to him, and those whom he selected his executioners immediately despatched. He began by taking out several fine lads, and ordering their own brothers to twist their necks; their bodies were afterwards dragged away and beaten with sticks until life was extinct. After this refined act of cruelty, the remainder of the victims were indiscriminately butchered. Few of the poor innocent children cried or evinced any sorrow, but walked out as if inwardly conscious they were about to be removed from a state of terror to "another and a better world."—*ibid.* pp. 159, 160.

The next day, before his thirst for blood had subsided, he ordered his chief domestic to be beaten to death; then two adopted daughters of this monster, and one of his chiefs, were put to death in the same manner; after which he spent the evening among his women in singing and dancing, and asked Isaacs, 'are we not a merry people?' Every page almost of this author's book details specimens of the like cruelty. King Chaka's whole life seems to have been one continued scene of war, robbery, and murder. 'The warring propensity of the despot,' says Mr. Isaacs, 'his habitual ferocity, and insatiable thirst for the blood of his subjects, often induced him to single out the aged and decrepit to put to the spear, observing with savage pleasure "that they could not fight,—that they only consumed food,—and that it was an act of charity to put them out of the way."' Mr. Isaacs says, however, that on one occasion he did manifest something like a feeling of remorse; this was on the death of his mother, whom he had not long before savagely beaten; on hearing that the aged woman was no more, he became restless, and having sent for Isaacs, said, 'I am like a wolf on a flat, that is at a loss for a place to hide his head in.'

Lieut. King took a fever and died near Natal Bay, which being communicated to this monster, he said he had a great deal to talk to the English, but was so much depressed 'that his heart would not let his tongue speak as he could wish, so soon after the death of one he so highly esteemed;—that 'it was a consolation to him  
that

that a white man, and a chief too, lived so long in his country unmolested, and that he died a natural death;—‘*that*,’ he said, ‘will ever be a source of much satisfaction to me.’

Isaacs, by his own account, had contrived, somehow or other, to creep into this despot’s favour. At this last visit he tells us, ‘He created me chief of Natal, and granted to me the tract of country lying from the river Umslutee to the river Umlass, a space of twenty-five miles of sea-coast and one hundred miles inland, including the bay, islands, and forests near the point, and the exclusive right of trading with his people. After he had made his mark, as his signature to the grant, the interpreter made his, which happening to be larger than that of the king, the latter asked, in a stern manner, how it was possible that a common man’s name could be greater than a king’s? Insisting on having the pen and grant again, he scribbled and made marks all over the blank part, and said, “there,” pointing to his signature, “any one can see that is a king’s name, because it is a great one. King George will see that this is King Chaka’s name.”’—*ibid.* pp. 311, 312.

We do not suppose Mr. Isaacs will be able to raise much money from future settlers on this magnificent gift. The successor of Chaka, four years afterwards, made a grant of the same territory, with an additional slice, to Captain Gardiner, about which, however, we apprehend the two grantees will not think it necessary to go to law. It appears that very soon after this transaction of the grant to Isaacs, the two eldest brothers of the despot, Umstungani and Dingān, stole unperceived behind him, and stabbed him in the back. No sooner was this event known at Natal than Mr. Isaacs and Mr. Fynn prepared for a journey to salute the new monarch. The attractions of royalty, indeed, seem to operate so powerfully on Mr. Nathaniel that he thinks nothing of tramping on foot a hundred miles to breathe the atmosphere of the sable court. The first glance of the new king created a favourable impression, and satisfied him that the white people at Natal had nothing to fear from the change. He was convinced at once that Dingān sought repose only, because he told him he was anxious to see his country tranquil and his people happy; that he had abandoned war, and fully intended to cultivate peace with all his neighbours. ‘I shall then,’ he continued, ‘hunt the elephant and the hippopotamus, which will be an amusement for my subjects, and enable me to remunerate my friends.’ He then asked\* if they had ever seen him dance? This accomplishment, it would seem, is an indispensable qualification for a king of the Zoolus. Having assembled his *girls*, as Mr. Isaacs calls them, Dingān began to exhibit his skill and agility, displaying extraordinary powers in throwing himself into particular

particular attitudes, to the great amusement of the white men. Isaacs, indeed, appears to have been quite captivated. He says, 'Dingān has a commanding appearance; he is tall, at least six feet in height, and admirably, if not symmetrically, proportioned. He is well featured, and of great muscular power; of a dark brown complexion, approaching to a bronze colour. Nothing can exceed his piercing and penetrating eye, which he rolls in moments of anger with surprising rapidity, and in the midst of festivities with inconceivable brilliancy. His whole frame seems as if it were knit for war, and every manly exercise; it is flexible, active, and firm.'—*ibid.* vol. ii. p. 280.

Four years from this period, when he was visited by Commander Gardiner, a great change in this favourable exterior would appear to have taken place. About one thousand men, says this officer, were arranged in a ring three deep, the women in groups of about twenty, forming a close phalanx in the centre. The king, on his appearance in the ring, was loudly cheered.

'Having,' says Gardiner, 'but once seen Dingān without his cloak, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could refrain from laughing outright. Of all the grotesque figures, either in print or in *propria persona*, his equal I never saw, though he bore the nearest resemblance to Falstaff of any I could recollect. Tall, corpulent, and fleshy, with a short neck and a heavy foot, he was decked out as a harlequin, and, carried away by the excitement of the moment, seemed almost prepared to become one. He has a good ear and a correct taste, at least in these matters, and had his figure but accorded with his equipment, he would have carried the palm in the dance, which he entered into with some zest, and certainly sustained his part with much natural grace, and, for so heavy a man, with no ordinary ease and agility.'—*Gardiner*, p. 57.

But in a very few weeks, Isaacs recognised as great a change in the disposition, as years had effected in the appearance of this fratricide sovereign. Nathaniel had received a summons to attend, and to bring his musket with him. He found his Majesty sitting near his palace, with a body of people round him, and two fine-looking women immediately opposite to him: they had interesting countenances, and appeared very melancholy. 'They were the wives of a rebellious chief, who had escaped the massacre which had befallen all his followers that had been caught.' Every persuasion was made use of by Isaacs to save these poor women, but in vain. 'They are the wives of Catoc,' he said, 'who killed Mr. Farewell, go and shoot them.' Of course he indignantly refused, on which Dingān immediately replied, in a stern and resolute manner, 'They killed one of your countrymen, and I insist on their lives being taken by the musket.' In short, the musket was put into the hands of Isaacs' servant boy, who was peremptorily ordered to shoot these poor women. One of them fell at the first fire; the other required two shots before she expired



expired. 'I thought,' says Isaacs, 'the savage days of Chaka had passed, and that a revival of his atrocities would no more disgrace the reign of a Zoolu monarch, but I have been deceived.'

An affair, however, speedily took place, which came more nearly to the bosoms and the business of the English settlers. One of these, by name Cane, had announced to Dingān his intention to proceed to the colony of the Cape; and he was accompanied by the Caffre, Jacob, as an interpreter. This fellow had been sentenced by the Dutch, for stealing cattle, to the convict station of Robin Island, from whence he was released by Captain Owen, when proceeding on his survey of the eastern coast. With great pretensions of gratitude, he turned out a most execrable villain. Cane was not successful in his mission, and on his return neglected to visit Dingān and report his proceedings. Jacob thought this an excellent opportunity of effecting the destruction of Cane, by poisoning the king's mind with false reports; and presently a party of armed men were sent to perform the work he suggested. Cane had intimation of it, and concealed himself in the thickets; but his kraal and everything in it were destroyed, and his cattle driven off. 'On approaching Cane's residence,' says Isaacs, 'the first thing that attracted my notice was a few sheets of an encyclopedia scattered along the path. The kraal had been burnt for fuel; the cats had been speared and skinned; the ducks were scattered lifeless about the place. In fact, not a living creature could be found—and even the growing corn was levelled in waste.'

Messrs. Fynn and Isaacs now thinking it high time to make preparations for their departure, the former set out in search of another habitation to the westward, among the tribe of Amatambo, and the latter embarked in an American brig bound for Delagoa Bay. Dingān, however, was soon convinced that he had suffered himself to be practised upon by that atrocious villain Jacob, and ordered him for immediate execution, which was duly performed. He next sent to invite Fynn and Cane to return, and gave to Cane eighty head of cattle that had belonged to Jacob. Isaacs says, 'As the king had expressed to Fynn particular solicitude for my return, and that he should not feel easy until he saw me again, I, therefore, pledged my return, and have made up my mind to redeem this pledge at as early an opportunity as my arrangements in Europe will permit.' This was in May, 1831, but in 1835, more than four years afterwards, we do not find his name in the list of settlers given by Captain Gardiner.

Dingān had heard of this officer's approach, and sent to say he must make haste to his head-quarters, at a place called by the  
the

the uncouth name of *Unkūnzingglove*, the same, we suppose, that Isaacs writes *Goobonschlofe*. This is near the mountains, distant about 130 miles from the port of Natal; it is a large town composed of huts, and enclosed within a circular fence; and an interior stockade surrounds what is called the palace.

‘After a little pause the bust only of a very stout personage appeared above the fence, which I was soon informed was the despot himself; he eyed me for a considerable time with the utmost gravity without uttering a word; at last pointing to an ox that had been driven near, he said, “There is the beast I give you to slaughter,” and on this important announcement he disappeared. The carcasses of several oxen, recently killed, were at this time lying in separate heaps not far from the gate of his fence, the quarters divided and piled one upon another—and, in order, no doubt, to exhibit at once his wealth and his munificence—he again appeared slowly emerging from the arched gateway, and advancing with a measured step to the nearest animal mound. Instantly he was surrounded by fourteen or fifteen men, who ran from a distance and crouched before him; a word and a nod were then given, and as quickly they arose and carried off the meat at full speed, holding it up the whole way with extended arms, and singing as they went. Another heap was then approached, and as systematically distributed, and so on until the whole had been conveyed away in a similar manner.’—*Gardiner*, pp. 30, 31.

The king soon made his appearance again, inquired the object of our author’s journey, said how he wished to see ‘the book’ (the Bible) of which he had heard so much, and desired him to bring it with him the next visit; he did so, and was desired to read out of it, which, he says, perplexed him not a little, as might be supposed. Commander Gardiner asked leave to build a house for the purpose of teaching his people—this was an important point, which was to be referred to the two *Indoonas*, his majesty’s privy councillors and chief ministers. One of these was a slight person, and had a mild and intelligent countenance—the other just the reverse, indicating a character of tyranny and insolence. The former was for the school, the other against it; the king decided with the latter; still, however, our Commander persevered; but by-and-bye a scene took place which staggered him not a little as to the character of Dingān. His own brother and his two servants were brought out for execution; the two servants were beaten to death with clubs, after showing great resistance; but the brother made none, requesting only that, as a king’s son, he might be strangled. ‘I visited the spot,’ says Gardiner, ‘the following afternoon, but so effectually had the hyenas and vultures performed their office, that the skeletons only remained to add to the number of skulls and bones with which the whole slope of the hill was strewed.’ But the destruction did not end here.

Ten villages belonging to the brother were also marked for ruin. The party sent for this purpose contrived treacherously to stab every male, then set fire to the houses, and indiscriminately butchered the women and children.

This ruffian appeared to derive pleasure from exhibiting to the white man his total want of sympathy with human suffering. Isaacs, at parting with him, makes a sort of attempt to palliate his acts of cruelty by ascribing them to the demands of his soldiers; but what follows, at all events, must be set down entirely to the brute himself; and *Mr. Nathaniel Isaacs* had witnessed a feat precisely similar four years before:—

‘One of his most cruel acts,’ says Gardiner, ‘was unfortunately induced by the sight of an eye-glass which I occasionally wore. He had requested to look through it, and was amusing the people near by describing the effect. Now, he would remark, *you are all run over the river*, meaning that he could distinguish people on the opposite side; *now you are all come back*, directing the glass to nearer objects; at length he asked whether it would burn, and on being told that it was only intended to assist the eye, he sent for a large burning-glass which he had formerly received as a present. His first essay was to ignite the dry grass on each side of his chair; but this was too tame an occupation, and beckoning one of his servants near, he desired him to extend his arm, when he firmly seized his hand, and deliberately held it until a hole was actually burnt in the skin a few inches above the wrist. Crouched before him in the humblest posture, the unfortunate man seemed writhing with pain, but dared not utter even a groan, and, as soon as this wanton infliction was over, was directed to go round to the company and display the effect.’—*ibid.*, pp. 53, 54.

We suppose we have quoted enough to satisfy our readers that nothing but the purest and warmest zeal for the noble cause he had undertaken could have enabled Mr. Gardiner to endure life for a whole month, almost constantly in presence of King Dingān, and then be told, *in ultimato*, ‘I will not overrule the decision of my Indoonas.’ He, moreover, laid his commands on him not to leave him yet, ‘as he wished him to see the dancing which would be going on for the next twenty days.’ The dancing is then described, which took place in presence of 4000 or 5000 spectators. After this he was allowed to depart for Natal, where the despot condescendingly assured him he might build a house and teach the people.

On his arrival at Natal the principal inhabitants addressed to him a letter, declaratory of their wish for a missionary establishment, whose object should be to inculcate industry as well as religion. In the meantime, Mr. Gardiner offered his personal services, and on the following Sunday he preached in English, under the trees, thirteen Europeans present; in the afternoon in the Caffre tongue,

office, indeed, in the German project was assigned to Eichhorn)—armed with supreme authority, against which the several rulers of the different provinces could not be permitted to rebel; to compress the whole into uniformity, to condense the divergent rays into one luminous and consistent body. English literature is not merely without a work of these high pretensions, but singularly barren even in the subsidiary histories of the different departments of knowledge. If we except the admirable Essays of Dugald Stewart and Sir James Mackintosh, prefixed to the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, we know not that we could point out one readable treatise which traces fairly and fully the development of any one branch even of our own literature.

Yet, when we consider the combination of qualities requisite to endow an historian, we say not now of his native literature—and even that would demand talents and accomplishments of rare extent and variety—but of the literature of Europe, we can scarcely be surprised that the self-sufficiency of arrogant pretension, as well as the diffidence of modest merit, should be overawed by the magnitude and difficulties of the task. The vigour of mind, which can explore the abstrusest depths of philosophy, must meet with the fine sensibility to the beauties of eloquence and poetry :—

‘Non bene convenient, nec in unâ sede morantur  
Majestas et amor’—

—laborious diligence in collecting materials, with dextrous skill in harmonizing and arranging them;—the vast range of knowledge requisite for compiling a useful and instructive book, with the more delicate art of writing an agreeable one.

Let us glance rapidly, as our space alone permits, yet somewhat more particularly, at the acquirements indispensable to an historian of European literature. He must be a scholar in the old and genuine sense of the word. The study of the learned languages exercised so great an influence over every department of letters;—so much of the higher literature of a certain period was written in Latin;—even poetry had learned to speak a language, foreign indeed to the mass of mankind, but so familiarized as almost to be vernacular with the educated classes;—that the historian of literature, who has not a full command of this kind of knowledge, is not merely disqualified to pass judgment on the merits or influence of individual writers, but will be entirely unfit to examine the effects of this predominant and almost exclusive custom of writing and thinking in Latin on the general mind of Europe. Even if, with regard to the Latin poetry, his ignorance shall assume the language of contempt, his view of the imagi-  
native

native literature of certain periods will be altogether imperfect and unsatisfactory.

'In the present age,' observes Mr. Hallam, 'it is easy to anticipate the supercilious disdain of those who believe it ridiculous to write Latin poetry at all, because it cannot, as they imagine, be written well. I must be content to assert, that those who do not know when such poetry is good, should be as slow to contradict those who do, as the ignorant in music to set themselves against competent judges.'—p. 598.

An extensive acquaintance with modern languages is no less indispensable, both in order to introduce the writers who may command notice, with an authority, improperly assumed by those who only know that through the deadening medium of translation; and likewise, to call in aid whatever valuable estimate of its native literature each country may possess. All are not so poor in this respect as England; and one reason why we have less justice done to us by continental writers is, that we have not done justice to ourselves.

The term literature is of vast and almost indefinite extent. It comprehends, in its widest range, theology, law, medicine, science. Though even the highest ideal notion of a literary historian will not demand a thorough and professional mastery of all those subjects,—yet, as constituent parts of the great plan, as elements of the general intellectual development, continually mingled up and crossing each other in infinitely various ways, they must all be studied with care,—no one of them can be excluded without essential injury to the whole circle of knowledge. The writer must, at least, be able to give the main results from those who have composed separate accounts of the progress of each, with sufficient intelligence not to mislead; with that just discrimination of their importance which may enable him to blend them up in due proportion with his general design.

In the more general branches of literature, to a certain degree in theology, at least in works on religious subjects, in philosophy, in history, in eloquence, in works of imagination, a closer insight is necessary for a fair and authoritative estimate. The literary historian has, in a certain sense, to assign to each writer of every period his proper station and dignity; to promote or to degrade, to confirm or to abrogate the judgment of cotemporaries. His taste must be no less multifarious than his erudition; he must have patience and strength of understanding to sound the depths of philosophy, while he must be keenly alive to the passion, and feeling, and imagery, and be gifted with a fine ear for the melodies of verse. He has to summon up the mighty dead from the cloister, the university, the study, the hall of justice, the observatory, the theatre, the Vaucuse, the court of the prince, where the popular poet

tongue, one hundred and fifty natives present. At a great meeting to explain to the natives the objects of a mission, he says there were at least six hundred adults and a great many children. In his journal is the following entry:—‘*Wednesday, 25th.* Commenced the school in the tent, with two girls and four boys. Gave each a piece of printed calico, that they might appear decently dressed.’ Such was the feeble commencement of this mission.

In the course of his subsequent visits the Commander evidently gained on the esteem of Dingān. He persuaded his majesty to ratify a treaty, ‘a fast word,’ under the terms of which the persons and property of British subjects, and the Caffres already established at Natal, should not be molested, on these settlers engaging never in future to harbour any deserter from the Zoolu territory. He not only conceded all his wishes with regard to teaching, but made him the grant of land we have mentioned, which, however, was not his to give away. This country, Gardiner tells us, forms nearly a square, each side being about one hundred and twenty geographical miles. On this splendid grant the Commander conferred the name of VICTORIA. ‘I give you,’ said Dingān, ‘all the country called *Issibubulungu*—you must be the chief over all the people there;’ and he added, ‘no trader must be admitted without your consent—you must be answerable for the good conduct of all the white men’—‘thus,’ says Gardiner, ‘throwing the whole responsibility on me.’ The Commander did not choose to accept of such a power, but he had no objection to the land, and mentioned something about a guarantee; to this Dingān would not listen, and, therefore, rather than make himself responsible for persons over whom he could not have any control, he, wisely as we think, determined to depart forthwith for the Cape, and to lay the whole subject before the Governor of the Colony.

Our readers will think, perhaps, that we have entered more into detail than was necessary, with regard to the character and conduct of the two barbarians who have so brutally tyrannized over a people, whose only fault appears to be that of passive indifference to all the misery and oppression inflicted on them. The Zoolus are naturally an inoffensive race; but so long as the system of military despotism shall be kept up, as it is systematically done, by training whole regiments of boys to a life of warfare and plunder, and the prohibition from marriage of every military man, little improvement is to be expected. The character, indeed, of the whole Caffre nation, of which they are a part, as far as it has been explored, is not to be estimated by that of the merciless soldiery of the Zoolu despots, the ready instruments of the most inhuman cruelty. Almost every tribe of this populous nation has been visited by various travellers, from the

confines of the Cape Colony, as far as the southern tropic, and everywhere found to be, when not under the immediate orders of their brutal sovereigns, the same quiet inoffensive people. But they extend much farther to the northward, where they are found, under the various names of *Sualis*, *Gallas*, and other designations, occupying a large breadth of Southern Africa, from the Keiskamma to the feet of the Abyssinian mountains, having been on all points pushed back from the coast, more or less, by the Arabs and the Portuguese; from the former of whom, according to the opinion of the most intelligent travellers, they have partially derived their physical properties, some of their manners and customs, and even many elements of their language. The silly appellation of Caffres was given to them by the early Portuguese voyagers, from the word *Kafir* = an infidel. On the same authority has the tribe of Hottentots received a name that never belonged to them, and the derivation of which has not been discovered to this day.

In spite of that dreadful military scourge which pervades the whole country, and to which every human being is at every moment liable, the Zoolus, indifferent as they appear to personal suffering, are nevertheless a cheerful people, humane and kind in their domestic circle, and devotedly attached to their children. The Missionaries and traders stationed in, or traversing the districts occupied by, the several tribes, meet with no molestation; and any traveller may not only pass from the Keiskamma to Delagoa Bay in perfect security, as far as regards the peaceful inhabitants, but sure to be aided by them in his progress, and hospitably entertained in every hut where he may find it expedient to halt. However poor the owner, he will kill a goat or a heifer for the wayfaring man.

An extraordinary instance of this facility and security is mentioned by Mr. Isaacs. His white friends, requiring some medicines and other articles from Delagoa Bay, appointed John Ross, Lieutenant King's apprentice, a lad of about fifteen years of age, acute, shrewd, and active, to go this journey of 300 miles, which no European at that time settled in the country had ever attempted; Chaka allowed a few of the Zoolus to accompany him. On the twentieth day, after meeting with a kind reception among all the tribes he passed through, Ross reached the town of Delagoa, on the banks of the Mapoota, or English River. The natives in the vicinity he describes as a filthy, inhospitable, malicious, and vicious race—but even they treated him with civility; though he thinks this was owing chiefly to the fear of Chaka, whose name was formidable even here. The Portuguese, too, were kind to him, though they thought him a spy of Chaka's, as no Christian, they said, would think of sending a boy like him so  
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great a distance. John, however, pulled out his dollars, to prove to the Governor that he came from the Europeans, and for the purpose of purchasing medicines and other necessaries. He got permission to do so, and having fallen in with a Frenchman, the commander of a slave vessel then taking in a cargo, he very kindly supplied him with a great many articles *gratis*, so that John returned to Natal with as many things of various descriptions as ten men could carry, and was at no loss to find men for the purpose—having, when all was done, expended only *two dollars*. Hearing sundry Lints while he remained at Delagoa bay, about the good looks of the Zoolu boys he had brought with him—of their value in the market, &c.—and observing many of the natives chained together to all appearance for immediate embarkation—John took the wise precaution of leaving the place the first moment he could. We entirely concur with Mr. Isaacs in his remark on this journey:—

‘John Ross is, doubtless, the first European who ever accomplished a journey (by land) from Natal to Delagoa Bay and back. When I look at his youth, and reflect on the country through which he had to pass, and that he had to penetrate through wild, inhospitable, and savage tracts, in which the natives had never been blessed with the sweets of civilization nor the light of reason, but were existing in a mere state of animal nature little exceeding the instinct of the brute; when I look at this, and also further reflect that the whole surface of the country was infested with every species of wild and ferocious animal, and every venomous creature, all hostile to man, I cannot but conceive the journey of this lad as one that must be held as exceedingly bold, and wonderfully enterprising.’—*Isaacs*, p. 226.

‘The Zoolu men are,’ says the same traveller, ‘without exception, the finest race of people which Southern or Eastern Africa can furnish, or that I have ever seen. They are tall, athletic, well proportioned, and good featured. They are cleanly and respectful; they are generous in the extreme. Dancing and singing are their chief amusements—the females usually sing while the men exhibit their *attitudinal* graces. The men wear strips of skins fastened to a belt of hide, and reaching from the waist to the knees. The women have a kind of petticoat. A profusion of beads and rings are worn round their heads, necks, waists, legs, and arms.’

The Zoolus have more curiosity than is usually met with in savage life; they have advanced, in fact, a step or two beyond that state. Whatever they observed for the first time—crossing a river in a boat, firing off a musket, galloping a horse, &c.—they would exclaim with great joy, ‘how much older we are than our fathers,’ that is, how much more we know than they did. Neither are they devoid of humour. Isaacs had conceived the notion that the unicorn might be the inhabitant of these regions, and having made  
several



several inquiries, was told by the chief of a kraal that he had one, an '*Inyar mogoss*' = an animal with one horn. 'By singular gesticulations and attempts at description, he led me,' adds Isaacs, 'to comprehend that it was about three feet high; and, from his taking his hair and pointing to it, I understood that it had a flowing mane; he at the same time exclaimed, *mooshly garcoola*, which I knew meant *very handsome*.'—All this made it as clear as the sun at noon day to Mr. Nathaniel Isaacs, that he had at last discovered the unicorn—and then he exults in the prospect of that celebrity among naturalists and men of science which he must needs acquire, 'if he should be enabled to produce the wonderful creature known only, like the mermaid, to have existed *in fable*.' We did not before know that the Book of Job was considered a fable even by 'naturalists and men of science.' Mr. Isaac's ardour, however, was considerably damped on being told that it was at another kraal, but that he should see it the next time he called. Shortly after this, he paid the chief another visit, who told him he had now got the unicorn, and immediately left the hut, bringing back with him, to the dismay and mortification of poor Isaacs, a large goat with one of its horns broken off—there, says he, is your '*inyar mogoss*.'

The ferocious Chaka even would relax into a joke. Isaacs very imprudently joined a party at the desire, which he considered as an order, of the king, against a rebellious chief, whose village, as usual, was to be destroyed, and all they could catch put to death. Isaacs, in this expedition, got a hassegai stuck in his back. On appearing before the king to report proceedings, and receive thanks for his exertions, the latter said, 'Well, *Yabona Tombooser*, show me your wound'—he pointed to the spot, when the king immediately exclaimed, 'So then you turned your back upon the enemy; if you were my man instead of King George's, I should put you to death.' This bitter remark roused the ire of Isaacs; but he was soon consoled, for 'Chaka,' he says, 'seeing me chagrined, gave me four milch cows, and said he was only jesting.'

Gardiner says that his horse proved a constant source of fun to the people among whom he travelled. One man told him it would be a great deal better looking beast if it had horns like an eland. The young women, in particular, made themselves merry whenever any of the Europeans appeared among them; they joked about their hair, the colour of their skins, and their clothing, and the simple Nathaniel Isaacs was more than once put to the blush by the close examination to which these dark beauties persisted in subjecting his person.

There is no state of society, however low it may be sunk in barbarism, in which some impostors more crafty than the rest are

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not to be found practising on the credulity of their less cunning neighbours. The Zoolus have a superstitious dread of witchcraft, but their sorcery is not confined to old women. The person who sets himself up for one of the craft takes care to let it be known that he is attended by a familiar. As Faust had his poodle, and the old witch of Edmonton her black dog, so the regular familiar of a Zoolu sorcerer is the tiger-cat, which carries terror, as the avowed harbinger of evil, wherever it appears. Even the despot and his warriors quail at the sight of a tiger-cat.

Our two authors have not added much to our stock of knowledge in the department of natural history, yet few countries in the world possess so rich a harvest in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Both travellers, it is true, enumerate the names of most of the larger animals, birds as well as quadrupeds—the ostrich, the vulture, and the eagle among the former—the elephant, the buffalo, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus in the latter. With this last mentioned animal the rivers would appear to be absolutely swarming. ‘Mr. Fynn,’ says Isaacs, ‘has just returned from the neighbourhood of the Umlullas, where he shot above *fifty* of those animals.’ At the mouth of the same river Isaacs witnessed so great a number that ‘they actually seemed to occupy the whole bed;’ and he observed alligators of an enormous size, ‘living on very friendly terms with their amphibious neighbours.’ On another occasion he says, he shot *nine* in the same river. Its distance is ninety miles to the north-east of Port Natal. The multitude of these huge animals, and the facility of shooting them, prove their ignorance of musketry; for we recollect the difficulty, almost impossibility, stated by Barrow, of getting a second effective shot at them, in a less unsophisticated district, their noses just peeping above the surface, and instantaneously disappearing on the flash of the priming. They are, as described by that elder traveller, not only sharp-sighted, but so quick of hearing, that the fall of a foot on the bank of the river will disturb them long before the person approaching comes within their view.

Mr. Isaacs is quite enchanted with that part of the country which Commander Gardiner has named Victoria. ‘Nature,’ he says, ‘has been bountiful in supplying this district with innumerable objects of an attractive kind. Splendid scenery and magnificent landscapes, a luxuriant soil and rich vegetation, animal food in abundance, fish very plentiful, and water from innumerable springs, were to be found throughout the whole district. The forests in the neighbourhood, which are very extensive, contain almost every species of animal indigenous to Southern Africa.’ He talks of elephants going in whole droves. The rhinoceros is not very common, and  
keeps

keeps itself very much to the woods and thickets, which is also the case with the buffalo, the fiercest and most savage of brutes. Wolves and hyenas abound, and are, in fact, the best scavengers of a country where human corpses are so constantly tossed into the jungles. The lighter species of antelopes, such as the springbok, the bosch-bok, the stein-bok, &c. which move in shoals along the Karroo plains, are rarely met with in the more luxuriant pastures of the lower meadows adjoining the sea. Gardiner mentions having seen but one gnu, and that was close to the mountains, but the harte-beast, the koodoo, and the eland are found in most of the thickets.

The whole Caffre nation may be considered as a pastoral one; every poor man has his cow or two, and the more substantial peasant his pack-oxen to carry him and his family; but the king and his military chiefs have whole droves of cattle—the chief subsistence of all classes being animal food. Some of their oxen are beautifully spotted, and Isaacs mentions his having seen, at one of the king's residences, not less than 3000 white cattle. The cultivation of the ground is not much attended to; yet our authors occasionally make mention of fields of Indian corn and Caffre corn, meaning, we presume, by the first, the maize (*zeu mays*), and by the other a species of large millet (the *holcus sorghum*). It is from this we suspect that their beer is made—their *outchuella*, distributed as a royal beverage; probably the same as the *bouza* which Burckhardt describes as in use in Upper Egypt and among the Berbers, and made from a species of holcus. Mention is also made of a bean growing in the earth at the root of the stem (probably *arachis hypogæa*); also of sugar-cane, which Captain Gardiner calls spurious, and Isaacs says grows wild. Isaacs adds that they have three or four species of sweet potatoes, pumpkins, and water melons. In short, if these poor people could once be released from the sanguinary instruments of the despot, the country they inhabit is so admirably adapted for every species of produce, that population might be increased a hundred fold. One or two extracts will show what the face of the country generally is.

‘Nothing could exceed the surrounding herbage, and the rich vegetation which displayed itself on the whole face of the country. A more charming one cannot well be imagined. Clear and limpid rivulets, green hills, and clusters of trees studding the whole, attracted our attention on one side; on the other the river Umgani, whose banks exhibited a richness of verdure beyond description beautiful. In the distant ground to which our road led, we could perceive that our course lay over mountains rising gently from the sea, and intersecting our way; and ever and anon, at a distance, the river gliding majestically before us, formed altogether a landscape of no ordinary magnificence.’—*Isaacs*, p. 131.

Again,—

Again,—

‘ We continued to advance from one eminence to another, through valleys of great beauty, from the peculiarly rich herbage that overspread the surface, and from the surrounding vegetation of all kinds, growing in splendid luxuriance. We here met with trees indigenous to this quarter of the globe, the timber of which appeared of a very solid and close texture, and admirably adapted for ship-building.’—*ibid.* p. 134.

On another journey to court he says, ‘ It is not possible that the varied scenery which presented itself could be surpassed in either grandeur, verdure, or interest,’ and he exclaims, ‘ What an enchanting spot the whole surface exhibited for a settlement!’ There can be no doubt that encouragement and security are alone wanting to create among these people a spirit of agricultural industry. The change produced at Natal Bay, by the few Europeans who stationed themselves there, shows no unwillingness on the part of the natives.

‘ Our gardens were highly promising; everything we had planted, both indigenous and exotic, was growing prodigiously, and indicated that the soil was quite congenial for the latter. We visited most of the kraals around us: at that of Issiburnene, we were agreeably surprised to find the people so comfortably settled, and so well provided for. There was everywhere the appearance of satisfaction and tranquillity, and the people seemed happy under our arrangements and protection. They had about forty huts, and the owners were all engaged in planting; their children were numerous and looking well, and came skipping playfully towards us.’—*ibid.* vol. ii. p. 89.

When Gardiner was there, he says the native population in the immediate vicinity might be estimated at two thousand five hundred, with thirty Europeans; and he notices the curious fact of the former subsisting by agriculture while the latter were mostly engaged in hunting. He, too, speaks favourably of the appearance of the country and the quality of the soil, that part around the port exhibiting all the peculiar characteristics of lake scenery; he notices particularly the ‘ excellent crops of Kafir and Indian corn, ground beans, and sweet potatoes.’

‘ The whole landscape around Natal,’ says Isaacs, ‘ became changed from one of a wild and savage description to a busy and industrious scene of natives, engaged in that to which before they devoted but little of their time,—the labouring of the soil. . . . Natal from this time seemed as if emerging from the savage aspect of its more primitive days. Its plains, its savannahs, its eminences, and its undulations, had all an harmonious appearance. Hamlets, with numerous inhabitants, pursuing their avocations of guarding their herds and cultivating their patches of land for corn and roots, could be discerned from every quarter.’

All this is certainly very encouraging for the emigrants who, as  
we

we have stated, were proceeding in the spring of last year towards this quarter. By hunting, fishing, and above all by agriculture, they will find no difficulty in procuring a plentiful subsistence; but the great question for them to consider will be, in what manner should so numerous a body of strangers conduct themselves so as to escape molestation from the despot and his military ruffians?—How will these view such an influx of foreigners? These fellows certainly have shown great respect for the few white men who have shown themselves *at court*; and expressed a willingness to concede to them a superiority in all matters, except in what Nathaniel Isaacs, or rather the dresser-up of his journal, calls *attitudinal graces* in dancing. But when they shall have peopled the fiftieth part of VICTORIA, how will these armed ruffians act towards them? As these plunderers subsist almost entirely on beef, roasted or raw, and as for some years the new settlers must depend almost solely on agriculture, it is possible they may not be disturbed. The hassagai-men of the despot have no taste for fire arms; and as the Dutch boors will undoubtedly take with them their *roars*, or long muskets, carrying balls as large as those of swivels, they will probably be able to keep any marauding blacks at bay, until they have fairly established themselves. The native peasantry are not likely to give them any trouble; on the contrary, they will look at them, as many hundreds at Natal bay did, as their benefactors and protectors. Being a docile and tractable people, a few missionaries established among them, Moravians in particular, employed in teaching them the useful manual arts, and their children to read and write, while they explain to them the principles of the Christian religion, would be of infinite service; we know not of any field where their labours would be more likely to produce the desired fruit.

Our two authors afford us as little information on the geography of this part of Africa, as they do about its natural history; and yet both of them had unrestrained liberty of locomotion, and both made numerous and various journeys. The only scrap on this head that we find in the volumes of Isaacs, is a plan of Port Natal by Lieutenant King; and Commander Gardiner has merely two very indifferent sketches, inconsistent with each other and with their appended scales, of the Zoolu country, including his own grant of Victoria. This officer, on his return to the Cape, made a considerable circuit to the westward, advancing in that direction until he was stopped by the Quathlamba range of mountains, out of one side of which rise the numerous streams flowing into the Eastern sea and Delagoa bay; and from the other side, those equally numerous and large branches which, uniting in the great  
[ *Gariiep*

*Gariiep* or Orange River, fall into the southern Atlantic. When in the midst of these mountains, the highest point of which he estimates only at 4000 feet from the valley, we rather wonder he had not the curiosity and the courage to ascend the Giant's Cup, as he names this point, from whence he might have had a fine view of the several streams flowing, in the different directions we have mentioned, over the plains. When at the feet of this range of mountains, he was not more than ten or twelve miles from the source of the Caledon, which Dr. Smith and his party had just explored. But that which surprises us still more, is the total absence of a single latitude or longitude, in the account of his whole journey to the Cape—a progress of not less than a thousand miles. On his approach to the colony he notices the omission, and we give his excuse for it :—

‘ Having been disappointed in obtaining the latitude, notwithstanding I have two sextants with me—one being only cut for 131 deg. 30 min.—the other, a pocket one, for 125 deg., while (with an artificial horizon) an angle of at least 136 deg. is now necessary ;—having no watch to regulate distance—and having for the past month been merely guided by a small pocket compass—my computed reckoning, under such circumstances, is not likely to be very correct.’—*Gardiner*, pp. 355.

This excuse, coming from a naval officer of his rank, is, in our opinion, worse than no excuse at all. It is true the double angle, required for the artificial horizon, was greater, at the time he alludes to it, than the graduated limb of his sextant would subtend to measure the meridian altitude of the sun ; but there are well known problems for obtaining the latitude by double altitude—by the moon, and by certain stars—and though Commander Gardiner might not be in possession of the requisite tables to enable him to make the calculations at the moment, he might have noted down his observations, and *worked* them at leisure. But he forgets that from April to September the declination of the sun fully allowed him to take the sun's meridian altitude with either of his sextants, and yet there is not a single latitude in his whole book. The simple fact is, his mind appears to have been engaged on loftier thoughts. We have already observed his habit of acknowledging special interferences of Providence on the most trifling occasions ; we shall content ourselves with quoting a single sample. In one part of his journey homewards, he was overtaken by a mist when at a little distance from his waggon ; and as it did not break away so soon as he had expected, he unsaddled his horse, sat down on a rock, and prepared for a nightly bivouack. ‘ Thus exposed,’ says he, ‘ without the remotest assistance from my party, now several miles distant, I had recourse to that sure refuge, a throne

throne of grace ; and though the infidel may scoff, I will declare it for the encouragement of others, and the glory of my God, that he vouchsafed to hear my cry, and delivered me.' We abhor infidelity as much as Mr. Gardiner can do ; but we hope we may, without offence, hint that we deem it no less impious than presumptuous in him, to suppose himself of such value and importance, that the elements must depart from their course, and cease to obey their prescribed laws, for the safety and accommodation of this worthy Commander. We notice the passage because we have been informed from a variety of quarters, that this species of mental delusion has of late years made fearful progress among naval officers—a class of men in whom, more perhaps than in any other, it is requisite that the country which employs them should be able to count, not only on skill and energy, but on sober and manly judgment. The simple clown who stood bawling to Hercules to assist him, when his waggon got into a slough, instead of putting his shoulder to the wheel, was somewhat excusable, as the gods and demigods of the heathen mythology were supposed to interfere in all the concerns of men as well as of women ; but what should we think of a commanding officer, who, having brought his ship, in a gale of wind, on a lee-shore, or among rocks and shoals, should go down to his cabin to pray, or, as Commander Gardiner has it, ' to seek refuge in a throne of grace,' instead of buckling to the task before him, and acting, and compelling his crew to act, *pro virili* ? In our opinion, a silent ejaculation from the heart that animates and directs a steady arm, is worth more than all this parade of piety. How did St. Paul himself take the storm off Melita ? Captain Basil Hall gives substantially the right answer—though he might perhaps have chosen a different phrase—' in an officer-like manner.'

In his journey Capewards, near the mouth of the river Umsecaba, Gardiner met with some curious caverned rocks, where it is generally supposed that the survivors from the wreck of the Grosvenor East Indianan, which in 1782 was lost near this spot, found a temporary shelter in these comfortless caverns ; ' a supposition,' says Mr. Gardiner, ' not improbable, from the circumstance of their being still designated by the natives, as *the white men's houses*. Two of the guns, and several pigs of ballast, are visible at low water.' The history of the unfortunate crew and passengers of this vessel, many of the latter females, who are known to have escaped from the wreck, is buried in oblivion. Unless the character of the natives was different then from what it is now, one might have supposed the male passengers and the crew would easily have found their way to the colony ; the females were probably detained ; and a remark of Mr. Isaacs, without

without the least allusion to this subject, that hereabouts many of the natives had a complexion lighter than copper, suggests a suspicion of what may have been their fate.

Our knowledge of the geography of southern Africa has not made that advance which might have been expected from the length of time we have had possession of the Cape of Good Hope. In the early years of that period, Barrow, Trüter, Somerville, Lichtenstein, and Burchell, did something; and since then, several missionaries, but chiefly Campbell, and very recently Dr. Smith, have progressively extended their explorations—the last gentleman, with his party, in the central parts, as far as the tropic of Capricorn. Campbell the missionary reached Kurrachaine, which appears to be about the latitude of 25 degrees; a town well peopled and more advanced in civilization than any before discovered. We could have wished that Dr. Smith had visited this remarkable place, to witness the progress of civilization, or otherwise, since Campbell's time; he was near enough to see the hill on which it stands, but appears to have passed it on the right. We have before us a sketch of his travels, printed for private circulation, but the length to which this article has extended prevents us from noticing it further. We regret this the less, as a copious analysis of it, with a map, has been given in the volume of the Geographical Society's proceedings just published; but after all we are constrained to observe, that the English have made a slender use of their great opportunities in this highly interesting and important field of investigation.

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ART. II.—*Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries.* By Henry Hallam. Vol. I. 8vo. London. 1837.

IT is no less extraordinary than fortunate that this work should have been reserved for Mr. Hallam. The history of literature might appear a field in which the true lovers of letters would delight to expatiate; we should expect to find it crowded with aspirants for distinction, or industrious labourers in this work of love. It is a study which might be pursued by the tranquil scholar in the happy seclusion of his library; and stands almost entirely aloof from those jealousies and collisions which may deter the modest, and disturb the peace of the more adventurous writer, in other departments of history. Political animosities live in the descendants of the different parties; the great principles of attachment to monarchical and republican institutions keep up a perpetual



a perpetual agitation; the opinions, the passions, the interests of men, are constantly awake, to watch with jealous hostility all heretical aberrations from their respective creeds. The historical characters of antiquity, still more those of modern times, have their array of accusers or compurgators, of haters or admirers, who resent either the high-coloured or the depreciating estimate of their several favourites. But the jealousies of literary men are personal, and expire with them; few form a permanent and exclusive sect. The body of their fame is not contested, like that of Patroclus, by rival armies; it is either left to the dogs and kites, or peaceably entombed by the pious gratitude of posterity. Though there is nothing which may not become a cause of strife in this contentious world, men's tastes are less quarrelsome than their political opinions; and the peaceful literary historian, while he would command the general gratitude, as guiding the student through the immense and almost trackless wilderness of literature, would thus more rarely come into collision with prejudice or angry jealousy.

The disappointment of every student, anxious to obtain a compendious and lucid view of the progress of the human mind, particularly during the fertile and eventful period of the centuries named in Mr. Hallam's title-page—no less than the survey of the various authors who have devoted themselves to this branch of study, contained in his preface—will show that Europe has not yet produced one impartial and comprehensive work, representing the gradual development of the human imagination and intellect in the different nations which contribute to the literature of the western world. For, in fact, the *History of European Literature* ought to be *one* work; the well-arranged and harmonious cast, if we may so speak, of one mind. The vast scheme projected in Germany, but completed only in one or two of its divisions, assigned each leading department to one distinguished individual—as, poetry to Bouterwek, philosophy to Tenneman, classical literature to Heeren. But among the important uses and advantages of such a work, would undoubtedly be the general view of the simultaneous progress of the various branches of literature—their mutual aid, or their interference with each other—the causes and authors of their predominance. Independent of the difficulty of strictly defining each particular province, the associates in such a plan, like the writers of the *Bridge-water Treatises*, would be constantly trenching on each other's ground; either perplexing the reader by conflicting views; or by the repetition of the same information under a different form, adding unnecessarily to the bulk of the collection. A master hand would at last be necessary—(that office,

poet exercised his art. The theologian and the poet, the jurist and the dramatist, the scholar and the bold idiomatic writer of his own tongue, the metaphysician and the romance writer, the lexicographer and the ballad-maker; Luther and Ariosto, Bartolus and the free writers of the Italian comedy, Erasinus and Hans Sachs, Ficinus the Platonist, and the author of *Amadis de Gaul*, Budæus and the minstrels of the Spanish *Cancionero*, all must successively and in rapid transition pass in review; each receive his duly-measured and carefully-balanced meed of praise or blame; and take his rank according to his relative merits as to his own age, and the general advancement of letters.

X Mr. Hallam speaks with diffidence not unbecoming the most learned and accomplished man, of his own qualifications as a literary historian of Europe. For our own part, judging solely from the substantial and recognised excellence of his former writings, we could not have selected a name in modern English literature, which we should more cordially rejoice to see prefixed to the announcement of such a work. For diligence in research and scrupulous accuracy, a wide range of knowledge and masculine independence of judgment, that name is a sufficient guarantee. Mr. Hallam is among the few modern authors who have not lost in depth what they have gained in extent of surface. He is of the old race—we would not willingly say, one of the last representatives—of our scholarlike writers; yet he has manifestly advanced with the rapid stream of modern literature, at least as far as most of his cotemporaries. He appears from the present volume to have extended his acquaintance with modern languages. We do not remember any reference in his former books to German authorities; but we now find him acknowledging great obligations to the laborious writers of that country—without whose assistance, indeed, a work of this nature would be very incomplete. Meiners, Heeren, Bouterwek, Heinsius, the Schlegels, contribute with *Andrès*, *Tiraboschi*, with *Bayle* and *Niceron*, *Warton*, and the various biographical dictionaries, to the fulness and particularity of this valuable book. But while Mr. Hallam's readers have a perfect right to rely on these credentials of extensive and well-arranged information, and sound judgment as to those grave questions which are allied to historical fact, and to the progress of general knowledge—in one respect this volume may surpass their expectations. Those who know Mr. Hallam only by his former works, in which questions of purely literary taste occurred but rarely, will be no less delighted perhaps than surprised, to find this laborious diligence allied with the most ardent admiration of the original, the imaginative, and the harmonious, in the poetry of all countries: they will find themselves

passing from the inevitable dryness of a paragraph relating to the progress of grammatical studies, to a burst of eloquence, called forth by the magic of some great bard of Italy or of England. The characteristic of Mr. Hallam's criticism is the union of a vigorous common sense, with a just appreciation of the elevated, the noble, and the original, in poetry. He is superior to the vanity of calling forth some undistinguished writer from the crowd, in order to display his own ingenuity in vindicating his title to a higher place; or his own originality, by contemptuously reversing the general judgment of mankind. He is just and generous to all, but not so prodigal as to leave little distinction between the different gradations of merit. He advances no new canons. He is entangled in no speculative theory, such as, in many works of modern criticism, at first dazzles us by an appeal to our depth of thought; and leaves us dissatisfied at last in finding that we have been mystified rather than instructed. Mr. Hallam is philosophical without philosophising—his is the plain and perspicuous philosophy of a strong mind, which never plunges beyond its depth; and is content with clearly stating his impressions without subtly analyzing or refining upon them to excess. There is, besides, a kind of manly amenity throughout the volume, as of a mind dealing with subjects calmer and less allied to exciting passions than Mr. Hallam's former works, where the fray of political opinion struck out at times, expressions not without rigour, and judgments not free from severity. In the present volume we have been struck with the union of independence and candour—of respect for common opinions, with the fair assertion of the freedom of his own—which on certain rather delicate subjects, the characters, for instance, of some of the reformers, it is not easy to maintain. The general tone is decisive without being dictatorial; plain, but not peremptory. He who differs from others with such perfect command of temper, has a right to more than patient hearing, to something of deferential respect to his matured and recorded judgments.

It is not easy in a brief and limited article to give a just notice of a work, the great merit of which is, and ought to be, the close condensation of a vast and various mass of knowledge in a few pages. Ours must be the review of that which itself is a powerful, compressed, and comprehensive reviewal. If we should select a few of the subjects on which the author has treated, for more detailed examination, we should either dilute his pregnant pages, or take, as it were, an unfair advantage, by transgressing those bounds which his self-denial has rigidly prescribed to himself. On some minor points we may differ, but, in general, we should find it difficult to state the grounds of our difference without entering

entering upon a long and perhaps uninteresting dissertation. Where we attempt an outline, then, it must be very slightly drawn; the selection of subjects, upon which we offer our observations, where there is so much to interest and to instruct, must at least have the appearance of chance or caprice.

Mr. Hallam commences with an introductory chapter, containing the first dawn of letters in Europe, after the extinction of classical Latinity in Boetius—the universal domination of the scholastic philosophy—the formation of the modern languages—the revival of classical learning, chiefly under the influence of Petrarch. Of the early part of this period it may be generally said that Latin was the language of prose, the vernacular tongues that of poetry; during the fourteenth century, popular fiction and some graver branches of knowledge began to take the form of prose. But the Latin had sunk to the lowest state of barbarism. The exclusive possession of a very narrow caste, confined to subjects altogether alien to the modes of thinking and forms of expression prevalent in the purer ages of Latinity, uncorrected by the study of better models in the writings of antiquity, it had become an hybrid and ungrammatical dialect, in which the initiate in the several sciences, scholastic divinity, law, and medicine, carried on their general intercourse, and trained their respective scholars. But since the doom of Latin, as a common language, was sealed; as it had ceased to be the vernacular dialect of men, it was well, perhaps, that it had sunk to so low a state, and retired within the confined domain of a very limited oligarchy. The premature revival and general prevalence of classical studies just at this period, might have checked the free development of the modern languages, and withdrawn some of their earlier cultivators within its less useful and fertile province. Petrarch, if Latin had continued more intelligible to the popular ear, might have sung of Laura in the artificial and lifeless language of his Africa. But poetry, the primary agent in civilization, had resumed its office. What Homer and her other minstrels had been to Greece, the disseminators and conservators of a common language, intelligible alike to Dorian, Æolian, or Ionian, a general standard which, notwithstanding its infinite diversity of dialects, maintained Greek as one language; such, in a great degree, were some of the earlier poets in the modern languages of Europe. The spirit of song brooded over the chaos of various dialects and idioms which prevailed, and reduced them, may we venture the fanciful expression, to an Hep-tatone harmony—the seven-stringed lyre of European poetry began to breathe its softening notes to the popular ear. ‘By the year 1400 we find a national literature subsisting in seven European languages, three spoken in the Spanish peninsula, the French, the  
D 2 Italian,

Italian, the German, and the English. Our own tongue, though it had latterly acquired much copiousness in the hands of Chaucer and Wickliffe, both of whom lavishly supplied it with words of French and Latin derivation, was but just growing into a literary existence. The German, as well as that of Valencia, seemed to decline.\* At the precise period, indeed, to which this passage from Mr. Hallam refers, the first splendid burst of poetry—the Epic or Homeric age, as it were—had passed away, and was not immediately replaced by a new race of bards who could win the general ear, and prolong the empire of poetry over the general mind. It had discharged its primary function in all the various languages, which if it had not created, it had at least consolidated, regulated, harmonized; to which it had habituated the popular ear, and established something like a standard of grammatical form and expression, to be perfected at length into a national language.

Spain already possessed, in that which was afterwards called Castilian, her great poem of the *Cid*,\* and some, though perhaps not many, of the fine old romantic ballads which form her *Cancionero*. Portugal had her own poets. Mr. Hallam quotes a curious volume (printed by Lord Stuart of Rothesay) of Portuguese songs, as early as the twelfth century. The third Spanish language of the thirteenth and fourteenth century, was called the Valencian, but in fact was the Provençal of the south of France, perhaps the eldest barbarian daughter of the Latin, the language of the Troubadours and their *gay science*. This language had gradually retreated from before the French, into the kindred provinces of northern Spain, and there maintained its independence for several centuries. The Valencian, therefore, might claim the Provençal poets as its parents; their lays of love, and their religious satires, were the groundwork and chief part of its literature. The chivalrous romances of the Trouveurs, and the poems of Wace, had given a promise of freedom, invention, and occasional picturesqueness, by no means fulfilled by the later poetry of France; and France, even then, by the fatal influence of the long-drawn allegory of the *Roman de la Rose* (translated by our Chaucer, and imitated in its form in other countries), threw a languor, something of a chilling torpor, over the spirit of national song among her neighbours. Towards the close of the fourteenth century, the best poetry of France, as in later periods, was in her prose. In the vivid and picturesque narrative, the chivalrous tone, the truth of delineation, we may add, perhaps, the invention of old Froissart, we have more of the stirring life, the character,

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\* We need hardly remind our readers of Mr. Frere's admirable versions from this poem, printed in the appendix to Mr. Southey's '*Chronicle of the Cid*.'

the nationality, almost the form of the true Epic, than has appeared either before or since in the poetry of France. Germany could boast of her *Heldenbuch*, and her *Nibelungen-lied*; poems manifestly of more ancient date than chivalry, of which their more rude and simple, if we may so speak, heroic manners have no trace. She had also her long array of *Minne-singers*, her bards of hall and bower, who in evil hour were superseded by her burgher poets, the *Meister-singers* of the guilds or fraternities.

‘Meantime a new race of poets, chiefly burghers of towns, sprung up about the reign of Rodolph of Hapsburgh, before the lays of the *Minne-singers* had yet ceased to resound. These prudent, though not inspired, votaries of the muse, chose the didactic and moral style as more salutary than the love songs, and more reasonable than the romances. They became known in the fourteenth century by the name of *Meister-singers*, but are traced to the institutions of the twelfth century, called *Singing-schools*, for the promotion of popular music, the favourite recreation of Germany. What they may have done for music I am unable to say: it was in an evil hour for the art of poetry that they extended their jurisdiction over her. They regulated verse by the most pedantic and minute laws, such as a society with no idea of excellence but conformity to rule would be sure to adopt; though nobler institutions have often done the same, the *Master-burghers* were but prototypes of the Italian academicians. The poetry was always moral and serious, but flat. These *Meister-singers* are said to have originated at Mentz, from which they spread to Augsburg, Strasburg, and other cities, and in none were more renowned than Nuremberg. Charles IV., in 1378, incorporated them by the name of *Meister-genoss-shaft*, with armorial bearings and peculiar privileges. They became, however, more conspicuous in the sixteenth century; scarce any names of *Meister-singers* before that age are recorded; nor does it seem that much of their earlier poetry is extant.’—vol. i. pp. 52, 53.

Italy ripened more slowly; but, when once mature, she broke forth with all the rapid luxuriance and vigour of southern vegetation,—she bore at once her earliest flower and her richest fruit. Dante and Petrarch were almost the creators, as well as the unrivalled models, each in his style, of real Italian poetry. It might seem that in Italy Latin maintained a more vigorous struggle for its ascendancy; or that the various dialects required a master hand, not so much in this case to form them into one national tongue, as to assert the predominance of the Tuscan, from henceforth to be the accredited literary language of Italy. The first efforts indeed of Italian poetry were provincial, chiefly Sicilian, and but for the commanding influence of Dante and Petrarch, the Peninsula might have had as many separate literatures as provinces. Her modern Goldonis and Melis, instead of being what Ramsay and Burns are to English poetry, might have been the successors and heirs of a distinct race of writers.

After Italy, England could boast in Chaucer the greatest poet  
of

of these ages. But Chaucer's excellence lay in fertile and graceful invention ; and in the vivid and humorous delineation of manners—(the peculiar inheritance which our wealthy ancestors bequeathed to English poetry)—rather than in the high perfection of language or melody of verse. The foreign element, the French, with which Chaucer, or perhaps the fashion of the time, the Norman blood and the French wars, enriched our language, is not yet blended and harmonized ; it lies, as it were, in separate and distinct masses, not yet having passed through the amalgamating process of common usage. The difficulties of Chaucer's versification are perhaps most reasonably traced to the uncertain state of pronunciation, or rather accentuation—the letters or syllables which afterwards became mute, still retaining their proper sounds, as in French and in other languages.

It is remarkable, we have said, and it was a singularly happy circumstance in the development of European literature, that the first creative impulse of poetry was over in most of these nations, before the revival of classical learning absorbed the general mind of the educated classes. Poetry might have suffered some constraining and chilling effect, from that which could confer only pure and unmingled benefit on the development of prose. Even if it had retained its independent originality of language, of imagery, of sentiment, it might have become too much enamoured of the beautiful but uncongenial forms of the classics ; Virgil, instead of being transformed into the romantic companion of Dante, through the wild regions which expanded before the fancy of the Christian poet, might have been the stately and unapproachable model to which he would have paid the homage of servile imitation. Petrarch happily chose to perfect, by his own translucent language, unrivalled harmony and exquisite tenderness, the fanciful graces, the amatory idealism of the Provençal poets, rather than to rival the elegies of Ovid or Tibullus. But the style of which the classical writers furnished such inimitable models, was the great thing wanting to prose. It is indeed after all extraordinary, that in Italy, where these studies were pursued with the greatest zeal and success, they should have produced such little effect. Order, distribution, selection, the harmonious structure of periods, found their way but slowly into Italian prose. It required a long process of classical training before Machiavelli broke up its involved and long-drawn periods into a more terse and compressed manner ; nor had even the example of Machiavelli the influence which might have been expected in the general formation of an Italian prose style.

It is impossible to compress, and unnecessary to follow, Mr. Hallam's luminous account of the state of Latin erudition and the revival of Greek at the commencement of the fifteenth century ; or his view of the early progress of science during the same period.

riod. The following observations relating to the last point are, however, especially worthy of our reader's attention :—

‘ It is an interesting question, What were the causes of this enthusiasm for antiquity which we find in the beginning of the fifteenth century?—a burst of public feeling that seems rather sudden, but prepared by several circumstances that lie farther back in Italian history. The Italians had for some generations learned more to identify themselves with the great people that had subdued the world. The fall of the house of Swabia, releasing their necks from a foreign yoke, had given them a prouder sense of nationality ; while the name of Roman Emperor was systematically associated by one party with ancient tradition ; and the study of the civil law, barbarously ignorant as its professors often were, had at least the effect of keeping alive a mysterious veneration for antiquity. The monuments of ancient Italy were perpetual witnesses ; their inscriptions were read ; it was enough that a few men like Petrarch should animate the rest ; it was enough that learning should become honourable, and that there should be the means of acquiring it. The story of Rienzi, familiar to every one, is a proof what enthusiasm could be kindled by ancient recollections. Meantime the laity became better instructed ; a mixed race, ecclesiastics, but not priests, and capable alike of enjoying the benefices of the church or of returning from it to the world, were more prone to literary than theological pursuits. The religious scruples which had restrained churchmen in the darker ages from perusing heathen writers, by degrees gave way, as the spirit of religion itself grew more objective, and directed itself more towards maintaining the outward church in its orthodoxy of profession, and in its secular power, than towards cultivating devout sentiments in the bosom. . . . .

‘ The love of Greek and Latin absorbed the minds of these Italian scholars, and effaced all regard to every other branch of literature. Their own language was nearly silent ; few condescended so much as to write letters in it ; as few gave a moment's attention to physical science, though we find it mentioned, perhaps as remarkable, in Victorin of Feltre, that he had some fondness for geometry, and had learned to understand Euclid. But even in Latin they wrote very little that can be deemed worthy of remembrance, or even that can be mentioned at all. The ethical dialogues of Francis Barbaro, a noble Venetian, on the married life (*de re uxoria*), and of Poggio on nobility, are almost the only books that fall within this period, except declamatory invectives or panegyrics, and other productions of circumstance. Their knowledge was not yet exact enough to let them venture upon critical philology ; though Niccoli and Traversari were silently occupied in the useful task of correcting the text of manuscripts, faulty beyond description in the later centuries. Thus we must consider Italy as still at school, active, acute, sanguine, full of promise, but not yet become really learned, or capable of doing more than excite the emulation of other nations.’—vol. i. pp. 141-144.

The Spanish ballads, which chiefly belong to the period from  
1400



1400 to 1440, bring us back to what, with many readers, will be 'metal more attractive: '—Mr. Hallam pauses to consider the characteristics of modern *romantic* poetry. He assigns, with other writers, chivalry, gallantry, and religion, as the three great leading elements which distinguish modern from classical poetry. The effect of gallantry towards women is developed in the following passage:—

'The popular taste had been also essentially affected by changes in social intercourse, rendering it more studiously and punctiliously courteous, and especially by the homage due to women under the modern laws of gallantry. Love, with the ancient poets, is often tender, sometimes virtuous, but never accompanied by a sense of deference or inferiority. This elevation of the female sex through the voluntary submission of the stronger, though a remarkable fact in the philosophical history of Europe, has not, perhaps, been adequately developed. It did not originate, or at least very partially, in the Teutonic manners, from which it has sometimes been derived. The love songs again, and romances of Arabia, where others have sought its birth-place, display, no doubt, a good deal of that rapturous adoration which distinguishes the language of later poetry, and have, perhaps, in some measure, been the models of the Provençal troubadours; yet this seems rather consonant to the hyperbolical character of oriental works of imagination, than to a state of manners where the usual lot of women is seclusion, if not slavery. The late editor of Warton has thought it sufficient to call "that reverence and adoration of the female sex which has descended to our own times, the offspring of the Christian dispensation." But until it can be shown that Christianity establishes any such principle, we must look a little farther down for its origin.

'Without rejecting, by any means, the influence of these collateral and preparatory circumstances, we might ascribe more direct efficacy to the favour shown towards women in succession to lands, through inheritance or dower, by the later Roman law, and by the customs of the northern nations; to the respect which the clergy paid them (a subject which might bear to be more fully expanded); but, above all, to the gay idleness of the nobility, consuming the intervals of peace in festive enjoyment. In whatever country the charms of high-born beauty were first admitted to grace the banquet or give brilliancy to the tournament,—in whatever country the austere restraints of jealousy were most completely laid aside,—in whatever country the coarser, though often more virtuous, simplicity of unpolished ages was exchanged for winning and delicate artifices,—in whatever country, through the influence of climate or polish, less boisterousness and intemperance prevailed,—it is there that we must expect to find the commencement of so great a revolution in society.'—vol. i. pp. 176, 177.

We apprehend that the error of the very able editor of Warton is, that of assigning an influence too direct and immediate to Christianity. Christianity was the first principle of that which, in chivalrous gallantry, assumed an highly artificial form. The  
equalization

equalization of the sexes, as that of ranks, arose out of the common hope of immortality, the blessing of Christian faith, imparted without respect of persons to both. The Roman law itself softened, and became more generous to the female sex, after the reign of Constantine. The respect paid to women by the clergy, though abused, even in the days of the Apostles—(we allude to a passage in St. Paul, certainly not expressed in the tone of chivalrous gallantry)—and still more so in the less pure and disinterested ages of the church, was almost an inevitable consequence of the elevation of the female character, the natural homage to the importance with which they were endowed by the new dispensation. It would be curious to inquire how far the worship of the Virgin, though both in time and in place far more extensive, coincident in its universality and general predominance with the growth of chivalrous respect for women, may have contributed to this result. To the strictly evangelical Christian, who studies his faith in the gospel alone, there is something in the part assigned to the females, in the sacred narrative, which instils a kind of involuntary respect, if not veneration. The thought which has been embodied in the well-known line,

‘ Last by the cross and earliest by the tomb,’

is inseparably mingled up with that solemn and mysterious scene, and cannot fail to blend with all the sacred feelings which it inspires. But when that intuitive homage had grown into prostrate deification, when the whole Christian world united to hymn the

‘ Vergine bella, che di sol vestita,  
Coronata di stelle, al sommo Sole  
Piacesti sì, che in te sua luce nascose ;’—

when, too, gallantry so constantly spoke the language of religion, and devotion of gallantry, this may have been at least one of the subsidiary causes which contributed to the high-toned adoration of the female character. For, after all, it was a poetical and highly aristocratical sentiment. It was not so much to *woman*, as to the high-born beauty, the lady-love, who presided in the tournament, and shone in hall or bower, that gallantry assumed its respectful tone. If, in fact, the offspring of Teutonic manners, it ought to appear, where Mr. Hallam justly observes it is not to be found, in Beowulf, in the oldest Teutonic fragments, or in the Nibelungen Lied. In these poems, ‘love may appear as a natural passion, but not as a conventional idolatry.’ If again it were the genuine and *immediate* offspring of Christianity, it ought certainly to have been more general throughout the Christian world, more equably disposed through society, and developed at an earlier period. Though it appears occasionally in the earlier romances, usually  
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called Breton or Armorican, and sometimes elevates the tone of the Provençal poetry—it reaches this height in *Amadis*, and the prose romances of that class. But as *Amadis* is undoubtedly Portuguese, and the same manners prevailed, no doubt, through the whole Peninsula, the courtly Saracens of Spain may have contributed very much to the predominant fashion. In this sense, there may be some truth in its Arabian origin; for probably the manners of the court of Cordova or Grenada, were as far removed from those of the Arabian desert, or of the fierce warriors of Medina, as those of the Frankish monarchs, or the Counts of Toulouse, from the Germans of Tacitus, or the Goths of Jornandes. All these causes, then, remotely contributed to its origin; but its mature development (as far, indeed, as it actually existed beyond the regions of poetic romance) must be ascribed to a very peculiar and artificial state of society; it was poetry, but poetry which entered, at least in some degree, into real life, and exercised a lasting influence upon manners. The south of France may be considered its native province, and the manners of France retained its influence, till, like other feudal *prejudices*, it was cast off by the vulgar violence of democratic revolution—when ‘the days of chivalry’ came to an end.

Mr. Hallam considers the year 1440 as ‘nearly coincident with the complete development of an ardent thirst for classical, and especially Grecian, literature in Italy, as the year 1400 was with its first manifestation.’ It cannot be denied that this exclusive devotion of the general mind to classical studies, was accompanied by almost a general dearth of original production. This was more decidedly the case in Italy than elsewhere. The genealogy of sonnetteers from Petrarch to Lorenzo de’ Medici, was never interrupted; but there are few names which are heard of beyond the general collections of poetry, and very few single pieces which stand out from the general monotony of thought and expression, which prevails throughout those closely-printed volumes, to which the youthful passion for Italian poetry has tempted us of yore to devote some idle time, in the hope of gleaning some neglected beauty, some exquisite turn of thought, or some new grace of expression. The chivalrous poems, the descendants of the early popular prose romance, the *Reali di Francia*, and the progenitors of the *Orlando Innamorato*, and *Orlando Furioso*, were as yet cold and prolix, without much fertility of invention, without gaiety, fire, richness of imagery, or harmonious flow of verse. But we overleap this period, as relates to other countries as well as Italy; nor can we pause to examine the author’s luminous view of the origin, the first, and at the same time, the most perfect effects of printing. This question has recently called forth several volumes  
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in Germany, unnoticed by Mr. Hallam. We must confess that we have not examined them so deliberately as to decide whether they contain much new or valuable matter. Mentz, however, asserts the claim of Guttenberg with all the ardour of local patriotism, and is about to erect a statue to his memory in some public place.

We transport ourselves at once to the court and to the villa of Lorenzo de' Medici. Classical learning had now, as it were, performed some of its more servile but necessary drudgery. Valla's celebrated though imperfect treatise, *de Elegantis linguæ Latinæ*, the translations from the Greek by the exiles from Constantinople and their scholars, the first efforts of grammar and lexicography, had paved the way for those who were to move with freer step through the walks of classical literature. Scholarship, from a recluse and almost monastic vocation, began to mingle up with the pursuits of men of the world; it became an elegant accomplishment of the highest; it began to associate itself with the modern languages; to instil its order, taste, and purity, into original and imaginative minds, by no means chilling the energies, or restraining the fancy, when it would pour itself out in its native tongue; and calling forth many specimens of Latin poetry which, in ease, correctness, and elegance, come nearer to the classical models than most of the compositions of declining Rome. Politian was a poet in both languages. In Italian we do not think him equal to Lorenzo himself—some of whose sonnets are peculiarly sweet and graceful; whose 'Ambra' is a flowing and agreeable piece of descriptive poetry; and whose 'Carnival Songs,' in Mr. Hallam's language, 'display a union of classical grace and imitation with the native raciness of Florentine gaiety.' We subscribe to Mr. Hallam's estimate, both of the faults and excellencies of Politian's Latin poetry. His great merit appears to us, that he led the way to that approximation to better models, which harmonized and purified the verse of the best Latin poets of modern Italy, while he kept it free from that servile imitation, that mosaic working of Virgilian or Ovidian words and phrases, into which more diffident or less original writers of Latin poetry are apt to degenerate.

We cannot refrain from extracting, though at some length, Mr. Hallam's enthusiastic and high-wrought description of Lorenzo at his villa on the 'slope of Fiesole.' He has caught some of the brightest hues of poetry, without departing from the sober dignity of prose:—

'Lorenzo de' Medici sought in ancient learning something more elevated than the narrow, though necessary, researches of criticism. In a villa overhanging the towers of Florence, on the steep slope of that lofty hill crowned by the mother city, the ancient Fiesole, in gardens which

Tully

Tully might have envied, with Ficino, Landino, and Politian at his side, he delighted his hours of leisure with the beautiful visions of Platonic philosophy, for which the summer stillness of an Italian sky appears the most congenial accompaniment.

‘Never could the sympathies of the soul with outward nature be more finely touched; never could more striking suggestions be presented to the philosopher and the statesman. Florence lay beneath them; not with all the magnificence that the later Medici have given her, but, thanks to the piety of former times, presenting almost as varied an outline to the sky. One man, the wonder of Cosmo’s age, Brunelleschi, had crowned the beautiful city with the vast dome of its cathedral; a structure unthought of in Italy before, and rarely since surpassed. It seemed, amidst clustering towers of inferior churches, an emblem of the Catholic hierarchy under its supreme head; like Rome itself, imposing, unbroken, unchangeable, radiating in equal expansion to every part of the earth, and directing its convergent curves to heaven. Round this were numbered, at unequal heights, the Baptistery, with its gates worthy of Paradise; the tall and richly-decorated belfry of Giotto; the church of the Carmine, with the frescos of Masaccio; those of Santa Maria Novella, beautiful as a bride, of Santa Croce, second only in magnificence to the cathedral, and of St. Mark; the San Spirito, another great monument of the genius of Brunelleschi; the numerous convents that rose within the walls of Florence, or were scattered immediately about them. From these the eye might turn to the trophies of a republican government that was rapidly giving way before the citizen-prince who now surveyed them; the Palazzo Vecchio, in which the signiory of Florence held their councils, raised by the Guelf aristocracy, the exclusive, but not tyrannous faction that long swayed the city; or the new and unfinished palace which Brunelleschi had designed for one of the Pitti family, before they fell, as others had already done, in the fruitless struggle against the house of Medici; itself destined to become the abode of the victorious race, and to perpetuate, by retaining its name, the revolutions that had raised them to power.

‘The prospect, from an elevation, of a great city in its silence, is one of the most impressive, as well as beautiful, we ever behold. But far more must it have brought home thoughts of seriousness to the mind of one who, by the force of events, and the generous ambition of his family, and his own, was involved in the dangerous necessity of governing without the right, and, as far as might be, without the semblance of power; one who knew the vindictive and unscrupulous hostility which, at home and abroad, he had to encounter. If thoughts like these could bring a cloud over the brow of Lorenzo, unfit for the object he sought in that retreat, he might restore its serenity by other scenes which his garden commanded. Mountains bright with various hues, and clothed with wood, bounded the horizon, and, on most sides, at no great distance; but embosomed in these were other villas and domains of his own; while the level country bore witness to his agricultural improvements, the classic diversion of a statesman’s cares. The same curious spirit which led him to fill his garden at Careggi with exotic flowers of the east, the first instance of a botanical collection in Europe, had introduced

duced a new animal from the same regions. Herds of buffaloes, since naturalized in Italy, whose dingy hide, bent neck, curved horns, and lowering aspect, contrasted with the greyish hue and full mild eye of the Tuscan oxen, pastured in the valley, down which the yellow Arno steals silently through its long reaches to the sea.'—pp. 243-245.

There is no greater temptation to the author of a literary history than the departure from the general estimate of mankind concerning individual writers. The pride which delights in originality of opinion—the honest sense of justice, which is indignant at the unfair distribution of glory—the base and the noble motive mingle together at times to betray the judgment. Clever men aspire to the fame of discoverers in the darkness of past times—to draw forth some obscure name, and to resent, as it were, the injurious silence of posterity as to its transcendent merits. To many, the paradoxes of taste have an unspeakable charm; he who can see that to which all the world is blind, must be endowed with transcendent acuteness of vision. On the other hand, the literary historian is pledged, in some degree, to revise the sentences of past times; he is untrue to his high office if he acquiesces, without examination, in the common opinion, and timidly submits merely to record and sanction the popular and accredited judgment. One of the great merits of Mr. Hallam's book is the calm and equable line which he maintains between these conflicting forces—the proud disdain, or the servile deference, for established opinion. There is one case, indeed, where novelty of opinion is a welcome and acknowledged duty—where the silence of cotemporaries, or of immediate posterity, has been from ignorance, not want of judgment—where either the author himself, or his friends, have not done justice to his memory by withholding valuable manuscripts from publication. Thus it seems to have been with *Lionardo da Vinci*, already one of the greatest names of his age and country—as one of the unequalled fathers of his art, and a scientific writer on its rules; but who, it appears, ought before this time to have assumed his rank as one of the boldest and most original thinkers—as one of those prophets who have been gifted with a premature foreknowledge of the future revelations of philosophy. He who has gazed with wonder and admiration on the intense depth of feeling, the glowing expression of character, as well as the wonderful breadth and vigour of colouring in the paintings of *Lionardo*, will be no less gratified than surprised at this modern accession to his fame.

\* His greatest literary distinction is derived from those short fragments of his unpublished writings that appeared not many years since; and which, according at least to our common estimate of the age in which he lived, are more like revelations of physical truths vouchsafed to a  
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single mind, than the superstructure of its reasoning upon any established basis. The discoveries which made Galileo, and Kepler, and Mæstlin, and Maurolycus, and Castelli, and other names illustrious, the system of Copernicus, the very theories of recent geologists, are anticipated by Da Vinci, within the compass of a few pages, not perhaps in the most precise language, or on the most conclusive reasoning, but so as to strike us with something like the awe of preternatural knowledge. In an age of so much dogmatism he first laid down the grand principle of Bacon, that experiment and observation must be the guides to just theory in the investigation of nature. If any doubt could be harboured, not as to the right of Lionardo da Vinci to stand as the first name of the fifteenth century, which is beyond all doubt, but as to his originality in so many discoveries, which, probably, no one man, especially in such circumstances, has ever made, it must be on an hypothesis, not very untenable, that some parts of physical science had already attained a height which mere books do not record. The extraordinary works of ecclesiastical architecture in the middle ages, especially in the fifteenth century, as well as those of Toscanelli and Fioravanti, which we have mentioned, lend some countenance to this opinion; and it is said to be confirmed by the notes of Fra Mauro, a lay brother of a convent near Venice, on a planisphere constructed by him, and still extant. Lionardo himself speaks of the earth's annual motion, in a treatise that appears to have been written about 1510, as the opinion of many philosophers in his age.—vol. i. pp. 303, 304.

We must add, that the authorities adduced by Mr. Hallam fully bear out this splendid eulogy.

As the field of literature expands, it becomes, at the same time, more difficult to select, and more necessary to dwell on, insulated points in the comprehensive work of our author. The great religious strife was now about to commence; its slow but not silent approach, its secret and pervading influence, when it had begun to work upon the opinions, the interests, the passions of men, may be traced in every branch of literature. It is singular to observe it, partly in connexion, partly in contrast, with that department of letters which might seem most remote from such grave and solemn matters; too high in the airy regions of imagination to be disturbed by any impulse from actual and cotemporary life. Italian poetry might almost seem to have taken refuge in the romances of the elder chivalry from the distracting and unimaginative polemics of the day; and so in some respects perhaps was the case. Though there were many exceptions of profound and serious spirits, who brought an impetuous earnestness, a depth and intensity of thought to such questions,—in Italy the general mind was either too gay and light, or too much preoccupied by its passion for classical literature, to enter with any general or absorbing interest into the awful conflict. While Luther was agitating men's minds with religious passions and lessons—while his awakening pamphlets were

were stirring up the depths of the human heart—Italy, even the Pope himself, was listening to the wild adventures of Ariosto's paladins; her printers were busily multiplying editions of the Orlando.

The earliest, however, of the more celebrated among these romantic poems, the Morgante of Pulci, strongly indicates the state of the Italian mind previous to the outbreak of the Reformation. Religious opinion, like everything else, was in a loose and floating state; the spirit of innovation had not yet awakened the fears or the jealousies of its conservators; the established creed was not taken under the austere protection of an affrighted hierarchy: there was no Inquisition, for there was no Reformation. Pulci, who laughs at everything, laughs upon religious topics with as broad and unscrupulous humour as on profaner subjects; he plunges into religious controversies with a bold and careless irreverence, inexplicable to the feelings and judgments of another age and another country.

Pulci's own age took no very serious offence at that, which a few years later, and in a less-privileged person than a poet of a humorous vein, would have been of fearfully serious consequence to the peace or even the life of the author. Ariosto, when he ventures on allusions to such subjects, subdues himself to a more guarded and quiet irony. Yet, even in Pulci himself, there is a kind of incongruity, a wild revelry in all sorts of strange and interdicted opinions, which moves the wonder of the reader best instructed in the spirit of the times. There is, in fact, a freedom of burlesque and parody in southern nations which seems unintelligible to the more serious North. The Aristophanic comedy, though Aristophanes himself was of the party of the established religion in Athens, does not even spare the god in honour of whose festival it was performed. In some other writings there is a blending up of the elements of the comic and the serious, not only as in the Shaksperian drama, where ludicrous and tragical incident and character are constantly intermingled, but in the whole tone and essence of the poem. And this, though the comic and the whimsical predominates, appears to us the case with Pulci. We should so far differ from Mr. Hallam, as to doubt whether, in any part of his poem, 'he had an intention of bringing religion into contempt.' We should question altogether whether he had any deliberate design or intention at all. He surrendered himself with a sort of carnival license to the caprice or fancy of the moment, followed out and embodied his whimsical thoughts as they occurred; sometimes, as his subject developed itself, melting, as in the passage which Mr. Hallam points out, to real pathos; sometimes almost rising, as towards the end of the poem, in some of  
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the circumstances of the Roncesvalles battle, into grandeur. In short, Pulci's poem is, to the more serious chivalrous romances, what the satiric drama was to the tragic trilogies of Greece.

We rejoice to find that Mr. Hallam does justice to the Orlando Innamorato of Boiardo. Boiardo was likewise a writer of sonnets and of lyric poetry, a Latin poet, and, we believe, the first translator of Herodotus. Though Boiardo was by no means successful in any of these works, they deserved notice as connected with the character of this remarkable man. We must add, that we have always, we will not quite say, believed, but wished to believe, a different version of the story, alluded to by Mr. Hallam, of the Count of Scandiano borrowing the sonorous names, the Mandricardos and Gradassos of his verse, from the peasants on his own estate. It is said (we cannot immediately call to mind our authority), that he was sorely perplexed for a name to accord with the fiercest and proudest of his pagans, and was riding rather disconsolately through his domains, when he heard one peasant call another by the name of Rodomonte. The noble poet galloped back to his castle, set the bells ringing, and ordered the castle to be illuminated to celebrate this fortunate event. Having differed in this important point with Mr. Hallam, we must express our cordial assent to his praise of the Innamorato, for boldness and novelty of design, for that inventive felicity, which taught him to associate the wonders of the newly discovered and gorgeous East, the Cathay of Marco Polo, with his western Paladins. Europe and Asia were first mingled by Boiardo in the romantic war. The terrors of the Tartar invasions, which spread forth from the remotest east, and might not yet be exhausted, with the vague rumours of immense cities, and monarchs on thrones of gold and ivory, are blended with the adventures of Archbishop Turpin's heroes, the knights of Charlemagne's court; and over all is thrown an air of genuine romance and of remote antiquity, which rarely disturbs us by the introduction of modern allusions, and is entirely withdrawn from the passions and opinions of his time. Boiardo alone writes in the serious tone of a bard of the old chivalrous times; if his execution had been equal to his conception—if his ruder language and inharmonious verse had not tempted a less congenial mind to remodel his work, and thus throw a dim uncertainty over his fame, as well as changed the character of his poem—the original author of the Orlando Innamorato would have maintained a much higher rank among the poets of modern Europe.

On Ariosto we admire the just and discriminating, as well as ardent, language of Mr. Hallam. We only regret that our limits compel us in some degree to curtail this brilliant and elaborate criticism.

' Ariosto

' Ariosto has been, after Homer, the favourite poet of Europe. . His grace and facility, his clear and rapid stream of language, his variety and beauty of invention, his very transitions of subject, so frequently censured by critics, but artfully devised to spare the tediousness that hangs on a protracted story, left him no rival in general popularity. Above sixty editions of the *Orlando Furioso* were published in the sixteenth century. There was not one, says Bernardo Tasso, of any age, or sex, or rank, who was satisfied after more than a single perusal. If the change of manners and sentiments have already in some degree impaired this attraction, if we cease to take interest in the prowess of *Paladins*, and find their combats a little monotonous, this is perhaps the necessary lot of all poetry, which, as it can only reach posterity through the medium of contemporary reputation, must accommodate itself to the fleeting character of its own time. This character is strongly impressed on the *Orlando Furioso*; it well suited an age of war, and pomp, and gallantry; an age when chivalry was still recent in actual life, and was reflected in concentrated brightness from the mirror of romance.

' It has been sometimes hinted as an objection to Ariosto, that he is not sufficiently in earnest, and leaves a little suspicion of laughing at his subject. I do not perceive that he does this in a greater degree than good sense and taste permit. The poets of knight-errantry might in this respect be arranged in a scale, of which Pulci and Spenser would stand at the extreme points; the one mocking the absurdities he coolly invents, the other, by intense strength of conception, full of love and faith in his own creations. Between these Boiardo, Ariosto, and Berni take successively their places; none so deeply serious as Spenser, none so ironical as Pulci. It was not easy in Italy, especially after the *Morgante Maggiore* had roused the sense of ridicule, to keep up at every moment the solemn tone which Spain endured in the romances of the sixteenth century; nor was this consonant to the gaiety of Ariosto.'—p. 420.

After vindicating Ariosto for building on the foundation of Boiardo—chiefly by the example of the *Iliad*, which ' was only a fragment of the tale of Troy,' one episode and portion of the great Cycle of the war of Ilium—Mr. Hallam thus proceeds—

' The inventions of Ariosto are less original than those of Boiardo, but they are more pleasing and various. The tales of old mythology and of modern romance furnished him with those delightful episodes we all admire, with his *Olimpia* and *Bireno*, his *Ariodante* and *Geneura*, his *Cloridan* and *Medoro*, his *Zerbino* and *Isabella*. He is more conversant with the Latin poets, or has turned them to better account than his predecessor. For the sudden transitions in the middle of a canto or even a stanza, with which every reader of Ariosto is familiar, he is indebted to Boiardo, who had himself imitated in them the metrical romancers of the preceding age. From them also, that justice may be rendered to those nameless rhymers, Boiardo drew the individuality of character, by which their heroes were distinguished, and which Ariosto has not been so careful to preserve. His *Orlando* has less of the honest simplicity,

and his Astolfo less of the gay boastfulness, than had been assigned to them in the cyclus.

‘Corniani observes of the style of Ariosto, what we may all perceive on attending to it to be true, that he is sparing in the use of metaphors, contenting himself generally with the plainest expression; by which, if he loses something in dignity, he gains in perspicuity. It may be added, that he is not very successful in figurative language, which is sometimes forced and exaggerated. Doubtless this transparency of phrase, so eminent in Ariosto, is the cause that he is read and delighted in by the multitude, as well as by the few; and it seems also to be the cause that he can never be satisfactorily rendered into any language less musical, and consequently less independent upon an ornamental dress in poetry, than his own, or one which wants the peculiar advantages, by which conventional variances in the form of words, and the liberty of inversion, as well as the frequent recurrence of the richest and most euphonious rhymes, elevate the simplest expression in Italian verse above the level of discourse. Galileo, being asked by what means he had acquired the remarkable talent of giving perspicuity and grace to his philosophical writings, referred it to the continual study of Ariosto. His similes are conspicuous for their elaborate beauty; they are familiar to every reader of this great poet; imitated, as they usually are, from the ancients, they maintain an equal strife with their models, and occasionally surpass them. But even the general strain of Ariosto, natural as it seems, was not unpremeditated, or left to its own felicity; his manuscript at Ferrara, part of which is shown to strangers, bears numerous alterations, the *pentimenti*, if I may borrow a word from a kindred art, of creative genius.’—pp. 423-425.

Mr. Hallam appears by no means inclined to disguise the faults of Ariosto. Something, however, ought to have been said, and no one would have said it in a more natural and unaffected tone of moral dignity than Mr. Hallam, on the too luxurious colouring of some passages, the strange and fantastic indecency of others, in the *Furioso*. For this, we conceive, even more than the change of manners, causes Ariosto to be less read than formerly. He proceeds:—

‘The Italian critics love to expatiate in his praise, though they are often keenly sensible to his defects. The variety of style and of rhythm in Ariosto, it is remarked by Gravina, is convenient to that of his subject. His rhymes, the same author observes, seem to spring from the thoughts, and not from the necessities of metre. He describes minutely, but with much felicity, and gives a clear idea of every part; like the Farnesian Hercules, which seems greater by the distinctness of every vein and muscle. Quadrio praises the correspondence of the sound to the sense. Yet neither of these critics is blindly partial. It is acknowledged indeed by his warmest advocates, that he falls sometimes below his subject, and that trifling and feeble lines intrude too frequently in the *Orlando Furioso*. I can hardly regret, however, that in the passages of flattery towards the house of Este, such as that long genealogy which  
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he deduces in the third canto, his genius has deserted him, and he degenerates, as it were wilfully, into prosaic tediousness. In other allusions to contemporary history, he is little better. I am hazarding a deviation from the judgment of good critics when I add, that in the opening stanzas of each canto, where the poet appears in his own person, I find generally a deficiency of vigour and originality, a poverty of thought and of emotion, which is also very far from unusual in the speeches of his characters. But these introductions have been greatly admired.

Many faults of language in Ariosto are observed by his countrymen. They justly blame also his inobservance of propriety, his hyperbolical extravagance, his harsh metaphors, his affected thoughts. These are sufficiently obvious to a reader of reflecting taste; but the enchantment of his pencil redeems every failing, and his rapidity, like that of Homer, leaves us little time to censure before we are hurried forward to admire. The *Orlando Furioso*, as a great single poem, has been very rarely surpassed in the living records of poetry. He must yield to three, and only three, of his predecessors. He has not the force, simplicity, and truth to nature of Homer, the exquisite style and sustained majesty of Virgil, nor the originality and boldness of Dante. The most obvious parallel is Ovid, whose *Metamorphoses*, however, are far excelled by the *Orlando Furioso*, not in fertility of invention, or variety of images and sentiments, but in purity of taste, in grace of language, and harmony of versification.—pp. 425, 426.

Italy had thus surrendered itself to the spell of this new enchanter. The poetry of Ariosto was the occupation of its light and festive hours; in its graver studies it soared to the heights of the Platonic philosophy with Ficinus, or sounded the depths of the Cabala with Picus of Mirandola, or plunged with Pomponatius into wilder and more dangerous speculations. Popes, cardinals, princes, the burgher sovereigns of the few free cities that remained, in their serene and undisturbed enjoyment of chivalrous poetry and pagan philosophy, might seem almost unconscious of the revolution which was passing beyond the Alps in literature, as well as in graver matters.

A few of the more devout in the highest ranks of the church and the state (as Professor Ranke has shown in his *History of the Popes*) returned to severer studies, and at first closely approximated in some of their opinions to the reformers of the north; and, indeed, the spirit of inquiry once awakened in Italy, it advanced in speculative daring far beyond the bounds which arrested the reformers of the north. But it was, in fact, a small lettered aristocracy which embraced the anti-papal doctrines; these in Italy never reached the body of the people. Mr. Hallam has stated the curious discovery of Signor Panizzi, that Berni, the re-writer of the *Orlando Innamorato*, had embraced such opinions. In general, however, the literature of Italy stood entirely aloof

from these questions, which began to absorb all the activity of the public mind in Germany and France, and, at a somewhat later period, in England. Some of the best Latin poets of Italy, Sanazzaro and Vida, occasionally chose Christian, and even Catholic, subjects. Sanazzaro's *De Partu Virginis* bears strong indications of the prevailing classical taste: and, at any rate, these were exceptions to the general tone of Italian literature. The Latin poems of Fracastorius, the beautiful lyrics of Flaminio, the elegies of Naugerius, the other didactic pieces of Vida, the piscatory eclogues of Sanazzaro; the early Italian dramatic pieces, both the tragic and the comic; the prose works of the greatest master who had yet written in Italian, Machiavelli, give few indications of the contest which absorbed almost all the productive energy of the intellect in some parts of Europe. The new Italian school of Boscan and Garcilasso in Spain—even the commencement of her fertile comedy, in like manner maintains its independence of religious strife: and in our own country, Surrey and Wyatt seem to have taken advantage of a calm moment, before the gathering, or rather the bursting, of the storm, to infuse something of the grace and harmony of Petrarch into English verse. But in Germany theology laid its strong hand on literature, and almost bound it to its exclusive service. Poetry began to speak only in religious hymns. The curious poem of *Theuerdank*, we may observe, though published only in 1517, belongs to a somewhat earlier period. A recent editor of this work has re-opened the question of its authorship, and adduces some strong reasons for believing that the groundwork, at least, of the poem belongs to the emperor Maximilian; and that Pfinzing, the poetical burgher of Nuremberg, had only the honourable office of completing and preparing for the press the unfinished composition of his imperial master. Classical learning was at first inclined to devote itself to the advancement of the Reformation, till the Reformation, somewhat contemptuously, spurned its alliance, and appealed to the uncultivated intellect, and, it must be acknowledged, too frequently to the passions of the ignorant. But into this beaten field it is impossible for us to enter. We pass with regret Mr. Hallam's observations on Erasmus and some other distinguished names of the period; we pause only to extract his character of Luther.

'In the history of the Reformation' Luther is incomparably the greatest name. We see him, in the skilful composition of Robertson, the chief figure of a group of gownsmen, standing in contrast on the canvass with the crowned rivals of France and Austria, and their attendant warriors, but blended in the unity of that historic picture. This amazing influence on the revolutions of his own age, and on the opinions  
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of mankind, seems to have produced, as is not unnatural, an exaggerated notion of his intellectual greatness. It is admitted on all sides, that he wrote his own language with force and purity; and he is reckoned one of its best models. The hymns in use with the Lutheran church, many of which are his own, possess a simple dignity and devoutness, never, probably, excelled in that class of poetry, and alike distinguished from the poetry of Sternhold or Brady, and from the meretricious ornament of later writers. But, from the Latin works of Luther few readers, I believe, will rise without disappointment. Their intemperance, their coarseness, their inelegance, their scurrility, their wild paradoxes, that menace the foundations of religious morality, are not compensated, so far at least as my slight acquaintance with them extends, by much strength or acuteness, and still less by any impressive eloquence. Some of his treatises, and we may instance his reply to Henry VIII., or the book "against the falsely-named order of bishops," can be described as little else than bellowing in bad Latin. Neither of these books display, as far as I can judge, any striking ability. It is not to be imagined, that a man of his vivid parts fails to perceive an advantage in that close grappling, sentence by sentence, with an adversary, which fills most of his controversial writings; and in scornful irony he had no superior. His epistle to Erasmus, prefixed to the treatise *De servo arbitrio*, is bitterly insolent in terms as civil as he could use. But the clear and comprehensive line of argument which enlightens the reader's understanding, and resolves his difficulties, is always wanting. An unbounded dogmatism, resting on an absolute confidence in the infallibility, practically speaking, of his own judgment, pervades his writings; no indulgence is shown, no pause allowed, to the hesitating; whatever stands in the way of his decisions, the fathers of the church, the schoolmen and philosophers, the canons and councils, are swept away in a current of impetuous declamation; and as everything contained in Scripture, according to Luther, is easy to be understood, and can only be understood in his sense, every deviation from his doctrine incurs the anathema of perdition. Jerome, he says, far from being rightly canonised, must, but for some special grace, have been damned for his interpretation of St. Paul's epistle to the Romans. That the Zwinglians, as well as the whole church of Rome, and the Anabaptists, were shut out by their tenets from salvation, is more than insinuated in numerous passages of Luther's writings. Yet he had passed himself through several changes of opinion. In 1518, he rejected auricular confession; in 1520, it was both useful and necessary; not long afterwards, it was again laid aside. I have found it impossible to reconcile, or to understand, his tenets concerning faith and works; and can only perceive, that if there be any reservation in favour of the latter, not merely sophistical, of which I am hardly well convinced, it consists in distinctions too subtle for the people to apprehend. These are not the oscillations of the balance in a calm understanding, conscious of the difficulty which so often attends the estimate of opposite presumptions, but alternate gusts of dogmatism, during which, for the time, he was as tenacious of his judgment as if it had been uniform.

‘It is not impossible that some offence will be taken at this character of his works by those who have thought only of the man; extraordinary as he doubtless was in himself, and far more so as the instrument of mighty changes on the earth. Many, of late years, especially in Germany, without holding a single one of Luther’s more peculiar tenets, have thought it necessary to magnify his intellectual gifts. Frederic Schlegel is among these; but in his panegyric there seems a little wish to insinuate that the reformer’s powerful understanding had a taint of insanity. This has not unnaturally occurred to others, from the strange tales of diabolical visions Luther very seriously recounts, and from the inconsistencies as well as the extravagance of some passages. But the total absence of self-restraint, with the intoxicating effects of presumptuousness, is sufficient to account for aberrations, which men of regular minds construe into actual madness. Whether Luther were perfectly in earnest as to his personal interviews with the devil, may be doubtful; one of them he seems to represent as internal.’—pp. 513-516.

This is admirable; we admire the courage with which it is said, as well as the vigorous discrimination which it displays. Yet we think that there is something wanting to complete the truth of the picture: in the first place, few of those who have exercised a powerful religious influence over their age can claim a high place in the history of mere literature. To confine ourselves to two instances:—the published remains of Savonarola only excite our wonder that the Florentine preacher should ever have stirred the minds of his countrymen with such commanding awe. In Florence, if any where, we should have expected that pure Athenian taste, diffused throughout society, which would have required the eloquence of a Demosthenes,—that eloquence which speaks almost as vividly to posterity in written volumes, as of old to the ears of the listening people. Even his own followers, if they do not suppress, are prudently silent about the published writings of our Whitfield. Luther wrote rudely to a rude age and a rude class of readers. It is in his moral courage, his inexhaustible activity, his indefatigable perseverance, not in his mental accomplishments, not in the profound and comprehensive philosophy which calmly investigates the depth of a subject, that we must recognize the great distinction of Luther. He wrote from his passions,—passions in general lofty and generous, but still passions. Had he been a calm and severe thinker, a dispassionate and philosophical writer, he never would have occupied what we may presume to consider his designated place in the religious history of mankind. The man was greater than the author. In most cases we study with interest the biography of a distinguished writer for the light which it throws on the character and composition of his works;—here the writings are chiefly read to illustrate the character of the author. Luther may be considered as an active and uncommonly powerful religious pamphleteer—

pamphleteer—opposing dogmatic innovation to the dogmatism of the established creed; for it is dogmatism alone which moves or satisfies the mass of mankind. The indistinct and indefinite in polemics is always ineffective. Where Luther hesitated and fluctuated, or took a middle ground, as in the sacramental question, there he was speedily supplanted by bolder and more decided asserters. Both Robertson, then, and Mr. Hallam, may be in the right. In the general history of the Reformation Luther may deservedly be the prominent, the central figure of the design; while the literary historian, calmly surveying his works, inquiring what perpetual, what indestructible book he has delivered as an inheritance to posterity, will be inclined to call in question that overweening fame which is attached to his name; may express some natural wonder that he exercised such unparalleled power over his age and country. But has Mr. Hallam done full justice even to the literary character of Luther? His great literary work is unquestionably the translation of the Bible. It created, we may almost say, the German language. The older poems, the *Nibelungen* and the *Lays of the Minnesingers*, had not performed the function exercised by the poets of Italy, Spain, and England, and to a certain degree, of France. They had not formed a standard of language intelligible throughout the country. Even *Theuerdank* is in a dialect; and in essaying another of the old German poems recently issued from the same press at *Quedlinberg-Kutun*, we found that we had to learn a new language. In this respect Luther was the *Homer of Germany*. The Bible consolidated at least the north of Germany into one nation; it was the common bond of nationality; and the Reformation—which seemed entirely to quench the spirit of invention throughout the whole land—which was succeeded by a long tract of total barrenness in the national literature—by this one gift more than compensated for the evil it had wrought. When the German was to have its late revival—a revival which took place almost within our own days—when it was again to burst forth with all the burning vigour of long-suppressed, long-suspended life—when it was to swarm, as it were, with native philosophers, poets, historians—writers in every branch and in every department of letters—the language of Luther's Bible was the great well of 'German undefiled,' which not only afforded a powerful and copious vocabulary to the writer, but had prepared, as it were, the ear and the understanding of the reader in every class of society for the prose of the *Kants* and the *Jacobis*, and the poetry of the *Schillers* and the *Goethes* of the present age.

We should not do justice to Mr. Hallam, if we were not to give some example of the manner in which he treats subjects more  
abstruse



abstruse and remote from popular knowledge. It might seem that the reformation, instead of extinguishing, had merely pent up for a time the unextinguishable superstition of the human mind, which, however, found vent by other channels. In Germany particularly, thus suddenly and forcibly dis severed from its usual associate, religion, it formed a strange and unnatural connexion with science. It has been observed by several writers, that the belief in witchcraft and other diabolical influences, seemed to take stronger root in Protestant countries, to lead to public acts of greater cruelty and absurdity, than before the reformation. There remained a craving for the preternatural, which, deprived of its accustomed aliment, sought to corrupt everything sound and wholesome into its food. Germany was not so prolific as England in purely religious fanaticism. Her mere dreamy enthusiasm was mixed up with her medicine and her metaphysics, at least as much as with her theology. The combination between coherent reasoning, and at times extraordinary powers of intellect, with almost insane extravagance, is even more startling in these philosophical visionaries; it enforces the suspicion of knavery and imposture even more strongly than in the authors of wild religious sects. In them it is more impossible justly to discriminate the proportions of philosopher, of madman, and of charlatan, which are blended together in the strange and conflicting character. The succession of these men in Germany has never been interrupted; it has sometimes, as in Jacob Behmen, mingled itself with religious dreamery, sometimes spoken a purely medical language; but from Paracelsus to the Homoio pathists, it has never been extinct, and has never wanted believing and admiring votaries. Mr. Hallam thus describes one of the earliest and most remarkable pregenitors of this race:—

‘While Ramus was assaulting the stronghold of Aristotelian despotism, the syllogistic method of argumentation, another province of that extensive empire, its physical theory, was invaded by a still more audacious, and we must add, a much more unworthy innovator, Theophrastus Paracelsus. Though few of this extraordinary person’s writings were published before the middle of the century, yet as he died in 1541, and his disciples began very early to promulgate his theories, we may introduce his name more appropriately in this than in any later period. The system, if so it may be called, of Paracelsus had a primary regard to medicine, which he practised with the boldness of a wandering empiric. It was not unusual in Germany to carry on this profession; and Paracelsus employed his youth in casting nativities, practising chiromancy, and exhibiting chemical tricks. He knew very little Latin, and his writings are as unintelligible from their style as their substance. Yet he was not without acuteness in his own profession; and his knowledge of pharmaceutic chemistry was far beyond that of his age. Upon  
this

this real advantage he founded those extravagant theories, which attracted many ardent minds in the sixteenth century, and were afterwards woven into new schemes of fanciful philosophy. His own models were the oriental reveries of the Cabbala, and the theosophy of the mystics. He seized hold of a notion which easily seduces the imagination of those who do not ask for rational proof, that there is a constant analogy between the macrocosm, as they called it, of external nature, and the microcosm of man. This harmony and parallelism of all things, he maintains, can only be made known to us by Divine revelation; and hence all heathen philosophy has been erroneous. The key to the knowledge of nature is in the Scriptures only, studied by means of the Spirit of God communicating an interior light to the contemplative soul. So great an obscurity reigns over the writings of Paracelsus, which, in Latin at least, are not originally his own, for he had but a scanty acquaintance with that language, that it is difficult to pronounce upon his opinions, especially as he affects to use words in senses imposed by himself; the development of his physical system consisted in an accumulation of chemical theorems, none of which are conformable to sound philosophy.

A mixture of fanaticism and imposture is very palpable in Paracelsus, as in what he calls his Cabalistic art, which produces by imagination and natural faith, "*per fidem naturalem ingenitam*," all magical operations, and counterfeits by these means whatever we see in the external world. Man has a sidereal as well as material body, an astral element, which all do not partake in equal degrees; and therefore the power of magic, which is in fact the power of astral properties, or of producing those effects which the stars naturally produce, is not equally attainable by all. This actual element of the body survives for a time after death, and explains the apparition of dead persons; but in this state it is subject to those who possess the art of magic, which is then called necromancy.

Paracelsus maintained the animation of everything; all minerals both feed and render their food. And besides this life of every part of nature, it is peopled with spiritual beings, inhabitants of the four elements, subject to disease and death like man. These are the silvains (sylphs), undines, or nymphs, gnomes, and salamanders. It is thus observable that he first gave these names, which rendered afterwards the Rosicrucian fables so celebrated. These live with man, and sometimes, except the salamanders, bear children to him; they know future events, and reveal them to us; they are also guardians of hidden treasures, which may be obtained by their means. I may perhaps have said too much about paradoxes so absurd and mendacious; but literature is a garden of weeds as well as flowers; and Paracelsus forms a link in the history of opinion, which should not be overlooked.—pp. 541-543.

From this cloudy and mystic twilight, it will be a singular transition to the clear and piercing light in which Machiavelli has placed the secret springs of human action, and laid open the worst realities of our nature. Is not Machiavelli, in a few words, the expression

expression of the Italian mind; not without fine and noble enthusiasm, but habituated to oppose craft to power, the noble energies of intellectual acuteness to brute force? Such, in fact, appears to be Mr. Hallam's view; it is impossible to be more fair at once to the excellencies and the sins of Machiavelli's celebrated treatise. We quote only two passages, because we are anxious to reserve some space for the observations on the *Discorsi*, Machiavelli's greater, but at the same time, less known work.

'None of the explanations assigned for the motives of Machiavel in *The Prince* is more groundless than one very early suggested, that by putting the house of Medici on schemes of tyranny, he was artfully luring them to their ruin. Whether this could be reckoned an excuse, may be left to the reader; but we may confidently affirm that it contradicts the whole tenor of that treatise. And, without palliating the worst passages, it may be said that few books have been more misrepresented. It is very far from true, that he advises a tyrannical administration of government, or one likely to excite general resistance, even to those whom he thought, or rather knew from experience, to be placed in the most difficult position for retaining power, by having recently been exalted to it. *The Prince*, he repeatedly says, must avoid all that will render him despicable or odious, especially injury to the property of citizens, or to their honour. This will leave him nothing to guard against but the ambition of a few. Conspiracies, which are of little importance while the people are well affected, become unspeakably dangerous as soon as they are hostile. Their love, therefore, or at least the absence of their hatred, is the basis of the governor's security, and far better than any fortresses. A wise prince will honour the nobility, at the same time that he gives content to the people. If the observance of these maxims is likely to subvert a ruler's power, he may be presumed to have designed the ruin of the Medici. The first duke in the new dynasty of that house, Cosmo I., lived forty years in the practice of all Machiavel would have advised, for evil as well as good; and his reign was not insecure.'—pp. 558, 559.

Mr. Hallam proceeds to describe that which is of darker taint in *The Prince*. He concludes with this paragraph:—

'The eighteenth chapter, on the manner in which princes should observe faith, might pass for a satire on their usual violations of it, if the author did not too seriously manifest his approbation of them. The best palliation of this, and of what else has been justly censured in Machiavel, is to be derived from his life and times. These led him to consider every petty government as in a continual state of self-defence against treachery and violence, from its ill-affected citizens, as well as from its ambitious neighbours. It is very difficult to draw the straight line of natural right in such circumstances; and neither perhaps the cool reader of a remote age, nor the secure subject of a well-organised community, is altogether a fair arbiter of what has been done or counselled in days of peril and necessity; relatively, I mean, to the persons, not to the objective character of actions. There is certainly a steadiness  
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of moral principle and Christian endurance, which tells us that it is better not to exist at all, than to exist at the price of virtue; but few indeed of the countrymen and contemporaries of Machiavel had any claim to the practice, whatever they might have to the profession, of such integrity. His crime, in the eyes of the world, and it was truly a crime, was to have cast away the veil of hypocrisy, the profession of a religious adherence to maxims which at the same moment were violated.'—p. 560.

We transcribe without mutilation the remarks on the Discourses of Machiavel. It is well for society, with its present manifest tendencies, to consider the influence of democracy in all its bearings. It is true that great wisdom is required to apply the lessons of ancient history, or of political writers so far removed from our own times, and living in a social state so different from our own as Machiavelli. But to the calm and judicious mind, which can separate that which is universal and immutable, from that which is extraneous and temporary—which can frame and adapt the great leading principles to modern uses—they are not less worthy of study. But we break off, as well aware that we can add nothing to the authority of Mr. Hallam on such subjects.

'The discourses of Machiavel upon the first books of Livy, though not more celebrated than *The Prince*, have been better esteemed. Far from being exempt from the same bias in favour of unscrupulous politics, they abound with similar maxims, especially in the third book; but they contain more sound and deep thinking on the spirit of small republics, than could be found in any preceding writer that has descended to us; more probably, in a practical sense, than the Politics of Aristotle, though they are not so comprehensive. In reasoning upon the Roman government, he is naturally sometimes misled by confidence in Livy; but his own acquaintance with modern Italy was in some measure the corrective that secured him from the errors of ordinary antiquaries.

'These discourses are divided into three books, and contain 143 chapters with no great regard to arrangement; written probably as reflections occasionally presented themselves to the author's mind. They are built upon one predominant idea; that the political and military annals of early Rome having had their counterparts in a great variety of parallel instances which the recent history of Italy furnished, it is safe to draw experimental principles from them, and to expect the recurrence of similar consequences in the same circumstances. This reasoning, founded upon a single repetition of the event, though it may easily mislead us, from an imperfect estimate of the conditions, and does not give a high probability to our anticipations, is such as those intrusted with the safety of commonwealths ought not to neglect. But Machiavel sprinkles these discourses with thoughts of a more general cast, and often applies a comprehensive knowledge of history, and a long experience of mankind.

'Permanence, according to Machiavel, is the great aim of government. In this very common sentiment among writers accustomed to republican forms, although experience of the mischiefs generally attending upon  
change

change might lead to it, there is, no doubt, a little of Machiavel's original taint, the reference of political ends to the benefit of the rulers rather than that of the community. But the polity which he seems for the most part to prefer, though he does not speak explicitly, nor always perhaps consistently, is one wherein the people should at least have great weight. In one passage he recommends, like Cicero and Tacitus, the triple form, which endeavours to conciliate the power of a prince with that of a nobility and a popular assembly; as the best means of preventing that cycle of revolutions through which, as he supposes, the simpler institutions would naturally, if not necessarily, pass; from monarchy to aristocracy, from that to democracy, and finally to monarchy again; though, as he observes, it rarely happens that there is time given to complete this cycle, which requires a long course of ages—the community itself, as an independent state, being generally destroyed before the close of the period. But, with this predilection for a republican polity, he yet saw its essential weakness in difficult circumstances; and hence observes that there is no surer way to ruin a democracy than to set it on bold undertakings, which it is sure to misconduct. He has made also the profound and important remark, that states are rarely either formed, or reformed, except by one man.

‘ Few political treatises can even now be read with more advantage than the Discourses of Machiavel; and in proportion as the course of civil society tends farther towards democracy, and especially if it should lead to what seems the inevitable consequence of democracy, a considerable subdivision of independent states, they may acquire an additional value. The absence of all passion, the continual reference of every public measure to a distinct end, the disregard of vulgar associations with names or persons, render him, though too cold of heart for a very generous reader, a sagacious and useful monitor for any one who can employ the necessary methods of correcting his theorems. He formed a school of subtle reasoners upon political history, which, both in Italy and France, was in vogue for two centuries; and, whatever might be its errors, has hardly been superseded for the better by the loose declamation that some dignify with the name of philosophical politics, and in which we continually find a more flagitious and undisguised abandonment of moral rules for the sake of some idol of a general principle, than can be imputed to *The Prince of Machiavel*.’

✕ With these remarks we close our, of necessity, imperfect and somewhat desultory notice of Mr. Hallam's first volume—the most important single volume that it has for some years been our duty to comment upon. By this specimen Mr. Hallam will confirm the solid and substantial reputation which he had already gained with all the sound and mature judges of literary excellence. By his completion of the work with the same care and in the same spirit, he will enable English literature to boast of the first full, impartial, and general view of the simultaneous progress of letters in every part of Europe.

- ART. III.—1. *Letter from W. R. Hamilton, Esq., to the Earl of Elgin, on the New Houses of Parliament.* Lond. 1836.
2. *A Second Letter from the same to the same.* Ibid. 1837.
3. *Letter to Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P., on the Expediency of a better System of Control over Buildings erected at the Public Expense.* By Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Edward Cust. 1835.
4. *Strictures on Architectural Monstrosities, &c.* By T. Juvara. 1835.
5. *An Apology for the Architectural Monstrosities of London, &c.* By an Architect. 1835.
6. *Thoughts on rebuilding the Houses of Parliament.* By Arthur William Hakewill, Architect. 1835.
7. *Answer to Thoughts on rebuilding, &c.* By Benjamin Ferrey, Architect. 1835.
8. *A Letter to A. W. Hakewill.* By A. Welby Pugin, Architect. 1835.
9. *Prospects of the Nation in regard to its National Gallery.* By Charles Purser, Architect. 1833.
10. *An Apology for the Designs of the Houses of Parliament marked 'Phil-Archimedes,' &c.* Second edition, with a Supplement. By W. Wilkins. 1836.

WE have lately read (probably in some library for the diffusion of useful knowledge) that the wants and pleasures of mankind, productive of the arts, are all comprised in the supply of the three great necessities of life,—raiment, food, and habitation. The author continues to remark, with equal sagacity, that the two first of these sources of civilization are unfortunately restricted within narrow limits, as nobody can wish to wear above two or three coats at a time, or a larger portion of lower integuments than a Dutchman. Likewise, in spite of the skill with which our power of deglutition has been enlarged by gastronomy, there is still a point—valde deffendum!—beyond which the most intrepid gourmand cannot proceed and live. In these, then, as he observes and laments, great capitals cannot be indefinitely expended; and genius can seldom be either excited or rewarded, in proportion to the case of those more fortunate virtuosos who are employed in constructing or embellishing our dwellings. We, indeed, recollect instances in which this fundamental law of our nature has been somewhat contravened. In one of the economical reforms of Calonne or Necker, under the old monarchy of France, restricting the personal expenses of the sovereign as an example for his subjects, an ordonnance announced that, *for the future*, his majesty would graciously content himself with

with three hundred and sixty-five pairs of inexpressibles in each year, being at the rate of one pair *per diem*, with an addition only of an intercalary pair for the bissextile. Louis XV. had it seems considerably exceeded this orthodox allowance. The genius of French cookery has almost equally extended the powers of the digestive organs, in the second branch of this our ‘*trinodis necessitas*.’ Hence tailors, cooks, and dressmakers have always ranked higher in France than in any other civilized country, and have only recently approached to similar honours in the rest of Europe. But still the general rule holds good—and though a definite proportion must commonly exist between man and his coat or his dinner, his house has been observed to vary, as our author remarks, rather according to the size of his purse than to that of his person. And hence—Q.E.D.—the superior importance of architecture, and of the sister arts that contribute to embellish our residences.

Fully satisfied with this philosophical view of the subject, we wish to pay some attention to the present state of a profession so important to ourselves, and have accordingly selected the pamphlets whose titles appear at the head of our article as exponents of its actual condition. Alas! we find it in a state of war; the Greeks appear at an almost interminable feud with the Goths; and the Commissioners suggested by Sir Edward Cust, unsalaried—and unpitied in their thankless office—have, by their predilections, affronted the classic partizans, and probably, by their award, have dissatisfied all their eighty competitors, with the single exception of Mr. Barry. ‘*Non nostrum tantas componere lites.*’ We leave that to the authority—as we hope for the comfort—of the two branches of the legislature, who, desirous of providing, if possible, a suitable habitation for themselves, have only the hazardous alternative of adopting the plan approved by the Commission, though denounced in no very measured terms by undoubted professional ability, or the still harder, as well as more tedious, task of devising a more competent tribunal. Will each limb of the legislature, in this dilemma, resolve to provide for its own respective accommodation, the reformed Commons with brick and plaster, in the newest style of our metropolitan boroughs and of public opinion, while the Lords are emulating Kenilworth and Burleigh? Or will a joint design, proposed by the lower house and amended by the peers, discussed at a free conference and re-amended by both, be submitted to the royal assent and to the admiration of posterity?

We know not; but in the meantime we are startled at the following admission, which we fear may be just, and which led Sir Edward

Edward Cust to recommend the experiment of free competition, with an *unprofessional* Commission to decide on the merits of the rival artists. He, in his letter to Sir Robert Peel (p. 17), proclaims, in a very decided tone, the inferiority of all our recent public buildings to the contemporary edifices with which the sovereigns of Russia, Prussia, Bavaria, Brunswick, and France (even before the three glorious days) had contrived to embellish their capitals. Mr. Juvara (p. 9) and his brother-architect, the 'Apologist,' assent to this provoking statement, and we look in vain for its contradiction.

It is not, then, because despotic monarchs direct the architect, or delegate to favourites the selection, expenditure, and control of public works, that the fettered genius of the professor is unable to attain excellence—for their success has been acknowledged. We, on the contrary, whose public opinions are uncontrolled—(as our artists it seems have been); possessing unrivalled specimens of Grecian taste; expending, at least, (if not possessing,) sums from which the richest of the continental monarchs might have shrunk in dismay; and abounding, as we daily allow ourselves to boast, with native genius capable, if called into action, of the most brilliant achievements, admit, however reluctantly, our inferiority, and console ourselves with new experiments and controverted theories to remove or, at least, account for it. Before we proceed further in these darkling paths—it must seem strange that none of the complainants should have suggested the very obvious resource of procuring, if possible, from the sovereigns who have outrivalled us, the grand secret of freemasonry by which their superiority has been attained. Why not set the Foreign Office in motion? A protocol or two from Lord Palmerston would, at least, be answered by assurances of the most perfect amity. Thus encouraged, might we not hope that the German monarchs would by and bye impart to a friendly power the mode by which their capitals have been adorned? But even in case our diplomacy should fail in that inauspicious quarter, we might, surely, find out the Parisian or Calmuck recipe for architectural *chefs-d'œuvre*, by assigning one more special commission of discovery to Dr. Bowring. This would appear to us a more direct method of obtaining the information necessary for our future guidance than any of the new commissions—or committees—proposed in lieu of that whose award has been so fiercely impugned. For though the professors of art and their employers are aware, like Polonius, 'that this effect defective comes by cause,' they are by no means agreed either as to the cause or the remedy.

Our practice hitherto, as briefly stated by Sir Edward Cust, had  
assuredly



assuredly been bad enough. The system had been to select an architect, and devolve (at least apparently) on him whatever responsibility might be supposed to attach to the department by which the selection was made—whether he were appointed by the Treasury, the Board of Works, or the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. These official judges were supposed unexceptionable; and what real or alleged ultimate failure could discredit the principle of a selection that had rested either on seniority or prior celebrity? But had the celebrity, when it existed, been in all cases the fruit of prior excellence? and were not the claims of real probity and successful genius superseded by interest in more influential quarters, by successful favouritism, or popularity obtained by adopting capricious suggestions, or framing estimates unfortunately never destined to be realised? Parliament, when called on for the deficit, grumbled, but paid the money; ministers apologized, extenuated the amount necessary to complete the projected buildings, and the architect still promised wonders. Economy at last prevailed in the House of Commons; new plans and new estimates were prepared to curtail further expenses by sacrificing whatever ornaments belonged to the original design, and, at all events, furnishing to the fortunate professor an admirable excuse against future criticism. In such a nursery for jobs we can hardly wonder that they abounded. The Demon of Fashion, so often mistaken for Taste, let loose the favourite architect of the hour to improve our castles and cathedrals; similar innovation was perpetrated on the law-courts and other buildings round Westminster Hall; marine pavilions and royal cottages arose under her auspices; and though a better taste has demolished the dull pranks of Mr. Wyatt at Windsor Castle, and fire consumed the unregretted monstrosities of Palace Yard, yet far too much will still remain of the consequences of irresponsible appointments and uncontrolled presumption.

The new Buckingham House, with the expense incurred both in the original design and in its alteration and completion, if indeed it be yet completed, formed so repeatedly the theme of parliamentary eloquence, that a change of system was felt to be inevitable. The experiment of commissioning five unprofessional gentlemen to decide on the merits of such plans as might be produced by a general competition for rebuilding the houses of parliament—this novel suggestion was hazarded—and adopted. No sooner, however, is their award made known than, ‘thick as the leaves of Vallombrosa,’ paragraphs and pamphlets are showered around them, arraigning the judgment, and questioning the competence of the tribunal.

Many

Many of the disappointed *Eighty* have thought fit to appeal to an enlightened public; and, however differing on every other point, these all agree that professional study and technical knowledge of the art which they profess, are indispensable requisites for judging of their labours, and could never have been expected from an amateur commission. The argument may seem plausible, but is in fact unfounded. If architecture aspires beyond the mere exercise of a trade, to rank with those finer arts whose predominant merit is the influence they possess over the feelings and imagination of man, its highest pretensions must, like those of its sister arts, be subject to general laws, and its best prize of admiration awarded by an unprofessional tribunal. It may be answered that it is no wonder we should regard with some distaste a doctrine which, generally applied, would give the *quietus* to our own criticism on the poetry of our time;—and we admit this point. Unquestionably, if none but poets can hope to appreciate with justice anything that is called a poem, we must forego a great deal of agreeable speculation,—but future bards will have to encounter in their own *genus irritabile* a much severer tribunal than ours has ever been. We beg to shelter ourselves—and palliate at least the appointment of the Commissioners—by the well-known answer of Johnson, when pressed by Boswell with a similar argument: ‘Why, yes, Sir,’ said the Doctor, ‘a man may complain of a bad chair or table who never made either in his life. It is not his trade to make tables.’

The defect which we should most readily have anticipated in a synod of poetical critics, is precisely that which more or less pervades the architectural controversy before us—and it seems even to have influenced the Commission in the restrictions which they imposed on the competitors; we mean that exclusive predilection, the inevitable offspring of self-love, which narrows the range of art, and limits genius itself to some one style. In poetry, as once in painting, the professors are, we believe, still divided into schools, each of which grossly undervalues, or even denies altogether, the claim of the highest excellence, if not exhibited in its own favourite form. The great masters whom respectively they pretend to adore, knew no such rivalry;—Milton did not deprecate the ‘wood-note wild’ of Shakspeare, or Pope the ‘fiery pace’ of Dryden; but the imitators are implacable, on the same principle that the party leaders of a market-town hate each other cordially, while the prime-minister and his leading competitor entertain—(or at least in former days entertained)—for each other the ‘most perfect respect and consideration.’ We need no stronger proof of the narrow feeling which now animates our pro-

fessors of architecture than that Mr. Hakewill (p. 15) can see nothing in Westminster Hall, the Abbey, or Henry the Seventh's Chapel, but a collection of '*noxious weeds*,' the produce of misplaced ingenuity, distortions and grimace, which prevent the expansion of his Grecian Flora; while that preterpluperfect Goth, Mr. S. Pugin (p. 7), regrets the mistake of Sir Christopher Wren in the construction of St. Paul's, and on grounds which would still more severely criminate Bramante and Michael Angelo for the still more hideous enormity of St. Peter's.

In the sister arts that minister to the imagination, the profane vulgar, among whom we are candid enough to reckon ourselves, have long learned to discard this cant of criticism. A dull poem is consigned to oblivion, though produced under the very closest imitation of the Epic or Pindaric forms; and pictures and statues, admired for their *style* by academicians, have equally failed in arresting the favourable attention of the public. Each sink alike under the fatal anathema, long since pronounced by one of our vulgar brothers against '*le genre ennuyeux*.' The repetition of this identical mistake in architecture—unless surmounted, as it always has been in the sister arts, by real genius—is precisely what we should anticipate from the tone of the present controversy, and the narrow limits within which the writers confine their admiration. In their preferences, notwithstanding the once alluring names of Saxon, Norman, or English architecture, our nationality is not concerned; for, like the more recently-imported fashions, not one of these is indigenous—except perhaps the style of those square brick-boxes and lids of Welsh slate, with green or brown doors, white windows, and fan-lights, conspicuous in the squares and streets of our metropolis, and in our large commercial emporia;—and, alas! no patriot upholds that truly English school.

On these grounds we lament, with Mr. Hamilton, the restrictions imposed by the Government on the artists who might compete, as to the *style* in which their plans for the houses of parliament should be prepared; and we do so after listening attentively to all that has been said about the propriety of harmonising the new edifice with the three contiguous ancient buildings,—no two of the said three being alike. For the Commissioners such a restriction was needless; since, however free the Government might have left the candidates, the ultimate power of selection would have remained entire to them. But to the progress of art, and the general diffusion of its principles, the extension of such a competition might have been most favourable, both in its immediate result and its ulterior effects. The ultra-Hellenist

Hellenist might have tried—and ascertained—the extent to which the exquisite proportions of his favourite style could be made available for complicated edifices on the largest scale. The emulation of others might have led them to avoid this difficulty, by selecting from the more tractable magnificence of the Roman art, forms of domes and vaulted halls, less pure, perhaps, but even more rich and gorgeous than those of Greece, or at all events more easily adapted to the scale and use for which the plan was wanted; or with a well-merited admiration of Michael Angelo and Palladio, in the spirit of Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren, they might have sought, in a more modern form, for new and elegant combinations already adapted to public and civic architecture. The Goths would scarcely fail to have advanced their claim—and our old domestic buildings would have been ransacked and reproduced, under the vague designation of the Tudor style, which includes almost every incongruity we ever imported, except monastic and ecclesiastical Gothic, down to the age of Charles I. The number and variety of plans produced would have cultivated and enlarged the public taste on wider and more general principles than it has yet perhaps attained to; and even if, with such a range of choice before them, the Commissioners had ultimately been seduced to deviate from the orthodoxy of the adjoining works of older standing, it must have been allowed that no preliminary prejudice of any sort had been manifested; and the public would hardly have doubted that the decision rested on open, candid, and mature deliberation.

We agree, then, with Mr. Hamilton in his conclusion on this point, as cordially as we respect and admire the spirit, learning, and ingenuity with which he supports whatever opinion he adopts. We moreover admire as much, if not so exclusively as he does, the exquisite symmetry of art displayed in the golden age of Greece and her dependencies; but we cannot follow him in his depreciation of the Italian, and still less of the Gothic school, or join in lamenting as a corruption of architecture an invention that extended its utility and application so widely as the discovery of the arch and vaulted dome, so conspicuous in the works of Rome and her disciple kingdoms. Undoubtedly that invention rendered inevitable a deviation from forms which the taste of the Greeks had impressed with a perfection that pervaded almost every branch of art and literature cultivated in their favoured land; but, in such deviation, the principles of admiration and the impressions of beauty and sublimity on the human mind remained the same. It is to these ‘general principles of excellence,’ recommended by Mr. Hamilton himself, in his quotation from Mr.

Wilkins, that genius has ever been indebted for success, and the duller and more assiduous student in vain tries to discover them in the dissection of their details. We do not think, with Mr. Hamilton, that the misplaced vagaries of Strawberry Hill, or even the romances of Sir Walter Scott, would have revived the 'passion for the venerable Gothic,' if its principles had been so capricious, its associations so unnatural, or its inferiority so conspicuous, as the following quotation from his letter to Lord Elgin would induce his reader to suppose :—

'What is this peculiar charm in the Gothic style? what are its advantages? where its delightful associations? It is certainly far inferior in simple grandeur and massive proportions to its predecessor, the early Norman, which derived these qualities from the Greek; and it may well be presumed to have been in great part the offspring of the overgrown wealth of the Romish hierarchy. When those who were receiving unlimited incomes from the soil, and were possessors of a large portion of the most productive districts in the island, had no other means of employing their superfluous riches, they set themselves about raising enormous structures, avowedly to add to the splendour of religious worship, but frequently also to maintain and extend their influence, to display their power, and to give employment to a people of serfs. Hence alone can we account for the excessive profusion of ornament with which these structures, grand and imposing as they are, were frequently overloaded; tiers rising one above the other of statues contracted for by the yard or ton, clusters of thin tapering columns, with towering arches above them beguiling the sight, and substituted for the massive and simple forms of a preceding age. Though well calculated to astonish the ignorant, they gave to the mass of the people a false impression of religious awe, which was no otherwise connected with religion itself, than as it served to instil a respect and terror for those who presided in them, and who preserved by these means a paramount controul over the architects, and their subordinates the painters and sculptors. What other view of the subject can satisfactorily account for the gorgeous churches raised in the midst of the poorest populations of distant villages? or for the useless and vain accumulation of pinnacles, and turrets, and spires, ramified windows, ornamented niches and canopies, falsely delicate traceries, grotesque and irreverent shapes, and the profusion of unmeaning excrescences lavished indiscriminately over every part of such buildings, offering as they did extravagant contrasts of gloominess and decoration, and not unmingled with the strangest combinations of Christian and Profane Idolatry? To such an extent was the system carried, that it often happened that bulls were issued from Rome which served to inflame the pious ardour of kings, nobles, and people, by holding forth absolution for penances for sin, as a reward to those who came forward with their contributions. That this is a correct conclusion is sufficiently evident from the doubts which have always existed as to the origin of the Gothic style of architecture; if it had been otherwise—if the towering and aspiring character-

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istics of the Gothic were essentially elements of a pure religious feeling, how could it have been attributed by some writers to the over-arching groves or wicker temples of our pagan ancestors in the north, by others to the Saracens of Spain, or to the mosques and palaces of Fez, by some to the buildings of Ispahan, and again to the splendid and monstrous monuments scattered over the peninsula of India? Where, then, in the present better times, can be the value of associations leading us back to those which, with a few splendid exceptions, were in various degrees and forms chiefly remarkable for the worship of stocks and stones.'—*Hamilton*, pp. 14-16.

Mr. Hamilton is undoubtedly supported in these opinions by many professional authorities, who, with Lord Orford, imitated the details of Gothic art, and neglected the principles on which its charm depended; as well as by those who discovering, with better taste, the incongruity with which such ornaments had been recently applied, too indiscriminately condemned the original models as well as their unsuccessful imitations. But against the verdict pronounced by such professors we are content to oppose one unprofessional opinion, of an author not ignorant or negligent of Grecian or Italian art, science, philosophy, or literature, but yet one who could love—

———'the high embowed roof  
And antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim *religious* light.'

Should Mr. Hamilton still think that the connexion of this gloomy mode of building with religious feeling arises from a false and fantastic prejudice, he will, we humbly hope, forgive us if upon that question, as well as the effect produced by Gothic architecture on minds of genius and sensibility, we prefer the testimony of John Milton to that of the ablest architectural professor that has flourished since the Tower of Babel.

We cannot allow its inferiority—the inferiority of Cologne, Strasburg, Amiens, and our own Gothic structures—to the Norman, or rather Lombard buildings which they superseded; or discern, in the subsequent architecture of 'the Elizabethan age,' superior taste, or an equal knowledge of mechanical science and recognised principles. We believe, on the contrary, as Mr. Hope and other recent inquirers have suggested, that the Gothic style grew out of the difficulties which in *Germany* opposed the complete development of the older and more massive manner of Lombardy, and which the increasing science of the free companies of architects alone enabled them to surmount. They deviated at once from every technical principle of Grecian or Italian growth, by adopting in the interlacing of their groined roofs a pointed arch, supported by rows of lofty corresponding pillars,

pillars, and counterpoised by the concealed arches of the aisles, or by the perforated buttress and its pinnacles; but surely they displayed superior science in mechanical arrangement, when they ventured to trust a vast incumbent weight to counterpoises so admirably adjusted. Nor was their taste inferior to their skill, or less guided by principle. They gained, and they appreciated the effect of, uncircumscribed *height*, the dimension of all others most impressive on the human mind and imagination—from which every language has adopted the term *sublimity*, or some cognate metaphor. To enhance that effect, they gradually, but systematically, discarded all the ornamental horizontal mouldings and entablatures, essential to the Grecian colonnade, but calculated to break their loftier elevation into measured parts, and to check the eye and fancy in their upward flight. By the small and delicate foliage which in proportioned masses garlanded their clustered pillars, or enriched their corbelled ceilings, they created a seeming distance, which contributed by its illusion to a still greater apparent altitude. We know that rich ecclesiastic corporations encouraged and directed the construction and decorations of these sumptuous edifices; and that men were found among them deeply and practically scientific in estimating the nice mathematical problems on which the execution and durability of such buildings must depend. Under their superintendence the ‘high embowed roof,’ the rich tracery, and storied windows arose in lavish profusion, commensurate only with the riches of their chapters, or the piety and credulity of their wealthy catechumens; but were these the men likely to adopt a barbarous and incoherent style of building, no otherwise connected with religion, or rather with religious feeling, than by inspiring terror or respect for those who presided over them? Such assuredly were not the spiritual politicians of the Romish church in the day of her ascendancy. No men, in any age, had more profoundly studied the natural feelings of mankind, or the associations through which such feelings could be most energetically excited or governed. They knew that great and unlimited elevation, and lavish ornament, seen dimly in artificial gloom, or tinged with coloured light, are not only calculated to impress the ignorant with reverence, but to rouse in minds most cultivated by literature and exalted by genius the same high imaginings which Gray experienced in the analogous scenery of the Carthusian forests—‘*Præsentiorum et conspicimus Deum*’ They knew assuredly, as well as their torch-bearing predecessors in the mystic temple of Eleusis, the natural and universal feeling which connects the indefinite with infinity.

In whatever age or country such effects have been produced by architecture, the patrons who encouraged and the artists who de-  
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vised and carried such conceptions into execution, displayed more,—far more,—mechanical skill, and no less intellectual refinement, than had been exhibited in the construction of the most finished Grecian temple. The arbitrary principles of art were necessarily reversed when worshippers no longer remained in the ornamented portico and peristyle of the heathen structure, but under the Christian ritual were received into the interior halls of the basilica, newly decorated for a less sensual worship. The *classical* principles of symmetry and proportion were necessarily superseded where indefinite altitude had been selected as the object of attainment. But in truth the best patrons and admirers of Grecian art itself had never been insensible to the influence of similar associations. The torches that shed their mysterious light on the fuliginous statues of their deities, and the towering rocks over which some of their noblest temples domineer, unrivalled by more lofty contiguous buildings, alike attest the principles which actuated the Gothic architects in the universal impression produced by height and obscurity. Reversing the charm of symmetry itself by which mankind had been enchanted, these innovators sought and found, for feelings as strong and universal, a countervailing beauty in well-selected contrasts. Their rich and minute tracery of tombs and shrines, contiguous to the plainer and more massive piers and arches, was not the mere wantonness of barbaric ornament; they knew that the column would seem more majestic, and the tracery still finer and more delicate, from this collocation.

Externally they not only rejected the horizontal entablature of the Grecian colonnade, but reversed its form, and diminished, instead of increasing, the projection of every moulding as it ascended to the summit. To churches thus constructed the tapering tower or heaven-directed spire were natural and appropriate adjuncts; and so long as it continues to be thought indispensable that a steeple or lofty belfry should be annexed to such, we hope that the style will not be abandoned with which alone they are really compatible. In churches of the Grecian or Italian model the steeple is never an essential part, but usually an ugly and anomalous excrescence, whether stuck on to the principal façade, or bestriding with unwelcome weight the pediment of a portico. To these, if orthodoxy would allow us, we should infinitely prefer the detached towers or *campanili*, which in Italy are occasionally erected, as leaving the principal building unencumbered. Such towers, however, are frequently ugly in themselves; as the forms, though adopted in the later time of declining art at Rome, are incompatible with the principles of a purer and more classic age. The full effect of height can never be produced by a succession of little edifices, each retaining its own definite proportion, and  
each



each rising in successive stories on the top of its predecessor ; but the immeasurable Gothic spire, or the bold and simple swell of the Italian dome, seem to carry the cross or ball which they support into

‘ Regions pure of calm and serene air,  
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot  
That men call earth.’

The dome, however, requires for its elevation a width of span totally inapplicable to the construction of a belfry.

The enlightened architects who carried Gothic forms to their perfection, and invested the scene of Christian worship with such associations, did not apply the same resources, or seek for the same sympathies, in devising the great public halls, or the domestic dwellings for purposes less sacred. Even in conventual or collegiate buildings the painted window, the arched roof, the buttress and the pinnacle, were chiefly appropriated to the chapel and chapter-house, or sparingly employed in the refectory. We believe that no better or earlier authority than Lord Orford or Mr. Wyatt can be adduced for diffusing such decorations over an extensive structure not immediately consecrated to religion. We hope they will long retain their place in our churches, for which they were invented ; but we doubt, as much as Mr. Hamilton, whether they can be applied successfully to less majestic purposes. It would be almost as easy to adapt a chorus of Handel’s to a quadrille at a boarding-school.

What has been called the castellated Gothic, and the early domestic architecture adopted at Hurstmonceaux—and in conventual buildings long before the Tudors—as well as the varieties which were subsequently introduced, are not referrible to such fixed principles, and have little value as a style of architecture, though often interesting from historical recollections, and highly picturesque when surrounded by coeval and time-hallowed oaks, in the old park or forest that belonged to them. The engineer, not the architect, constructed the true feudal castle ; and military skill, not taste, presided even over its decoration. It was long the residence and indication of power and opulence ; and on that account its characteristic form continued to be retained, though perforated with larger windows, and enriched with clumsy and capricious ornament, after the necessity for defence had ceased. The quaint devices of the convent, and afterwards a profusion of incongruous Italian decoration of the later ages, were successively adopted and admired in the dwellings of an unrefined but affluent nobility, upon whom the efficient patronage of art devolved when the progress of reformation had impoverished the church, and the married clergy could perpetuate their name and memory in a  
manner

manner more agreeable to their feelings than by bequeathing huge edifices to the posterity of their neighbours. The almost simultaneous suppression of that scientific corporation of freemasons, to whom Europe had been originally indebted for the design and execution of such elaborate structures, contributed still more immediately and summarily to their dereliction. The revival of a classic Roman style in Italy, (where art had been less progressive,) though easier of construction, and demanding less science in its imitation, superseded gradually, though in a fantastic taste, the bolder and more impressive inventions of the north—which were then decried as barbarous and Gothic, for precisely the same reason that induced every wine-merchant in Europe to discover how much new Hock was preferable to old, when Blucher and his army in their Rhenish campaign had exhausted the reservoir at Heidelberg, and swallowed the contents of the twelve renowned apostles.

No higher principles than those of military defence, convenient habitation, or individual display and temporary fashion, had been adopted for our civic halls and domestic dwellings; and none such appear to have been applied to them in the sumptuous patchwork of the Tudor times, till Inigo Jones and his contemporaries introduced from Italy a systematic architecture, not inconsistent with the regal magnificence of the palace, or the simpler elegance of a private mansion. Individual taste and professional genius, well worthy of its reward, have indeed been displayed in modern imitations of the older fashion; but the beauty they possess belongs rather to the painter than the architect, and those who would create it should take counsel from Gaspar, Claude, or Rubens, rather than from Palladio or Vitruvius. The general character and composition of the landscape is at least as essential to success as the dwelling which it accompanies; but, in the streets and squares of a town, we cannot fancy that a style of mere transition from ancient to modern manners should be entitled to any sort of preference, unless when the particular locality appears consecrated to historical recollections of a corresponding date.

We revert always with pleasure to those unmatched productions of the Greeks, which Mr. Hamilton so eloquently recommends to the attention of the student. They well deserve that attention; but here also the difficulty of comprehending and copying the details of their design is infinitely less, than that of applying its principles to modern exigencies. We have no dearth of artists who are familiar with its alphabet, but, with a few exceptions, their attempts to revive its language have been miserably unsuccessful. How different indeed was the mode of study, and the encouragement, by which the Greeks themselves attained the standard

dard of perfection to which they carried the arts of design! In architecture as in sculpture, in the form of a temple as in that of the Deity to whom it was consecrated, a beautiful type once selected was respected, and improved for ages by successive emulation, but never wantonly or capriciously abandoned, from mere thirst for change, or the pride of originality. The simple proportions of the wooden building in which their ancestry had worshipped, remained in their marble temples under every subsequent modification, whether enriched with Doric, Ionian, or Corinthian ornament, whether bounded by a simple portico, or a basement enriched with a surrounding peristyle of a hundred columns. Appropriate decorations and proportions soon were attained in each of the prevailing orders; but, admitting within certain limits the variations required by the local situation of each separate structure, the main principle was adhered to. Perhaps there are not two of the edifices we allude to which exactly correspond with each other, and yet the diversity never seems to have been capriciously invented. Columns and friezes, blocked out within prescribed dimensions, were completely finished from scaffoldings, after the temple was built, and the precise degree of diminution in the flutings, capitals, and entablature, were probably determined by the eye of the architect, under circumstances which then enabled him more exactly to appreciate the effect. With him—as with the painter and the poet—*Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas;* and yet all of them were restrained from unmeaning and random innovation. It was, indeed, only by these governing principles, which are alike essential to every one of the liberal arts, that they controlled the flight of genius; and it has been by neglecting these, for the narrower rules of technical dogmatism, that our failure has been rendered so conspicuous. The very axioms which Horace collects for poetry are equally applicable, and have been equally violated, in this kindred art. In her productions too *‘desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne;’*—in them too, with vain ambition and in discordant succession, *‘latè qui splendeat unus et alter assuitur pannus,’* in many a form of motley plagiarism.

The increasing opulence of our cities and great commercial towns has converted our narrow and ill-built lanes and crowded alleys into broad and spacious streets, and large open areas, well adapted for the display of all the talent which our architects could bring to embellish them. Our *coup d’essai* in Regent-street produced at least a noble street; and, though its component parts are often paltry, sometimes preposterous, it is not a dull one. Each separate façade of its stuccoed sham palaces and temples might be easily criticised or corrected; but, faulty as the component  
parts

parts of its variety may be, we cannot prefer the chaste uniformity of our suburban edifices, or the newer parts of Edinburgh, Bath, and our growing watering places, where long rows of shops and houses, as dissimilar as possible in their appropriation,—the peer's and the pastry-cook's, the reading-rooms and riding-schools,—are tortured into strict uniformity, exactly of the same height, with the same thin 'slices of pilasters,' the same little flourishes of ornament, each perhaps with its own small portico, and a larger in the centre of the *division*, as tiresome as a regiment of almshouses or the sprawling Leviathan of an overgrown hospital. Again, when a spacious area is destined for a single large and public edifice, an agglomeration of minute parts is too often substituted as an equivalent for one grand and harmonious structure. No beauty is more conspicuous in the best and purest monuments of the Grecian age than the skill with which each subordinate member of their architecture is combined in the formation of one simple and majestic whole;—and yet how very seldom have we applied this leading principle with success, even in the construction of edifices where every part has been evidently studied and selected from the works of Greece and of her colonies. We, in truth, possess few memorials of that classic period except temples, choragic monuments, and propylæa; and most of these are on a scale comparatively small, and incommensurate with the spaces as well as with the purposes to which we apply them, in the construction of our complicated dwellings or our public offices.

In short, while many of our artists and amateurs would direct an almost exclusive attention to this justly valued style, we feel less apprehension of its being neglected than of its continuing to be egregiously misapplied. We cannot, in fact, copy it in its most beautiful arrangements. External colonnades, the luxury of a warm climate, exclude the sunshine, of which we can so rarely have too much, from ours; temples make but indifferent churches, and worse houses. Windows and chimneys have no prototypes in the buildings of Athens, Sicily, or Ionia. Nor are the '*disjecta membra*' of the Parthenon or Erechtheum equally effective when strewed, or scattered piecemeal, over our perforated façades, with semicolumns or pilasters between rows of bald and innumerable windows. Little Dorian columns, supporting an arched basement, or surmounted by two or three rows of plain stuccoed stories, derive no benefit from being modelled on those of the Parætan temples. The beautiful little monument of Lysicrates, faithfully copied, has been in like manner perched on the top of four or five of our new churches; but though we have 'multiplied the number' we have not 'increased the joy' with which its singular elegance

elegance has ever been contemplated in its native station. The church of St. Pancras, indeed, is a successful adaptation of a very peculiar temple to the purposes of a modern place of worship, and, but for the incongruous and patched-up steeple, would retain much of the effect of its original.

The magnificent porticos, which so appropriately terminated the gabel ends of the oblong temples of antiquity with a highly decorated entrance, are easily copied, and easily transferred to the great central entrances of our modern structures, where light is less necessary, or can be obtained in some other direction; but in these transfers the effect is marred, unless they retain the characteristic termination of a real roof, and the projection of an integral and essential part of the building. In this form the Romans adopted it from their Grecian masters, while, in the progress of our improvements, we have lately chosen, in more than one instance, to exhibit it as an elaborate excrescence supporting its own thin and detached pediment unconnected with the roof, and apparently prepared for the first high wind that will deign to blow it from its station. Whoever has occasion to visit the Regent's Park will appreciate the merits of this ingenious innovation. When most perfectly executed—with an unobjectionable central portico—the difficulty remains of continuing along the extended front a richness and boldness of projection and of general ornament in unison with such a decoration, and above all, in proportion to it. Without this care, instead of being an accessory ornament to the edifice, it becomes a substantial incumbrance, and the rest of the structure seems an ugly, however necessary, appendage to it. We remember on such occasions a criticism once made to a friend of ours, who, on his return from a tour in Greece, was with his servant contemplating a modern building of this class. Our friend asked the man what he thought of it. The reply was, 'Why, Sir, it looks for all the world as if they had stuck on a row of barracks to one of *them there temples*.'

That the porticos themselves have been admired we need no other evidence than the universal fashion, we had almost called it mania, for their application. In our suburban streets we have seen salmon and mackarel lying in stately funeral under Doric pillars, and tripe surmounted with metopes, triglyphs, and guttæ of the most classical proportions. In some of our fashionable club-houses, after every interior accommodation has been provided for the members, a portico is superadded, apparently commensurate, not so much with the building itself, as with the unexpended residue of the subscription, and adorned, like the family picture of Dr. Primrose, with as many columns as the artist could afford for the money. While the undecorated windows are left, like Tilburina's

rina's maid, in primitive simplicity, a portico, the indispensable necessary of architectural life, is patched on to every visible wall of our rising *pseudo-palaces*.

The Athenian style is, indeed, the *source and fountain* of all good architecture, as Mr. Hamilton has most judiciously remarked; and at the source its waters have been pure and brilliant; but, alas! they are derived from the stream precisely at the point most distant from that channel into which we labour to divert them for our own wants. Its very perfection, in the symmetrical dependence of every separate ornament and proportion to the general design, unfits it for mutilation. The characteristic beauty of its colonnades, with their frequent pillars, and small intercolumniations—especially in the noblest and most majestic of its orders, the genuine Doric, supporting, and appearing fit to support, their own massive roof and projecting entablature—disappears at once when tortured into a different arrangement. Too important for mere decoration, it cannot, we think, be gracefully employed, except where it is, or at least seems to be, an essential and integral part, supporting the structure in which it is introduced, and crowned by its own rich and peculiar embellishments. When deprived of these, overshadowed by loftier buildings, or crushed into insignificance by the ranges of an upper story, nothing can atone for the meagreness and monotony of its effect.

Alive to the principles, though unfettered by the technicalities of art, the masters of Rome altered rather than corrupted the forms of architecture in their bridges, baths, and arched domes, the obvious models of reviving Italy; which Michael Angelo, Palladio, and others, were destined to apply with such admirable effect to the civil and domestic purposes of modern life. Naturalized in England by the genius of Jones and Wren, developed by their followers,—and refined by none more than by Lord Burlington,—it deserves, we think, to be well examined before we discard it, either for the fantastic incongruities of the Tudors, or the superior purity of a Grecian style which prevailed when arches and domes were not invented, and temples, not dwellings, were in question. No style has been so completely adapted to the abodes of modern opulence and luxury,—none invented in which the effect of richness and graceful grandeur can be better displayed in a large or public building, and elegance and propriety in a small one. Devised for habitation, there is no difficulty in its application, or appearance of imposture in its design. Its houses look like dwellings, its halls are civic, and its palaces are royal.

In their compositions also, no less than in the simpler edifices of the classic school, the artist may learn the pervading though neglected

neglected principle on which complicated proportions are so truly observed, that complete unity of design marks the limit of the whole, in the subordination of every part to the general effect. Bold projections and rich reliefs remove all meagreness and monotony. In many things, it is true, a purer and better selection of details may still be made; and to perfect these, would be an undertaking worthy of whatever genius a disciple of Phidias himself might be expected to display; but the artist who attempts it should be eminently cautious not to sacrifice, even for such an object, the powerful and rich effect of the original design. While the works of Jones and Wren remain in England we need not refer even to Italy for examples, equally to be found there in the palaces of their cities, their suburban villas, or the minor elegancies of the Casino, which amply justify our predilection.

In these, each building has, or may be made to have, its own distinctive and peculiar character; and that alone would be a great improvement. It might be attained, moreover, without adopting an innovation suggested in the pamphlet of the ingenious Mr. Purser, on which we are somewhat inclined to hesitate. Because the metopes and friezes of the ancient temples sometimes indicated by skulls of bulls and rams, festoons, wreaths of flowers, pateræ, &c., the sacrificial rites performed within, he would in like manner display the interior proceedings of every tenement possessing an architectural entablature—and he selects an hospital as an example of the propriety of his plan.\* Assuredly, a frieze well provided with amputations, gallipots, and implements of surgery, or decorated with a funeral procession from Finsbury to 'The Western Cemetery,' would be more 'germane to the matter,' than the Eleusinian rites from the Parthenon, or the wars of Theseus with the Amazons or Centaurs. With such a contrivance we should supersede altogether the already shorn and dwindled generation of sign-posts—and the *architecture* of our beer-shops might proclaim more intelligibly than even by a head of Shakspeare or the Duke of Sussex, the beverage to be expected within, and a licence 'to be drunk on the premises.' Our readers' imagination will readily supply the new devices in which sculptors might indulge in their progress through our various professions. It is, however, but fair to apprise them, that in painting the experiment has been tried. There still remain in most of the ancient towns in Scotland, frescoes on the walls of houses indicative of the employment

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\* See the tract entitled 'Prospects of the Nation in the National Gallery.' Mr. Purser objects to the frieze designed for St. George's Hospital, because the wreaths have no possible reference to the '*purpose of the hospital*,'—'and in architecture every building ought intelligibly to speak its purpose.' Would he have substituted a series of Wardrops polishing eyes, or Listons carving out new noses—or what?

of the occupier. Showers of little white globules shaped like tadpoles, but representing tears, are seen to fall over a coffin down the darkened façade of the undertaker; feet are indued with shoes or boots, on the cobbler's; beer is decanting itself in graceful curves over the doorway of Boniface—and a tempting portraiture of haggises and sheep's-heads denotes the butcher. But in spite of the propriety that dictated this decorative style, we cannot recommend it in an age of literature, when the Phonetic system of the alphabet is daily superseding the more venerable hieroglyphics.

We have desired to express the principles on which our own general opinions have been formed, rather than to take part in those controversies on the National Gallery, and the composition of the Commission that have awarded the prize to Mr. Barry, which occupy most of the pamphlets named at the head of our paper. Without either advocating or impugning that award in other respects, we can comprehend their preference, and account for his success, from the general unity of conception and design which pervades his drawing. This may be a beauty too dearly purchased; but we point it out as one that in other instances has been most conspicuously neglected; and we prefer the incorrectness even of Vanbrugh himself, when combined with it, as at Blenheim and Castle Howard, to the purest and most faultless assemblage of little Greek façades, substituted for a single large one, merely because they equally cover the allotted space of ground. As for the National Gallery, the voice of artists, amateurs, and the public at large speaks, we believe, but one opinion—we, at least, have never heard a single word uttered in favour of the building, either *per se*, or considered with reference to the magnificent position which it has been allowed to occupy.

We should be sorry to volunteer even our anonymous services as commissioners for constructing the houses of parliament, and more especially to pass judgment on their interior arrangement in the plan of Mr. Barry, which Mr. Wilkins has so keenly denounced; for, though we think an unprofessional tribunal quite as competent to admire the beauty of an elevation as a synod of architects, we should consult the latter in devising accommodation, ever since an amateur friend of ours designed for himself one of the prettiest houses imaginable, and proceeded with the utmost satisfaction till a stonemason reminded him that he had *forgotten the staircase*.

Our voice, however, is 'not for war,' and we think that opinions and criticisms, directed by the soundest knowledge, lose much of their weight from the needless asperity with which they have too often been expressed in the course of this controversy. In the variety of architectural styles proposed and professed, we may at  
least



least escape from monotony; but so long as the impatience of the public calls for hasty execution, and alternate extravagance and parsimony preside over the funds supplied for great buildings, it is impossible to expect perfection, which, as Burke beautifully observed of a constitution now so felicitously amended, and to be amended—

‘ Is not the hasty product of a day,  
But the well-ripen’d fruit of wise delay.’

We had written thus far—and intended here to close our paper—when Mr. Hamilton’s Second Letter to Lord Elgin reached us. We find in it the opinions of the first, re-enforced with the same vigour and elegance of thought and language—but nothing to tempt us into taking a more active part in the debate. We cannot, however, omit this opportunity of giving a wider circulation to some general reflections which ought, in our judgment, to arrest most seriously the attention of those with whom the ultimate decision as to the new Houses of Parliament still depends.

‘ Utilitarianism is the order of the day; *In pretio pretium*. What is it to fetch in the market? Everything is to be gauged by and sacrificed to the result: and what result? The fine arts are to be encouraged, that the vulgar, the mechanical arts may prosper, and bring wealth: this is the canon by which everything elevated, everything noble, all beauty, all that is excellent is to be measured. True it is that navigation has been improved by astronomy, watchmaking by the profound investigation of the laws of mechanics; Bramah’s pump is the consequence and triumph of hydrostatical experiments; we search with less loss of time and labour for coal and other minerals since we have become geologists—and the country is groaning under railroads with the progress of metallurgy, a greater command of the powers of credit, and a deeper insight, as we are assured, into the principles of political economy. But Kepler and Galileo and Newton spent their laborious days, and their nightly oil, without thinking of these results; they were inspired with the pure love of science—with an ardent curiosity to learn, to know, and to instruct—and feeling that knowledge was power, they left the arts to find their own way; Davy was amongst the first of chemists, before he thought of inventing a safety lamp, or of applying his philosophy to agriculture. So must we do now—spread a knowledge of what is good in art amongst your statesmen and legislators and the wealthy portion of the community, and the rest will instantly follow; and the more certainly, the less it is avowedly aimed at.

‘ Our mode of instruction in the literature of the ancients is a case in point; though within a few years there are in some establishments striking exceptions to the truth of the position, and there is a dawn of still greater improvements. But in general, attention is exclusively bestowed, and at too early an age, on the difficulties of grammar, the niceties of criticism, and the laws of prosody; and much time is misspent in fruitless endeavours to teach the art or rather knack of composition in languages,

languages, which are no longer of any application for that purpose; and therefore not only useless, but mischievous in its effect, from giving to the pupil the notion, that he is toiling for that which he will never be called upon to put to account, and which if he were to attempt, he should be laughed at for his pedantry. In the meantime years roll on, and the youth has lost all feeling for the real beauties of the books he reads, because they are only put into his hands to teach him a knowledge of words, of long and short syllables, of accents, and the varieties of dialects. Though it cannot be denied that some history, some geography, some mythology are at the same time taught, these studies are too often treated as subservient to a knowledge purely of the language; and the one is so mixed up with the other, "the drilled dull lessons" form such a confusion in the young mind, that he becomes sick of the most beautiful works of man, before he has got half through them; and the natural consequence is, that he throws them away the moment he becomes his own master. We are too early accustomed to a familiarity with these beauties to feel a proper relish for them, and when we might relish them, they pall upon the appetite. Even Homer, the great legislator of the Greek mind, is neglected because too early taught. To learn the dead languages is certainly the first element of a gentleman's education, but how much better, how much easier would they be learnt, if they were taught, as we are taught living languages, and as the great learned of past days were taught—from simple books, from dialogues, from vocabularies, by interrogatories, prælections, in familiar conversation, by which in a few short years, during which the accompaniments of this elementary education might also be attended to, and well imprinted upon the memory, such as history, &c.—the ordinary difficulties of a strange language would be conquered, a large command of words and inflections would be obtained, and the youth would gradually encounter the higher works, with ardent curiosity to become acquainted with their beauties—and with a sufficient stock of information to enable him to understand, and fully to appreciate them. As it is, how often does it happen, that whilst engaged in reading the sublime choruses of Æschylus, or the splendid periods of Demosthenes, or the nervous harangues and narratives of Thucydides, he is at once brought to a stop, because he does not know who was the father of Agamemnon, by what different principles Pericles and Cleon led the people of Athens, or the duties and liabilities of a Trierarch.

'We learn from Vasari, in his life of Sansovino, that "the construction of the library of St. Mark at Venice, which had already in his time cost 150,000 ducats, was the signal for the nobles of that republic to improve their own private palaces; previous to this great work, their houses and palaces were all of one character; the same ornaments, the same proportions, and old fashioned, without consulting the peculiarities of the site, or the purposes required; but after this time the public and private houses were constructed upon new plans, and an improved arrangement; nor was money spared—the Palazzo Cornaro alone cost 70,000 ducats." Ought we not therefore also to bear in mind, that the building which is now under consideration, and which is to be the most

important in its destination, and the largest in size, of any which this island can boast, is to supply the means of transacting the legislative business of this vast empire, and will be daily and hourly frequented by the *élite* of our countrymen, in every class of society? Whatever it may ultimately become, it will be regarded as a part and parcel of the intellect of the age, as the model *par excellence*, the example in character, art and decoration, of what is to come after. We ought to be aware too, that there is a certain dependence of genius itself upon the public taste, and consequently, that if we give a wrong direction to this taste, the former will be equally led astray, and we may be unwittingly guilty of checking in their first budding the brightest and most aspiring gifts of nature. Let us then be more than usually careful of what this exemplar is to be. We are not only building for our own purposes, and for those of posterity, but we are professedly, by the very fact of opening a competition, proclaiming to the present and future ages, that our most accomplished and best-informed gentlemen have prescribed and judged what they thought to be the best, and that it was the best which our artists could execute.'—*Hamilton's Second Letter*, pp. 46-50.

Mr. Hamilton's hints on classical education derive great importance from the fact that he is himself one of the ripest scholars of his time; and as to his architectural advice, whether prejudiced in favour of Greek, of Tudor, or of Gothic art, assuredly no British legislator, whose vote is about to be called for on this question, ought to approach it without giving his most serious consideration to the views and feelings expressed in the last of these admirable paragraphs.

ART. IV.—*The Dispatches of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington*. Compiled from official and authentic documents by Lieut.-Colonel Gurwood, Esquire to his Grace, as Knight of the Bath. Vols. II. and III. London, 1835.

OUR strict duty, we know, would have been to have attended to these volumes as they came out; had they appeared at greater intervals, perhaps we might have adopted this course; and it may seem strange that we should now take up Volumes II. and III. when IV. V. VI. and VII. are also lying before us. This may appear still more strange, when it is considered that these latter detachments relate to the war in Portugal and Spain, in which our readers take the deepest, indeed almost a personal concern; whereas the two which stand at the head of this article, are confined to India, in which country, in spite of anything that has been written and said, it is scarcely possible to scourge up either ourselves or our readers to feel any vivid or enduring interest.

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It is, however, precisely because the topic itself is *not* generally interesting that we have selected these two volumes for discussion; or rather, with a view to drawing on them for the gratification of our readers; for, in truth, nothing is further from our thoughts than discussing the Indian subjects to which they refer. It is because we know too well the utter impossibility of rendering such matters popular, and the disgust with which ninety-nine in every hundred readers turn from a book (or an article) disfigured by such barbarous names of places and persons as fill these volumes, that we venture to assure our friends who may be disposed to skip them, in order to get the sooner to the Portuguese and Spanish ones, that by so doing they will lose a prodigious mass of curious, lively, and certainly most instructive matter, not merely relating to military affairs, but to an infinite variety of other subjects, in which every person of reflection must take an interest.

We have already (No. CII.) called the attention of our readers to some of the most characteristic features of the Duke of Wellington's military character—but we had not space at that time to give specimens of his varied talent in writing, and the power he displays of grappling successfully with every subject, great or small—whether it be far from him, or near at hand—intricate or simple—familiar to his habits, or totally new to him. He describes a battle with the same confidence he fights it; always goes straight to his point, says not a word too much or too little, and when the fight is done, sets about treating with his subdued enemy, in the same direct spirit of fair and manly dealing. On no occasion do we see him assume anything which is not quite reasonable—the least trace of a wish to profit unhandsomely by his advantages; on the contrary, we see him staying his powerful hand, and ordering his army to halt, lest by advancing too rapidly he might utterly destroy his enemy's government, which it was *not* the policy of the East India Company to bring about; and yet how difficult to stop at the very moment of conquest, or all but conquest. 'The fort of Gawilghur,' he writes, 'is to be restored, but not till the countries ceded are taken possession of. It was impossible to avoid giving it up without ruining Ragojee altogether.'—(vol. iii. p. 397.) He even seems to derive personal satisfaction from making such conciliatory sacrifices to his subdued enemy. In a letter to Colonel Close he says, 'I have the pleasure to inform you that I have settled the question with the Rajah of Berar, and have given him the fort of Gawilghur.'—(vol. ii. p. 69.) Next, we see him engaged in disentangling the intricate mysteries of oriental intrigues and

Marhatta trickery, compared to which our most complicated European diplomacy is plain sailing. But in his hands all is rendered simple—the secret motives of the wily and experienced natives are penetrated, and their designs counteracted; after which the honest truth and the advantages of fair dealing are urged upon them in such a manner, that it becomes as irresistible in regulating the treaty of peace, as his artillery had been in bringing the war to a conclusion.

Sir John Malcolm, writing on this point, says,—

‘The march of a British force through this distracted country has had the happy effect of reconciling its contending chiefs, and of giving confidence to its oppressed inhabitants; and the union of all ranks in a sentiment of respect for the English name has occasioned an abundance of supplies of every description. The discipline and conduct of the English troops have, no doubt, contributed much to this favourable general impression. But the confidence and respect of every class in the provinces to the south of the Kistna is in a very great degree personal to the Honourable Major-General Wellesley. To the admiration which the Marhatta chiefs entertain of that officer’s military character, and the firm reliance which the inhabitants place on his *justice*, the extraordinary success which has hitherto attended the progress of this force must be principally attributed.’—vol. i. p. 127.

It is clear to us, and we think it will be so to every attentive reader of these dispatches and letters in India, that the mind of the Duke of Wellington, even at that early period of his career, was in its full vigour, though, probably, the *extent* of his capacity was not fully known even to himself. It may be, in one sense, true, that during these Indian campaigns,—according to the expression of one of his own great brother-officers in after-times,—‘he was only just ripening into a soldier;’ but he must nevertheless have been, in point of fact, and from the first day he set foot on the shores of Hindustan, immeasurably superior to the ablest warriors and statesmen amongst the natives. So much so, that without feeling less admiration for him, (quite the contrary,) we cannot help experiencing a sort of pity for those quondam formidable chiefs, who had heretofore given absolute law to that part of Asia. When we see the Scindiahs, and Ragojees, and Holkars presuming to draw their swords,—and still more their pens against him,—we smile involuntarily; just as we do when the hero of an Arabian romance is involved in apparently inextricable difficulties, being sure that he will get out of every scrape, and that the wicked giants must be overthrown. All this it is easy enough for us now to look back upon, and to say it must have been so; but it is *unrepeatably* interesting to have thus laid before us, in its whole

whole details, the worked-out problem of the ascendancy of virtue and genius over lawless and unprincipled force.

It is particularly pleasing to remark the manner in which, when a war was over, he invariably acted, as if there never had been a quarrel between him and the persons he was treating with. ‘When war is concluded,’ says he, ‘I am decidedly of opinion that all animosity should be forgotten.’ (vol. ii. p. 155.) But we need scarcely say that he was seldom if ever met half way in this principle by his enemies; and still less did he find it easy to convince his native allies of the expediency of acting upon these wise and generous maxims, so foreign to Indian habits of warfare. In a dispatch to Colonel Close, the officer stationed with the most troublesome of all his allies, the Peshwah, he says,—

‘I have received another letter and message from Baba Phurkiah; he throws himself upon the mercy of the company, and asks only for a place in which his life will be in safety.

‘The war will be eternal if nobody is ever to be forgiven, and I certainly think that the British government cannot intend to make the British troops the instruments of the Peshwah’s revenge. You must decide what is to be done with this person. I have ordered him to quit the Nizam’s territories, and not to come near this army. The answer of the Vakeel is natural—it is, where is a man to go who is not to be allowed to remain in the territories of the company, or of the company’s allies? When the empire of the company is so great, little dirty passions must not be suffered to guide its measures.’—vol. ii. p. 69.

This same Peshwah, who by the way owed everything to the Company and to General Wellesley’s exertions, appears to have been but an ungrateful and treacherous fellow: indeed, though in strict alliance with the British government, he gave them fully more trouble by his intrigues with his and their enemies, and by his own tergiversation, than their avowed antagonists did by open hostilities. In order to give an idea of the character and conduct of this sorry wretch, with whom, however, it was his duty to act, we beg to refer to the dispatch at page 115 of vol. ii., in which nine facts are given by the Duke of Wellington, of which he and others had a perfect knowledge. The whole letter furnishes a curious picture of an Indian sovereign, and the lengths to which treachery, meanness, and rascality of every kind, may be carried openly in that country. What light, too, is thrown on the Duke of Wellington’s *temper* in negotiation, when we consider that his native allies as well as his avowed foes were, almost without exception, such persons as *he* could write of in the following terms:—

‘I acknowledge that I have always been induced to view his highness the Peshwah’s conduct as the effect of weakness and folly; and I believed him to be sincere in his alliance with the company; but while I encouraged

encouraged this belief, I shut my eyes against the facts of which I had a knowledge, and which I have above detailed; and against his highness's notorious treachery, which was the theme of all the public dispatches, previous to his signing the treaty of Bassein; and I considered nothing but what I wished to be true, and what I knew to be the Peshwah's interests.'—vol. ii. p. 117.

What follows is not less characteristic of the Duke, who, as the duller or most prejudiced reader must see, is at all times willing and ready to sacrifice his own interests and objects for the public service. In writing to the Governor-General's private secretary, he says:—

'From many circumstances I am induced to believe that the Peshwah is very jealous of me, and of the influence which he imagines the British government maintains through my means; notwithstanding all that I have done for him, his declared sense of it, and the confidence he has expressed. If this be the case, we shall never be able to prevail upon him to do anything which can be beneficial, either to his own government or to the common cause; and if to maintain our influence in the Marhatta empire be an object, the sooner I withdraw from the scene, and the sooner his jealousy is allayed, the better. In fact, this influence can be maintained only by conferring benefits on the persons who are the objects of it; and it is now fed and upheld by hope—but as soon as people shall find that my recommendation is the road to disgrace instead of favour, they will not follow our fortunes much further. I therefore think, that as soon as I shall have settled everything that I have to do, I should withdraw.

'I certainly have a bad opinion of the Peshwah; he has no public feeling, and his private disposition is terrible. I have no positive proof that he has been treacherous, but I have strong suspicion of it; and I know that since he signed the treaty of Bassein, he has done no one thing that has been desired—either with a view to forward his own interest, or the views of the alliance, or the common safety during the war.

'It may be asked, will you leave a fellow of that kind in possession of the government? I answer, I have no remedy; I cannot take it for the British government, without a *breach of faith*.'—vol. ii. p. 86.

Talking of the national faith, it may be important, before entering upon minor matters, to select one or two passages out of any number which might be given, by which it will be seen that, under all circumstances, the paramount importance of preserving his own and the national honour was the uppermost thought in the Duke of Wellington's mind, not only as an inherent sentiment of his own nature, but as forming the soundest principle of all policy. After the peace which followed the great battles of Assye and Argaum was concluded, with Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, it was not unnatural, considering the well-known character of the Marhattas for double dealing, that many disputes should arise as  
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to the spirit of various articles in the treaties ; and, of course, the general who negotiated those treaties was often involved in troublesome discussions with the native powers, who wished to get more than they had a right to. Nothing, indeed, can be more interesting to persons who are curious in such matters, than to watch the manner in which this great statesman disentangles the purposely ravelled skein of every one of these questions raised by the natives, and not only lays bare the whole truth, but insists upon that truth being acted upon.

On the other hand, it would sometimes most unfortunately happen that, on our side, unfair or at least seemingly unreasonable pretensions were advanced, not of course by the general himself, but by his superiors, including even the Governor-General ; and the difficulty in this case was ten times greater than when the error lay with the natives. For, however wrong he might think the Governor-General, he could not doubt the honesty of the spirit in which the claim was set up ; and it became necessary, therefore (as the government at Calcutta possessed the power of doing as they pleased), really to convince them that they were in error ; a delicate and often a difficult task, rendered no doubt doubly delicate from the nearness of the relationship and the deep mutual respect and admiration subsisting between these two great men.

A question of this kind arose respecting the fort of Gwalior, which we had got possession of, but which Scindiah claimed under the 9th article of the treaty with him. It is needless to go into the details of this question,—it is sufficient for our present purpose to mention, that General Wellesley considered that Scindiah had a strong claim to the fort, according to the spirit and intent, if not according to the letter of the article—while, on the other hand, his brother, the Governor-General, who was extremely desirous of retaining so powerful a fortress, took a different view of the matter. General Wellesley's anxiety, and even distress, upon this occasion, are strongly depicted in his letters :—

‘ My dear Malcolm,’ says he, ‘ we shall have another war, and the worst of it will be, that these questions will not bear enquiry. I declare I am dispirited and disgusted with this transaction beyond measure ; however, I can say no more on it. The orders are called final ; but my public letters, written in February, show my opinion of it.’—vol. iii. p. 502.

And again at page 514, vol. iii., he adds :—

‘ I am disgusted beyond measure with the whole concern ; and I would give a large sum if I had nothing to do with the treaties of peace, and if I could get rid of all anxiety on the subject. All parties were delighted with the peace, but the demon of ambition appears now to have



have pervaded all, and each endeavours, by forcing constructions, to gain as much as he can.'

Throughout the whole series of these dispatches and letters, there never drops one word of anxiety or impatience from this great soldier and statesman—whatever be the amount of dangers or of difficulties by which he is opposed—excepting only when there is some risk of his being made, however indirectly, the instrument of a breach of faith. *Then* all his patience, fortitude, and forbearance give way, and, like the giant in the fairy tale at the touch of the magician's wand, his strength is reduced to that of a pigmy:—

'If Gwalior belonged to Scindiah, it must be given up, and I acknowledge that whether it did or not, I should be inclined to give it him. I declare,' he adds with a degree of warmth which he very rarely gives way to, 'that when I view the treaty of peace, and its consequences, I am afraid it will be imagined that the moderation of the British government in India has a strong resemblance to the ambition of other governments.'—vol. iii. p. 440.

'I would sacrifice Gwalior, or every frontier in India ten times over, in order to preserve our credit for scrupulous good faith, and the advantages and honour we gained by the late war and the peace; and we must not fritter them away in arguments, drawn from over-strained principles of the laws of nations, which are not understood in this country. What brought me through so many difficulties in the war, and the negotiations for peace? The British good faith, and nothing else.'—vol. iii. p. 488.

We shall advert only to one other instance in which he dwells upon this point, which, after all, is the key-stone of our Indian power. It appears that a native chief was to be given up to us on our paying a certain sum as his ransom; but, owing to some clerical omission of a form, the chief was got hold of by our people without the money being paid to the parties who brought him. Of this transaction he writes thus:—

'The plan of getting possession of Futty Sing's person, before paying his ransom, may be called what they please; but as the "patans" must have brought Futty Sing to Baroda with a small escort, with the hope of receiving the ransom, and in the certainty that they would not be attacked, it is, in fact, a breach of faith, than which nothing can be more unfortunate and injurious to us. Besides, the consequence of it will most probably be, that Hurky Khan, and a parcel of blackguards who are hanging upon the ghauts, and waiting only for Holkar's signal to begin their operations, will enter the Attavesy upon the excellent pretence of punishing this act of perfidy of the English, and of collecting the ransom which had been promised to them. Thus they will find us unprepared; and whatever may be the result of our negotiations with Holkar, we shall be engaged with some of his chiefs.

'I do not impute any blame to you,' he adds in his letter to the military

tary officer of the district; ‘you acted with propriety in complying with the resident’s requisition, but *I tremble for the result.*’—vol. i. p. 378.

In the sacred writings there occur few passages more impressive than the simple announcement that ‘Felix trembled.’ But from how different a cause were *his* nerves shaken! The consciousness of detected guilt shook the frame of the profligate Roman, while the mere possibility of his country being, for one moment, suspected of acting otherwise than with the purest integrity, unmanned the firmest warrior of the age!

Most of our readers are already aware, from the perusal of the Duke of Wellington’s ‘General Orders,’ how anxiously he always studied to preserve the peace amongst his officers, that he, and they, and the army at large, might successfully act together against the enemies of their country.\* Amongst these letters many touches of the same kind occur. Above all things, he appears to have deprecated the appeal to courts-martial in cases of personal disputes.

‘I have long observed,’ he remarks, ‘that the subjects which have come under the consideration of general courts-martial in this country are in general referable to private quarrels and differences, with which the public have no concern whatever. The character of the officers of the army is undoubtedly a public concern; but in many instances it would be much more proper, and more creditable for both parties, to settle these differences by mutual concession, than to take up the time of the public by making them the subject of investigation before a general court-martial.’—vol. i. p. 375.

Again, he observes—

‘These courts-martial are distressing indeed at present. We must endeavour to stop these trifling disputes, and turn the attention of the officers to public matters, rather than to their private concerns.

‘It occurs to me that there is much party in the army in your quarter; this must be put an end to. And there is only one mode of effecting this, and that is for the commanding officer’ (N.B. it is the commanding officer he is writing to) ‘to be of no side excepting that of the public, and to employ indiscriminately those who can best serve the public, be they who they may, or in whatever service. The consequence will be, that the service will go on; all parties will join in forwarding it, and in respecting him; there will be an end of their petty disputes about trifles, and the commanding officer will be at the head of an army instead of a party.’—vol. i. p. 378.

In the same spirit he urgently inculcates upon his officers the duty of patient obedience and submission to the government they

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\* The Duke’s Orders, we need hardly remind our readers, were published separately, by Colonel Gurwood, several years ago, in a single volume, which is, or ought to be, in every officer’s possession, naval as well as military, for it constitutes an invaluable manual of the general science of discipline.

are serving under, even in cases where the officer may be in the right. And truly admirable is the promptitude with which *he* sets an example of the docile spirit of genuine subordination—not doggedly, but cheerfully, complying to the utmost of his power with all the wishes of his superiors.

Addressing an officer who had written a testy letter, he says firmly, but courteously and kindly,

‘ I have read with the utmost concern, the copy of a letter which you wrote to General Nichols on the 12th November. This paper was hastily drawn and dispatched, to say no more of it; and I strongly recommend you to desire to withdraw it. It contains some strong censures upon Mr. Duncan personally, and upon his government; and a hope is expressed in it which I am convinced you never could entertain, that the day was not far distant when the government, and of course the British interests, would be involved in difficulties.

‘ An officer in the service of a government, let his rank be what it may, has no right to, and cannot with propriety, address such sentiments to that government, even supposing they were merited, and had been excited in his mind by a long course of injurious treatment by that government.’  
—vol. ii. p. 541.

On another occasion it would seem that an officer had ventured to remonstrate on being ordered to take command of a detachment, in consequence of the nature of the force not being exactly what he took upon him to think the fittest. The calm but decided manner in which the Duke reproves this insubordinate spirit, is quite a model in its way, of what a gentlemanlike reprimand ought to be :—

‘ In regard to the detachment to be left here, I intend that it shall be composed of those troops; and that it shall have such equipments as will enable it to perform the service which I expect will be required from it: and in forming this detachment, as well as the division which will march from hence under my command, I have exercised a discretion for which I am aware that I am responsible to my superiors. But I do not see any necessity for altering these arrangements; and I should certainly deem it very improper to alter them, only that I might have an opportunity of gratifying the private feelings of the officer whom I should leave in command here, by giving him a better description of troops than I think will be required for the service. In regard to your future prospect of commanding the corps to be stationed in the Peshwah’s territories, I must decline, at present, to give any answer upon that subject.

‘ In general, I imagine that it is not intended by the Commander-in-Chief, that an officer shall keep his leave of absence in his pocket, in order to avail himself of it at any moment that he may think proper, however inconvenient to the service. But I am aware that there is no use in detaining an officer in an employment to which he has a dislike, and therefore you will avail yourself of your leave when you may think proper; only I request you to give me timely notice of your intention. In case  
you

you should have anything further to say to me upon this subject, I request you to do me the favour to call upon me at any hour that may be convenient to you. I have the honour to be, &c.'—vol. iii. p. 138.

Nothing is more interesting than to observe the very different manner in which the Duke himself takes the unmerited censure of his superiors. It seems he had made a report to the Bombay government of some circumstances relating to the camp followers, the truth of which that government did not choose to take upon his authority, but sent him a letter on the subject received from an officer under his own orders. In his answer to the 'Secretary of Government, Bombay,' he adverts to the circumstance in the following paragraph, which, while it is as calm as possible, includes all the reproof which, according to his views, it was respectful in him to offer:—

'I have to acknowledge the receipt of your dispatch of the 26th October, which contained a copy of a letter from Colonel Woodington upon the subject of camp followers. Upon this subject I have only to observe, that I might have hoped that a fact which I reported might have been considered as true, without the necessity of referring to Colonel Woodington for an opinion regarding its probability.'—vol. i. p. 494.

Speaking of a petty native chief, who had failed to comply with an article of the treaty of peace, and otherwise behaved in a manner deserving of punishment at the hands of his own immediate superiors, but which they appeared unwilling to inflict at his suggestion—he writes as follows:—

'As far as I am personally concerned, it is a matter of indifference to me whether this man is punished or not; but if it is to be a principle of British policy to introduce among the native powers, the allies and dependents of the British government, the principles of good faith and political moderation; and if it is intended effectually to check the depredations of the Marhatta powers, not connected with the British government, of all freebooters, it is necessary to begin by preventing the nominal servants of our allies from infringing the treaties of peace, and from committing hostilities, and carrying on petty warfare under the shadow of the British power, in direct disobedience of orders. This object can only be effected by punishment where it is deserved.'—vol. ii. p. 218.

And there he leaves the question in the hands of those whom it more immediately concerns; for it may be remarked in every part of these volumes, as a most striking characteristic of the author, that he never says a word too much or too little—never exhausts his topic on the one hand, nor leaves his meaning obscure on the other—and, above all, never worries his people with unnecessary minuteness of instructions. In short, he takes it for granted that the persons he is addressing have some sense, and do not require to be told *everything*, nor to have that which has once made

made clear told over and over again. The genuine simplicity and precision of his style are due, essentially, to the simplicity of his own mind, and the singleness of purpose with which it is obvious from every line of his writing that he was influenced. It is the strong sense of duty and disinterestedness which pervades these dispatches,—in short, their incidental interest as laying bare the writer's mind, in which, as we conceive, lies the chief recommendation of the Indian part of this collection. The incidents to which these volumes relate are almost forgotten, even by the few persons in this country to whom they were ever well known. But the maxims contained in them can never be forgotten, for they belong to no particular country or time; and they may be rendered available for the conduct of affairs, not only by military men, and by statesmen, but even by persons in more private walks of life. His views, indeed, of everything relating to the intercourse between man and man are so well based, so sound, and so applicable to real business, that in reading these dispatches we perpetually forget that they were written for any particular purpose, and are forced, as it were, to reflect, generalize, and apply their wisdom as well as we may, to our own circumstances.

Every person, who has been engaged in any way in public life, is aware of the great importance of reserve, or even secrecy, in the conduct of official business; and those who have not, themselves been so occupied, can readily believe that almost every description of affairs is better carried on where the knowledge of its details, while it is in progress, is confined to those whom it directly and immediately concerns. We do not remember, however, to have seen the 'rationale' of this established maxim of official life so distinctly reasoned out as it is in the following letter. It was addressed to Colonel Wallace, an excellent officer in the field, but as yet not much accustomed to the management of official business.

'I believe that in my public dispatches I have alluded to every point to which I should wish to draw your attention, excepting one, which I will mention to you; that is, the secrecy of your proceedings.

'There is nothing more certain than that of one hundred affairs, ninety-nine might be posted up at the market-cross without injury to the public interests; but the misfortune is, that where the public business is the subject of general conversation, and is not kept secret as a matter of course, upon every occasion, it is very difficult to keep it secret upon that occasion in which it is necessary. There is an awkwardness in a secret which enables observing men (of which description there are always plenty in an army) invariably to find it out; and it may be depended upon, that whenever the public business ought to be kept secret, it always suffers when it is exposed to public view.

'For this reason secrecy is always best, and those who have been long

long trusted with the conduct of public affairs are in the habit of never making public any business, of any description, that it is not necessary that the public should know. The consequence is, that secrecy becomes natural to them, and as much a habit as it is to others to talk of public matters, and they have it in their power to keep things secret or not, as they may think proper.

‘I mention this subject to you, because, in fact, I have been the means of throwing the public affairs into your hands, and I am anxious that you should conduct them as you ought. This is a matter which would never occur to you, but it is essentially necessary.

‘Remember that what I recommend to you is far removed from mystery; in fact, I recommend silence upon the public business upon all occasions, in order to avoid the necessity of mystery upon any.’—vol. iii. p. 563.

Colonel Gurwood takes occasion, but much too seldom, to introduce short notes of his own, in order to elucidate circumstances which the text of the letters does not explain. We greatly wish that he would be less diffident on this score, since he must have ample means, in consequence of his communications with his illustrious chief, independently of his own extensive professional knowledge, to furnish us with many valuable anecdotes and traits of character relating to the persons to whom the dispatches are addressed. How much, for example, is the interest of this friendly and important letter of the Duke’s enhanced by the following truly military story, which Colonel Gurwood has introduced about Col. Wallace:—

‘A characteristic trait of this officer is recollected by those who served with the army in the Deccan. At the siege of Gawilghur, he had been charged with the execution of certain details necessary to the capture of that place. A heavy gun had been directed to be conveyed by night to an important point, and its transportation over the most rugged mountain so long baffled all endeavours, that the artillery officer, in despair, reported the accomplishment of it to be impossible. “*Impossible, Sir!*” exclaimed Colonel Wallace, who had all his life maintained the most rigid adherence to obedience; “*impossible! let us see.*” He then called for a light, pulled the instructions from his pocket, and having read them, said, “*Oh no, not impossible; the order is positive*” The result evinced the efficacy of the order, and also afforded another proof that implicit obedience, when accompanied by devoted zeal, will in general overcome every difficulty.’—vol. iii. p. 563.—*Note.*

There has occurred a curious circumstance respecting this publication, which we ought to have mentioned sooner, as it materially affects not only the reader’s interest in the work generally, but his comfort and convenience in its perusal. It appears from the preface to the third volume, that after the first was published, and the greater part of the second printed, a further collection of papers

papers was placed in the hands of Colonel Gurwood. All of these, had he received them sooner, would of course have been woven into the first two volumes; and, in order to read the whole book with advantage, it is necessary to mark off the new documents on the *dated index* at the beginning of Vol. III., and peruse each after the letter of immediately preceding date in Vol. I. or II. This inconvenience, however, will no doubt disappear in the new edition which we see advertised.

Colonel Gurwood, however, is mistaken when he says, in allusion to these additional documents, that ‘the repetition may not interest the general reader;’ at least we have found, in almost every one of these fresh letters, some new and pleasing light thrown upon the subjects treated of in the old ones. Indeed we cannot conceive anything more interesting than the different manner, or rather different shades of manner—for the same sincerity pervades them all)—in which the Duke addresses the many different persons to whom it is his duty, or his pleasure, or for the advantage of the service in some way, to detail the transactions in which he is engaged. We are thus furnished with a very considerable variety of new views of each transaction, and at length come to see it with a degree of distinctness which it would be impossible to derive from any letter addressed to a single individual. According to the relative station of the person he writes to—the degree of intimacy between them—the extent of his correspondent’s experience and abilities—the obligation he is under to be particular in his report—or that he is at liberty to generalize, he, of course, writes with more or less confidence, or minuteness, or familiarity. We, however, enjoy the benefit of all these phases of the writer’s mind; and the advantage and pleasure of thus getting so completely behind the scenes is very great. To the Governor-General he writes officially and formally; to the Governor-General’s private secretary he writes demi-officially, and relates a great many things, and enters into innumerable discussions, which we presume were not intended, at all events in the first instance, for the council board, and still less for their present fortunate publicity. Occasionally he writes, about the very same matters, quite privately to the Governor-General, as his brother,—‘Dear Mornington,’—or to the Hon.<sup>ble</sup> Henry Wellesley (now Lord Cowley),—‘My dear Henry.’ And on the same day that he sends off these letters, he probably writes an official one to Colonel Close, beginning ‘Sir,’ accompanied by another intended for his confidence, beginning, ‘My dear Colonel.’ He adopts the same course with his second in command, Colonel Stevenson, in the field with him, or near him, and with his own commanding officer, General Stuart,

at the distant presidency of Madras. For it is very curious to learn, that during the whole of the mighty wars which he carried on in India, and during the still more difficult operations in which he was engaged in negotiating the treaties of peace and in arranging the countries afterwards, he was not strictly the Commander-in-Chief of his own army, but all the time nominally under a senior officer stationed at Madras.

It was of course provided for by the Governor-General that the efficient leader should not be interfered with by the mere official Commander-in-Chief; but the interesting and highly-instructive point for military men to observe is, that although General Wellesley was really and truly charged with the exclusive conduct of the war, and with the multifarious diplomatic arrangements connected therewith, he never for a moment presumes upon this lofty authority vested in him by the sagacious Governor-General, but throughout the whole campaign goes on corresponding with and reporting to General Stuart, with the most unaffected respect, according to the strictest forms of military etiquette. General Stuart, on his side, appears to have behaved with singular discretion and good taste. An inferior mind might have been jealous of the prodigious success of an officer his inferior in rank; but that no such feeling entered his breast is evident from the following expressions in one of the Duke's letters to him, and which shows, by a pleasing sort of reflected light, that General Stuart had very early made the discovery of that transcendent ability which the world at large were not aware of till many years afterwards:—

‘I had yesterday,’ says he, ‘the honour of receiving your letter of the 20th, and two letters of the 22nd, of March.

‘I must first take the liberty of expressing my acknowledgments for the handsome manner in which you have been pleased to notice my services in your dispatch to his Royal Highness the Duke of York and to His Majesty's ministers.

‘In the course of the operations intrusted to me, I certainly had difficulties to encounter, which are inseparable from all military service in this country. But I enjoyed an advantage which but few have had in a similar situation; I served under the immediate orders of an officer who was fully aware of the nature of the operations to be performed, and who, after considering all that was to be done, gave me his full confidence and support in carrying into execution the measures which the exigency of the service might require. Under these circumstances, I was enabled to undertake everything with confidence; and if I failed, I was certain it would be considered with indulgence.

‘I declare,’ he adds, with the true warmth of a generous mind, ‘that I cannot reflect upon the events of the last year without feeling for you the strongest sentiments of gratitude, respect, and attachment; and to have



have received these marks of approbation has given me more real satisfaction than all I have received from other quarters.'—vol. iii., p. 506.

Surely Colonel Gurwood will agree with us in thinking that we ought to be told by him who the officer was, and what became of him, who drew forth such strong expressions of regard from the Duke of Wellington. We trust that he received some substantial reward from the Company, to increase the comforts of honourable repose on his laurels, enjoyed by our Indian heroes in that European Elysium of Asiatics—the streets north of Cavendish and Portman Squares—yclep'd 'Little Bengal.'

We must confess that, when these volumes were first announced, we did not venture to anticipate the connected and dramatic interest which they assume when read consecutively, and by virtue of which we are told the whole story, with almost as little break as if the Duke had actually undertaken to write Commentaries of his wars, in imitation of a high authority. The title of *commentaries*, indeed, might have suited the book better than this of *dispatches*; and though that word must have provoked a dangerous comparison in any other case, the companionship of Cæsar and Wellington would certainly not have appeared unsuitable. At the same time we have no manner of doubt that the Duke has done better to authorize the publication of the letters he actually wrote on the spur of the moment, when he was full of his subject, and possessed of an infinite mass of information which must long since have passed from his memory. Nor must we here forget our obligations to Colonel Gurwood, with whom the idea of giving this collection to the world originated; for it will be obvious to any one who considers the variety, and consequently, various sources, of its materials, that had the present time been allowed to pass, no compilation nearly so complete could ever have been made. In reading these dispatches, we are carried along with the general from day to day—we become his companions—we live in his tent—we are present at every interview with Scindiah's Vakeels—on a march, we listen while his scouts are making their reports—in his study, we look over his shoulder and see what he writes to his brothers, or to his equally confidential friends, Elphinstone, Malcolm, and Barry Close—or in the bustle of war, we hear him giving orders to his gallant second in command, Colonel Stevenson, for the battle next day. We are told all the details by which the army is fed, and clothed, and paid—we learn the difficulties of getting up huge supplies of rice, and the still greater difficulty of getting up those numberless lacs of rupees, without which, as he frequently says, 'the war cannot be carried on.' We are admitted into his private consultations with his officers as to the discipline of the army, and, what is still more interest-

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ing and important, we have laid before us the method of disciplining, so to call it, the native courts with which we were in alliance. Some of these were to be coaxed—some to be threatened—some to be deliberately bribed; and we venture to say, that in the whole course of recorded diplomacy, there cannot be found a series of documents so curious as some of those to which we have just alluded; we mean, particularly, the dispatches addressed to the political residents at the courts of Poonah and Hyderabad, and at the *Darbars* of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar. In short, it is quite a mistake to suppose that the contents of this book are at all similar to those brilliant, but often unsatisfactory official documents, which we may remember to have seen printed in the ‘*Gazette*,’ from time to time, during the war, when it became necessary to communicate to the public some striking result: Here we have *daily* accounts transmitted to government, and to a number of its functionaries, military and civil, in order not only to keep them in full acquaintance with all that had passed, and was actually going on, but with what it was proposed to do, and why. Thus we are admitted completely behind the curtain, and are allowed to see the minutest workings of the machines of war and diplomacy, as well as their grander operations. Here we have the whole system displayed before us under a hundred different aspects, by one of the most competent witnesses that ever lived, an actor in the scenes, and one of whose perfect candour and integrity it is impossible for any man not to feel convinced before he has read a dozen of the letters.

We suppose there are few persons so pacifically disposed, as not to take an interest in knowing what directions the Duke of Wellington would give to an officer under him how to fight a battle with a regular army of the natives. Writing to Colonel Stevenson, he says—

‘There are three lines of operation to be adopted; to attack the enemy, to stand his attack, or to draw off towards me. Supposing you determine to have a brush with them, I recommend what follows to your consideration. Do not attack their positions, because they always take up such as are confoundedly strong and difficult of access; for which the banks of the numerous rivers and nullahs afford them every facility. Do not remain in your own position, however strong it may be, or however well you have intrenched it, but when you shall hear that they are on their march to attack you, secure your baggage, and move out of your camp. You will find them in the common disorder of march; they will not have time to form, which, being but half-disciplined troops, is necessary for them. At all events you will have the advantage of making the attack on ground which they will not have chosen for the battle. A part of their troops only will be engaged; and it is possible you will gain an easy victory. Indeed, according to this mode, you

might choose the field of battle some days before, and might meet them on that very ground.

‘There is another mode of avoiding an action, which is, to keep constantly in motion; but unless you come towards me that would not answer. For my part I am of opinion, that after the beating they received on the 23rd of September (the battle of Assye), they are not likely to stand for a second; and they will all retire with precipitation. But the natives of this country are rashness personified; and I acknowledge that I should not like to see again such a loss as I sustained on the 23rd September, even if attended by such a gain.’—vol. iii. p. 329.

So much for the contact of regular troops—what follows refers to one of those formidable bodies of freebooters which at that time overran and scourged the country, and which, indeed, during all times of Indian history, antecedent to the period when the British government set seriously about suppressing this monstrous oppression, formed the crying evil of oriental misrule.

‘The account you give of the state of Holkar’s army,’ says he, in a letter to Lord Lake, the commander-in-chief of the army in the north, ‘is very satisfactory. I have served a good deal in this part of India against this description of freebooter; and I think that the best mode of operating is to press him with one or two corps capable of moving with tolerable celerity, and of such strength as to render the result of an action by no means doubtful, if he should venture to risk one. There is but little hope, it is true, that he will risk an action, or that any one of these corps will come up with him. The effect to be produced by this mode of operation, is to oblige him to move constantly and with great celerity. When reduced to this necessity, he cannot venture to stop to plunder the country, and he does comparatively little mischief: at all events, the subsistence of his army becomes difficult and precarious, the horsemen become dissatisfied, they perceive that their situation is hopeless, and they desert in numbers daily. The freebooter ends by having with him only a few adherents; and he is reduced to such a state as to be liable to be taken by any small body of country horse, which are the fittest troops to be then employed against him.

‘In proportion as the body of our troops, to be employed against a freebooter of this description, have the power of moving with celerity, will such freebooter be distressed. Whenever the largest and most formidable bodies of them are hard pressed by our troops, the village people attack them upon their rear and flanks, cut off stragglers, and will not allow a man to enter their villages; because their villages being in some degree fortified, they know well that the freebooters dare not wait the time which would be necessary to reduce them. When this is the case, all their means of subsistence vanish, no resource remains excepting to separate; and even this resource is attended by risk, as the village people cut them off on their way to their homes.’—vol. iii. p. 536.

By far the greater number of these dispatches, as may well be supposed, relate either to successful operations, or to measures more or less calculated to secure success, in the event of almost every

every contingency likely to occur. It is not possible within our limits, even to refer to more than a few of the most important of these. But we cannot resist the temptation of quoting a few sentences from a private communication to Colonel Wallace, in which a detailed account is given of the retreat of Colonel Monson, one of the most unfortunate affairs which ever occurred to tarnish the renown of the British arms in India.

The Duke was never a man to sit down and lament to no purpose over past disasters—and addressing a friend, who held a command where the troops might be called upon to act under similar circumstances, his words are as follows:—

‘The Commander-in-Chief has taken the field, and it is to be hoped that he will have an early opportunity of wiping away the disgrace which we have suffered. It is worth while to review the transactions, in order that we may see to what these misfortunes ought to be attributed, that in future, if possible, they may be avoided. In the first place, it appears that Colonel Monson’s corps was never so strong as to be able to engage Holkar’s army, if that chief should collect it; at least, the Colonel was of that opinion. Secondly, it appears that it had not any stock of provisions. Thirdly, that it depended for provisions upon certain rajahs, who urged its advance. Fourthly, that no measures whatever were taken by British officers to collect provisions either at Boondy or Kota, or even at Rampoorra, a fort belonging to us, in which we had a British garrison. Fifthly, that the detachment was advanced to such a distance, over so many impassable rivers and nullahs, without any boats collected, or posts upon those rivers; and, in fact, that the detachment owes its safety to the rajah of Kota, who supplied them with his boats.

‘The result of these facts is an opinion, in my mind, that the detachment must have been lost, even if Holkar had not attacked them with his infantry and artillery. In respect to the conduct of the operations, it is my opinion that Monson ought to have attacked Holkar in the first instance. If he chose to retire, he ought to have been the rear-guard with his infantry, and to have sent the irregular horse away with the baggage. When he began to retreat, he ought not to have stopped longer than a night at Muckundra; because he must have been certain that the same circumstances which obliged him to retire to Muckundra would also oblige him to quit that position. The difference between a good and a bad military position is nothing when the troops are starving. The same reasoning holds good respecting Monson’s halt at Rampoorra, unless he intended to fight: as he had been reinforced, he ought to have fallen back till he was certain of his supplies; and having waited till Holkar approached him, and particularly as Holkar’s army was not then in great strength in infantry and guns, he ought to have vigorously attacked him before he retired. When his piquets were attacked on the Banas, he ought to have supported them with his whole corps, leaving one battalion on the northern bank, to take care of his baggage: and if he had done so, he probably would have gained a victory, would have saved his baggage, and regained his honour.

‘ We have some important lessons from this campaign. First; we should never employ a corps on a service for which it is not fully equal. Secondly; against the Marhattas in particular, but against all enemies, we should take care to be sure of plenty of provisions. Thirdly; experience has shown us that British troops can never depend upon rajahs or any allies, for their supplies. Our own officers must purchase them; and if we should employ a native in such important service, we ought to see the supplies before we venture to expose our troops in the situation in which we may want them. Fourthly; when we have a fort which can support our operations, such as Rampoorah to the northward, or Ahmednugger or Chandore in your quarter, we should immediately adopt effectual measures to fill it with provisions and stores in case of need. Fifthly; when we cross a river likely to be full in the rains, we ought to have a post and boats upon it; as I have upon all the rivers south of Poonah, and as you have, I hope, upon the Beemah and the Godavery.

‘ In respect to the operations of a corps in the situation of Monson’s, they must be decided and quick; and in all retreats, it must be recollected, that they are safe and easy, in proportion to the number of attacks made by the retreating corps. But attention to the foregoing observations will, I hope, prevent a British corps from retreating.’—vol. ii. p. 389.

How complete and how delicately given, is this lecture of consummate wisdom and prudence!

There is nothing in these volumes which excites our interest more, than the power which the writer exhibits of abstracting his mind from the crowd of objects by which he was surrounded, and applying his faculties to the particular point to which, for the time being, it was his most immediate duty to attend, and which must have seemed to those about him, to be the only thing he cared for in the world. Whether it be to anticipate, and if possible, prevent, the evils of famine—(vol. iii. p. 330); or to devise means for alleviating the misery of the inhabitants when that dreadful scourge of India had fallen upon them—(vol. ii. p. 202); or to lay all the particulars of an important treaty of peace before the Governor-General—(vol. i. pp. 557-561); to discuss the most intricate questions of exchanges—(vol. iii. p. 321, and vol. ii. p. 210); to regulate the currency of his camp—(vol. ii. p. 450); or to enter minutely into extensive and complicated questions of finance (see a long and curious letter to Lord W. Bentinck on this subject, vol. ii. p. 254); or to chalk out the plan of a campaign—(vol. ii. p. 232); to describe the operations of a siege—(vol. i. pp. 551-554); or to descend to the details of the formation of a body of cavalry—(vol. iii. p. 357); or to report the particulars of a forced march of sixty miles in thirty-two hours, with a fight at the end of it—(vol. ii. pp. 97. 100); with a hundred other topics,—it is all one to him, for each and all of these services are described

described with a degree of familiarity and spirit, only equalled by the energy with which they were undertaken and executed.

It is pleasing to notice the gentleness of the expressions in which the strongest and most positive orders are couched. He scarcely ever uses the word 'order;' and the word 'command,' or even 'desire,' is not to be found anywhere. It is always 'I request you will do so and so:' 'You will be so good as to do so and so.' See, for instance, vol. iii. pp. 370, 379, 395. Neither does it matter whether he is writing to the Governor-General, at Calcutta,—or to the Commander-in-Chief, at Madras,—or to a native rajah,—or to one of his own officers commanding a detachment,—or, finally, to one of his own familiar friends and coadjutors;—the same uniform mildness in the expression, accompanied with clearness and force of diction, pervades the whole. Even when it is manifest that he is highly displeased with some blundering blockhead, whether high in office or in a subordinate station, he appears to take the utmost care to avoid wounding the feelings of any man; or, if it be necessary to find fault, it would seem to be his study to inflict the minimum of punishment necessary to accomplish the salutary purpose in view. Nothing seems to give him more pleasure than making up a quarrel. The following sentence shows how well he understands the springs of human nature. He is speaking of two natives who were at daggers drawn, and whom it was important to bring to good terms:—'In order to bring the parties to a decent state of reconciliation and friendship, it will be necessary to save the honour of both parties, and that there should be *no formal stipulation*.'—(vol. i. p. 547.) On another occasion, when two British officers, one in charge of the civil arrangements of a district, the other of the military, were not on cordial terms, he writes to one of them as follows:—'This arrangement will be convenient, as it will save you much time and trouble;—provided there is a perfect understanding between you and Colonel Walker, and a sincere desire on both sides to carry on the service, and no wish in either to raise his individual personal consequence above that of the other, all will go right, and the natives will not perceive that there is a divided authority.'—(vol. i. p. 548.)

The delicacy with which, in the above passage, he hints at the tendency amongst officers so situated to put their own consequence before the interests of the public service, is singularly adroit; but we could quote a hundred instances of similar good feeling and dexterity in his discipline.

In defending his officers unjustly attacked, or in supporting their just claims to advancement, or to remuneration for losses incurred

incurred in the course of the public service, he displays a degree of generous warmth which must have greatly attached both officers and men to him :—

‘ I am concerned,’ he says, in answering a letter from the Bombay government, ‘ to inform you, that Captain Mackay was killed in the action of the 23rd September (Assye). It was unfortunate that I was not at first apprized of the precise objections to Captain Mackay’s accounts, because I could, by return of post, have transmitted the declaration in honour required from him by the regulations of the Bombay government. All I can now say on the subject is, that as far as it is possible for one man to answer for another, I will answer for Captain Mackay, that the money laid out was honestly and fairly laid out for the public service, and that Captain Mackay derived no benefit from it whatever.’—vol. iii. p. 333.

The same amiable anxiety is well shown in the following paragraph, relating to an officer of high and estimable character, the late General Macauley :—

‘ I do not recollect,’ he writes, ‘ whether anything was done respecting Major Macauley. There is not a doubt but that the mode in which he brought forward his proposition regarding the tobacco was unguarded. But Major Macauley is an honest and deserving servant of the public ; one who, I know, is attached personally to the Governor-General, and to the good principles of government in India ; and it is evident he has felt the censure which he has received. The explanation he has given of his conduct is satisfactory, and there is nothing against him, except that he did not at first sufficiently explain the transaction which he brought under the view of the Governor-General. That being the case, he no longer deserves the censure of the government ; and as it is certain that these censures never fail to damp the zeal and cool the attachment of the public servants of the government—and as the attachment of a man such as Macauley must always be of use, I most anxiously recommend that some measure may be adopted to soothe his feelings. In fact, if it be true that Macauley did not deserve the censure, and received it only because he made an erroneous or imperfect statement of a transaction in which he had been concerned, which I believe to be the case, to recall or cancel the censure is only a matter of justice.’—vol. ii. p. 473.

We may here take notice of a small circumstance, similar in taste and feeling to that above alluded to. It will be seen, in many places in these letters, that the names of the persons found fault with are left blank, and we have reason to believe that such omissions have been made in every case where, by possibility, any unnecessary pain might have been given to the parties concerned, or to their friends.

We have already mentioned that the Duke never takes offence, although we can often perceive that he must have been provoked

voked by receiving no answers to the most urgent letters. In writing, for instance, to General Lake, he says,—‘I have never received any letter from you; but I concluded that you had been so much occupied as to have wanted leisure to answer the letters which I addressed to you, or that your letter had been intercepted. I am very sensible,’ he adds, ‘of the favours conferred upon me and the officers who have served under my command, in the promotion of Lieut.-Col. Wallace, and others, whom I had the honour of recommending to your notice.’—(vol. ii. p. 279.) Yet, in spite of all his gentleness, he seems to have been keenly alive to the unaccountable neglect of government in the case of his own advancement. In a letter to the Governor-General’s private secretary, dated 8th June, 1804, he expresses a wish to return to England, and says,—

‘My principal reason for wishing to go is, that I have served as long in India as any man ought who can serve anywhere else;’—[he had then been seven years and a half in that country]—‘and I think there appears a prospect of service in Europe, in which I should be more likely to get forward. Another is, that I have been good deal annoyed by rheumatism in my back, for which living in a tent during another monsoon is not a very good remedy; and a third is, that I do not think I have been very well treated by the King’s government. It is now about two years since I have been a major-general, and nearly as much since I was appointed to the staff at Fort St. George, by General Stuart. Since that time it has been perfectly well known that I had led a body of troops into the Marhatta territories; and supposing that I had no other pretensions to be placed on the staff, I might have expected a confirmation of General Stuart’s act, under those circumstances. The staff in India had been under consideration, and another officer had been appointed to it.’

He then gives various other strong reasons for wishing to go home; but, true to the principles of discipline and public spirit, which appear to reign paramount in his mind at all times, he winds up his letter thus:—

‘I need scarcely add, that if the Governor-General should think that I can be of the smallest use to his plans, I shall remain with pleasure.’—vol. ii. p. 294.

He appears to have been taken at his word, for we find him writing, six months afterwards, in the following terms. It appears, from the beginning of this letter, and from others which we do not quote, that after he had left the Deccan affairs did not prosper so well as they had done when he was there to guide them; and, besides that, Holkar, whose transient success against a detachment of the British army has already been mentioned, had caused serious alarm in the north. These, and other circumstances, induced the Governor-General to wish his brother to return to the Deccan, and off he set accordingly. But before  
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he reached his destination various incidents occurred to detain him on the road. An attack of fever at Seringapatam was the first cause of detention. Then he heard of the redoubtable Holkar being defeated; and lastly he learned that the troops in Guzerat were running, as he says, the Lord knows where, in obedience to the orders of the Commander-in-Chief.

The letter above alluded to is addressed to the Governor-General's private secretary, and bears date the 4th of January, 1805. After recapitulating the reasons which had induced him to set out on his return to the scene of his great Marhatta campaigns, the well-nigh exhausted general proceeds:—

‘Upon the whole, I conceive I am justified in not going into the Deccan, by the accomplishment of one object in view in sending me there—by a concurrence of circumstances which render another impracticable, useless, and dangerous—and by the sentiments of the Governor-General.’

He continues in the following words, which will be read, we are sure, with interest by every class of readers, as giving a picture of the Duke's mind at a moment when he could little have dreamed of his subsequent renown:—

‘I acknowledge, however, that I have determined not to go into the Deccan, not without a considerable degree of doubt and hesitation. I know that all classes of people look up to me, and it will be difficult for another officer to take my place. I also know that my presence there would be useful in the settlement of many points which remain unsettled, and which will probably require time and peace to bring to a conclusion. But these circumstances are not momentary; whenever I should depart, the same inconveniences would be found in an increased degree, and very possibly the same state of affairs which now renders my presence in the Deccan desirable, will exist for the next seven years. I certainly do not propose to spend my life in the Deccan, and I should not think it necessary, in any event, to stay there one moment longer than the Governor-General should stay in India. I conclude that he intends to go in February, as he proposed when I left Calcutta, in case Holkar should be defeated and the peace should be certain: and upon this point, having considered whether my presence in the Deccan, for one, two, or three months, would answer any purpose whatever, I am decidedly of opinion that it would not.

‘In regard to staying longer, the question is exactly whether the Court of Directors or the King's Ministers have any claim upon me strong enough to induce me to do anything so disagreeable to my feelings (leaving health out of the question) as to remain for a length of time in this country.

‘I have served the Company in important situations for many years, and have never received anything but injury from the Court of Directors; although I am a singular instance of an officer who has served under all the governments, and in communication with all the political residents  
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and many civil authorities; and there is not a single instance on record, or in any private correspondence, of disapprobation of any one of my acts, or a single complaint, or even a symptom of ill-temper, from any one of the political or civil authorities in communication with whom I acted.

‘The King’s Ministers have as little claim upon me as the Court of Directors. I am not very ambitious, and I acknowledge that I never have been very sanguine in my expectations that military services in India would be considered in the scale in which are considered similar services in other parts of the world. But I might have expected to have been placed on the staff in India; and yet, if it had not been for the lamented death of General Fraser, General Smith’s arrival would have made me supernumerary. This is perfectly well known to the army, and is the subject of a good deal of conversation.

‘If my services were absolutely necessary for the security of the British empire, or to ensure its peace, I should not hesitate a moment about staying, even for years; but these men, or the public, have no right to ask me to stay in India merely because my presence, in a particular quarter, may be attended by *convenience*.

‘But this is not the only point in which this question ought to be viewed. I have considered whether, in the situation of affairs in India at present, my arrival in England is not a desirable object. Is it not necessary to take some steps to explain the causes of the late increase of the military establishments, and to endeavour to explode some erroneous notions which have been entertained and are circulated upon this subject? Are there not now a variety of subjects in discussion relating to this country, upon which some verbal explanation is absolutely necessary? I conceive, therefore, that in determining not to go into the Deccan, and to sail by the first opportunity for England, I consult the public interests not less than I do my own private convenience and wishes.

‘I have now detailed the grounds upon which I have formed my plans, and determination to go home. However, I must inform you that I am not in a hurry to carry them into execution. I am prepared for everything, and in five days I can be at Madras; and on the other hand, if I should see any solid necessity for going into the Deccan, I shall not be remiss in my duty. But I can tell you that I shall not be drawn there by mere suspicions and unfounded surmises.

‘Believe me,’ &c.—vol. ii. pp. 519-521.

We see in this letter, and indeed in every other, that, however urgent the personal motives might be which urged him to follow any particular course, his sense of public duty formed the principle by which his conduct was eventually guided. Of this, the Duke’s high-spirited and able Editor, in one of those *notes* the rarity of which we have already lamented, furnishes an interesting example:—

‘On the return of the expedition from Hanover (in the beginning of 1806), he was appointed to the command of a brigade of infantry stationed

tioned at Hastings, in the Sussex district, to the discipline, manœuvre, and minute details of which he paid the most scrupulous attention.

'There is no situation,' adds the gallant Colonel, 'and there are no circumstances, in which an officer of the army may be placed, that will not, in some manner or other, be stamped with the superior principles of a thorough soldier. An intimate friend having remarked in familiar terms to Sir Arthur Wellesley, when at Hastings, how he, having commanded armies of forty thousand men in the field; having received the thanks of the British parliament for his victories; and having been made Knight of the Bath, could submit to be reduced to the command of a brigade of infantry!

"For this plain reason," was the answer; "I am *nimmuckwallah*, as we say in the East, that is, I have ate of the King's salt, and therefore I conceive it to be my duty to serve, with unhesitating zeal and cheerfulness, when and where the King or his government may think proper to employ me."

'This maxim,' observes Colonel Gurwood, 'has the more force from there being officers in the army who, unfortunately for them, having declined subordinate employ from flattering themselves with superior pretensions, have repented their decision during their professional lives. And it is for this reason that the compiler has presumed to draw the attention of those who may hereafter be placed in similar circumstances, to this great military principle, as well as to the example of the Duke of Wellington.'—vol. ii. p. 616, *note*.

But we must hasten to bring our extracts to a conclusion. The following general view of the state of the British power in India in the beginning of 1804, after the great Marhatta war, and still greater peace which the Duke concluded, will, especially as coming from his hand, be read with equal pride and pleasure:—

'The British government has been left, by the late war, in a most glorious situation. They are the sovereigns of a great part of India; the protectors of the principal powers; and the mediators, by treaty, of the disputes of all. The sovereignty they possess is greater, their power is settled upon more permanent foundations, than any before known in India. All it wants is the popularity, which, from the nature of its institutions, and the justice of the proceedings of the government, it is likely to obtain, and which it must obtain after a short period of tranquillity shall have given the people time and opportunity to feel the happiness and security they enjoy.'—vol. ii. p. 47.

We learn, just as we are finishing our paper, that a valuable discovery has recently been made in India, consisting of several volumes of letters in the Duke of Wellington's handwriting, found in the records of the Mysore Residency. These documents embrace the period immediately subsequent to the Duke's taking command of Seringapatam, up to his illness at Bombay in 1801; in short, the period of his Mysore Government. They are all addressed to the late Colonel Barry Close.

We are assured that these papers afford new and striking proofs of the versatility and extent of his capacity, and are of great interest, as showing how early in life he had mastered all the difficulties that presented themselves to him;—and it must be remembered by every attentive reader, that as to this government, there occurred a most disappointing chasm in Vol. I. We therefore hope to see the whole of the new treasure worked up into Colonel Gurwood's next edition; and we heartily wish it might be found possible to give that edition in a cheaper form—and above all, with *copious* editorial notes in *usum vulgi*. The dispatches already published have excited in India an interest, we are told, far beyond that caused by anything which had heretofore appeared, and, in the opinion of the best authorities there, must do great good, by showing in what manner those countries may be successfully governed, and our power firmly consolidated, by the strictest adherence to the principles of good faith, fair dealing, and moderation in everything. But we must repeat, that the great charm and value of this collection in our eyes is, that it affords such a complete yet artless portraiture of the greatest of contemporary minds and characters—such a vivid picture of the Duke as *a man*, as we firmly believe the world never before possessed, of a really first-rate historical personage. It is well worth all the autobiographies, that ever were penned with a view to publication, put together.

We conclude by adopting the language of one who never writes feebly, but who has been inspired to a more than common energy of eloquence by this subject. Mr. W. R. Hamilton, in a note to a recent essay on matters of a far different description, takes occasion to say of Colonel Gurwood's book—

‘ If you only read one portion of these letters, you might fancy the writer to have been bred in a merchant's counting-house; if another, you would say he was a *commissaire de guerre*, or a professed diplomatist, a financier or a jurist, or that he had travelled all the world over to collect historical and geographical knowledge; he is the able counsellor of his equals; the honest adviser of his superiors; the merciful chastiser of the erring; the warm friend of the brave, and the best practical politician and moralist of his time; he is throughout the true lover of his country, and if there is one quality more prominent than the rest, it is his inimitable singleness of heart and soul.\*    ■

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\* Second Letter to Lord Elgin, on the Architecture of the New Houses of Parliament, p. 61.

- ART. V.**—1. *Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen.* By Walter Savage Landor, Esq. Second edition. 3 vols. 8vo. London. 1826.
2. *Imaginary Conversations.* Second Series. 2 vols. 8vo. 1829.
3. *Pericles and Aspasia.* 2 vols. 12mo. 1836.
4. *Gobir, Count Julian, and other Poems.* London. 12mo. 1831.
5. *Idyllia Heroica.* Pisis apud S. Nistrium. 4to. 1820.
6. *A Satire on Satirists.* London. 8vo. 1836.

**I**T is a perilous service to approach an author who challenges his critics to write dialogues. ‘My four volumes,’ says Mr. Landor, ‘contain more than seventy dialogues; let the sturdiest of the *connexion*’—(meaning some of his critics, we know not whom, nor why thus distinguished),—‘take the *ten worst*; and if he equals them in ten years I will give him a hot wheaten roll and a pint of brown stout for breakfast.’ The offered reward may possibly be not unsuitable to the task proposed. If to equal the *ten best* had been the challenge, whatever might still have been thought of the singularity of such a defiance, no man could slight, and no modest man would willingly accept it; for the more excellent of Mr. Landor’s dialogues contain specimens of eloquent composition,—pure, concise, imaginative.—such as it may be safely affirmed no living writer has surpassed. To attempt a rivalry with the *ten worst* would require an impudence of another description,—a brazen front, the exaggeration of caricature, and wit bordering on buffoonery. Let us hope that our notice of Mr. Landor’s works will submit us to neither sort of competition.

Why will not this writer bear in mind,—what the simplest observer of our nature could suggest to him,—that he who wishes us to believe the sincerity of his contempt, ought to express the sentiment but rarely? The mere language of contempt is that which anger always uses; it is the first retort of vexation and resentment. Why will he, on every occasion, under whatever name he is writing, Demosthenes, or Aristotle, or Pericles, betray the same exacerbation of feeling towards persons and things professedly puny and indifferent? Why must the greatest and most successful orators be represented as smarting with the sense of unmerited censure or neglect? Why, in opposition to all dramatic propriety, must the head and features of Pericles be painted on the naked body of a St. Sebastian, all wounds and writhing? ‘You are anxious,’ it is thus that the most fortunate of Athenians addresses the fair Aspasia,

‘You are anxious that I should be praised as a writer, by writers who direct the public in these matters. Aspasia! I know their value. Understand me correctly and comprehensively; I mean partly the intrinsic worth

worth of their commendations, and partly (as we pay in the price of our utensils) the fashion. I have been accused of squandering away both the public money and my own ; nobody shall ever accuse me of paying three obols for the most grandly embossed and most sonorous panegyric. I would excite the pleasure (it were too much to say the admiration) of judicious and thoughtful men ; but I would neither soothe nor irritate these busybodies. I have neither honey nor lime for ants.'—*Per. and Asp.*, vol. i. p. 245.

We take no pleasure in pointing out the triumph which, it will be suspected, has been obtained over this author's irritability. We would rather have watched him in his quiet efforts to establish an enduring reputation, to be gained, we cheerfully acknowledge, by other means than are sufficient to acquire the popularity of the day. The love of posthumous fame no writer has better vindicated. 'Fame they tell you is air ; but without air there is no life for any ; without fame there is none for the best.' And in a beautiful passage, very appropriately assigned to Cicero, he thus describes and justifies this love of glory :—' Everything has its use ; life to teach us the contempt of death, and death the contempt of life. Glory, which among all things between stands eminently the principal object, although it has been considered by some philosophers as mere vanity and deception, moves those great intellects which nothing else could have stirred, and places them where they can best and most advantageously serve the commonwealth.' We regret that one capable of feeling, and of so accurately appreciating, this passion for a lofty and enduring fame, could not secure to it a less divided empire over his own mind. Neither his habits nor his position in life rendered valuable to him the little buzz of temporary renown ; he should have raised his mind to its highest elevation, and kept it there,—should have written his best, and his best only—and given it forth for critics to discover in it what they could, or what they pleased.

There is a never-dying feud, it seems, between those who write for praise, and those who take upon themselves the somewhat invidious office of its public distribution ; nor is it an easy task to decide which party in the contest has exhibited the most unfairness, or betrayed the worst temper. But whatever the comparative force, or bitterness, which the rival factions may bring into the field, we may note, if the matter be worth an observation, that the victory will always ostensibly remain with the authors. Bad critics and bad authors are equally abundant ; but while the despised author dies quickly out of sight, and is altogether forgotten, the hapless and transgressing critic is not always allowed the same refuge of oblivion. His name becomes attached to that which he vainly attempted to disparage ; his disgrace is perpetuated ; and rarely

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is a celebrated poet led forth in triumph but a crowd of these unhappy caitiffs, with hands bound behind their backs, are doomed to make part of the procession. The writer who perishes leaves behind no materials for a trophy; he who survives holds up, as it hangs from his shield, the ineffectual weapon that had assailed him. The successful blow is inevitably forgotten in its own result, and in the frailty of the material on which it fell; the idle and presumptuous stroke is alone commemorated,—the axe lies in splinters at the root of the impenetrable oak.

At the risk of sharing, in this unenviable manner, the immortality of Mr. Landor,—at the hazard of being classed with those who, occupying themselves with the good compositions of others only to produce indifferent matter of their own, are here wittily enough described as exactly reversing the progress of the sculptor, —‘for this last begins with dirt and ends with marble, the critic begins with marble and ends with dirt,’—in the face of all this, of the rude chastisement or utter contempt that await us, we shall endeavour to form an impartial estimate of the merits and demerits of this writer,—a writer who deserves to be much better known than he is, but who, however his celebrity may increase, can never be allowed to escape from censures, many and severe.

Every extensive work presents us with parts of unequal merit, but nowhere do we remember to have met with so singular a discrepancy of this kind, as in the *Imaginary Conversations*. The light and darkness lie together in strong and frequent relief. The few passages we have already quoted, display the writer who can, on some occasions, as recklessly violate all the rules of taste, as, in other instances, he can fully comply with their most rigid demands. The same man who can deliver moral sentiments, or reflections upon human life, in language rarely excelled, whether in beauty of metaphor, in tenderness, or dignity, can be coarse in his allusions, absurdly extravagant, and forget all temperance whether of thought or of expression. Lampoon, and caricature, and the dialogue of a dull farce, are found mingled with conversations which would not have disgraced the lips of those celebrated sages and orators of antiquity to whom he has thought fit to attribute them.

The discordant materials of these dialogues leave upon the mind an impression equally mixed of the character of their author; we alternately honour and recoil, admire and denounce. Grossly unjust in his strictures upon others, and himself rankling with the sense of undistinguished merit, he seems to have engrafted on a merose disposition all the petty irascibility of a Sir Fretful. Yet the writer of the *Imaginary Conversations*, (and as such only are we acquainted with his character,) amidst his atrabilious humours,

humours, his pitiable arrogance, his offensive intemperance, displays a certain generosity, and a chivalrous independence of opinion, to which we would willingly do ample justice. He is prepared at all times to be the champion of the weak, the ally of the defeated, the applauder of the unregarded or disesteemed. If to be fortunate, if to have attained popularity, or rank, or power, be manifest provocations of Mr. Landor's hostility, let it be also admitted that the neglect or censure of the world, or the impediment of adverse circumstances, are equally effective in securing his approbation or alliance. If our cynic growls, it is at the rich man, not the beggar: purple and fine linen he flies at and worries—he is tame and civil—he fawns on the tatters of adversity.

The poetry of Byron does not exhibit more wayward and untameable passion than the prose of Landor. Both of these fugitives to Italy are fond of parading their love of seclusion and their indifference to the opinion of their countrymen, sentiments which are sometimes sincere, but never when uttered in a loud or angry voice: they are then the efforts only of a proud spirit to *transmute* some vexation or disappointment which it cannot overcome. They who really love seclusion do not find it necessary to raise a quarrel with the world in order to reanimate their content; nor is the man who can live without the praise of others, very solicitous to convince them of the fact. 'I,' says Mr. Landor in one of his prefaces, 'I, who never ask anything of any man.' A heartless boast, if true. He who is unable to receive, as well as to give, has learnt but the half of friendship.

But from the character of the man, which can rarely be ascertained with accuracy from his writings, we return to the works themselves of our author. In attempts at humour or gaiety—in all efforts to raise laughter or excite mirth—the writer of the *Imaginary Conversations* is signally unfortunate. The dialogue between the *Duke de Richelieu*, *Sir Fire Coats*, and *Lady Glen-grin*, is one of the longest in the collection; it is intended to be pleasant and facetious; we question whether ten readers have been able to make a fair progress from the commencement to the end. What wit Mr. Landor possesses (and he is not without wit) is such as is calculated, not to raise a smile, but to cut and wound. He is too violent, too intolerant in his censures, ever to admit of the playfulness of satire. The animosity by which he appears to be actuated against every statesman of the time, is as injurious to his witticism as it is dishonourable to his judgment. If it be true (as he himself assures us, and we will not here take upon ourselves to dispute) that his *Conversations* are destined for immortality



tality—if those ‘two fingers’ and that ‘pen’\* mark out whomsoever he pleases for eternal applause or infamy—what black, hideous, and distorted portraits of some of the most illustrious of his contemporaries are fated to descend to future generations! ‘Alas!’ he exclaims in a penitential note to the dialogue between Bishop Burnet and Humphrey Hardcastle, ‘Alas! my writings are not upon slate; no finger—not of Time himself, *who dips it in the clouds of years and in the storm and tempest*—can efface the written.’ Alas, then—for it is left us only to re-echo the lamentation—that calumny and ill-humour should be destined to endure so long, that invective so unjust, and so little animated by wit, should be imposed so irremediably upon all posterity!

Neither is our author happy in his *descriptions*. In these, whenever he attempts them, he is, with few exceptions, laboured and ineffectual, abrupt, overstrained, obscure. What was probably conceived with feeling has been executed with mere rhetoric, and ends in a sort of frigid bombast. As an instance of this unfortunate species of writing, we select the brief introduction—and where failures are to be exemplified the briefest instance is the best—to the Conversation between *General Kleber and some French officers*.

‘An English officer was sitting with his back against the base of the Great Pyramid. He sometimes looked towards those of elder date and ruder materials before him, sometimes was absorbed in thought, and sometimes was observed to write in a pocket-book with great rapidity. “If he were not writing,” said a French naturalist to a young ensign, “I should imagine him to have lost his eyesight by the ophthalmia. He does not see us: level your rifle—we cannot find a greater curiosity.” *The arts prevailed: the officer slid with extended arms from his resting-place; the blood, running from his breast, was audible as a swarm of insects in the sand.* No other sound was heard. Powder had exploded; life had passed away; not a vestige remained of either.’—vol. i. p. 197.

But if descriptive powers are not manifested in the pages of Mr. Landor;—if humour is absent, and wit but thinly scattered over them—if good taste is violated in many ways—if fair and equitable estimation of human character is seldom to be found,—yet, as we have already intimated, the ‘Imaginary Conversations,’ when the theme is grave or lofty, and the speaker dignified, display a congenial and appropriate eloquence—perspicuous, pow-

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\* ‘*Pallavicini*. Your houses of parliament, Mr. Landor, for their own honour, for the honour of the service and of the nation, should have animadverted on such an outrage: he should answer for it, he should suffer for it.

‘*Landor*. These two fingers have more power, Marchese, than those two houses. A pen! he shall live for it. What, with their animadversions, can they do like this?’—vol. i. p. 194.

erful, and rich with happy metaphor and well-considered remark. Whatever may be thought of the project of reviving—of bringing into familiar conversation, and in a modern tongue, such men as Cicero, and Aristotle, and Plato, it must be allowed that a language unworthy of them is seldom put into their lips. Great skill is also manifested in the conduct of the dialogue. The page is not encumbered with matter merely introductory of that which the author has at heart to express. The conversation passes with ease from one topic to another: there is no abruptness in the transition; and no idle and intrusive attempt to explain at every turn why one subject is taken up and another dismissed. We are not wearied, as in the dialogues of Shaftesbury, with impertinent detail to introduce what, as being the manifest object of the composition, needed no such formality. Enough that two men are conversing—that they discourse on a subject likely to occupy their thoughts—and that, one topic being exhausted, a new but kindred one is started. In some of the earliest dialogues there is a want of fluency in the style, and of easy connexion in the ideas; the reader is apt to suspect that the author is bringing together, not without violence, sentences separately produced, and perhaps at long intervals. But this aspect of constraint—this detection of mosaic workmanship (and it is the detection alone which at any time constitutes the fault) does not accompany us far. The style assumes as much of the freedom of conversation as is perhaps compatible with its strength and accuracy. At least we ourselves should be unwilling to barter any portion of these qualities for a more tripping measure, or more flowing cadence.

The Conversations in which Mr. Landor introduces the celebrated personages of antiquity, please us most; and to these we shall first turn for instances of those happier efforts we have been commending. Phocion is made to converse in a manner very suitable to one who was a Greek in philosophy, and a Roman in virtue. There is one argument, however, which is assigned to him against allowing citizens to determine by will the descent of their property, which is too frivolous for any but a sophist by profession. He is made to object against wills, that in receiving a bequest we take to ourselves *what nobody has given*—‘for he whom you call the giver does not exist, can do nothing, can accept nothing, can exchange nothing, can give nothing.’ This might be very appropriate in the mouth of a quibbling sophist, but ill accords with one who—we quote Mr. Landor’s own pithy eulogy—‘conquered with few soldiers, and convinced with few words.’ A will was never thought to be the act of the dead, but of the living man; it is the gift of his shield and spear when he shall no longer be able to carry them, of his house when he shall no longer inhabit it.

The conversation between Phocion and the orator Eschines, by a very natural transition, turns upon the rival of the latter—Demosthenes.

‘*Eschines*.—Oh! could I embody the spirit I receive from you, and present it in all its purity to the Athenians, they would surely hear me with as much attention as that invoker and violator of the gods, Demosthenes, to whom my blood would be the most acceptable libation at the feasts of Philip. Pertinacity and clamorousness, he imagines, are tests of sincerity and truth; although we know that a weak orator raises his voice higher than a powerful one, as the lame raise their legs higher than the sound. Can anything be so ridiculous as the pretensions of this man, who, because I employ no action, says, *action is the first, the second, the third requisite of oratory*, while he himself is the most ungraceful of our speakers, and, even in appealing to the gods, begins by scratching his head?

‘*Phocion*.—I smile at reflecting on the levity with which we contemporaries often judge of those great authors whom posterity will read with incessant admiration: such is Demosthenes. Differ as we may from him in politics, we must acknowledge that no language is clearer, no thoughts more natural, no words more proper, no combinations more unexpected, no cadences more diversified and harmonious. Accustomed to consider as the best what is at once the most simple and emphatic, and knowing that whatever satisfies the understanding conciliates the ear, I think him little if at all inferior to Aristoteles in style, although in wisdom he is as a mote to a sunbeam; and superior to my master Plato, excellent as he is; gorgeous indeed, but becomingly, like wealthy monarchs. Defective, however, and faulty must be the composition in prose which you and I, with our utmost study and attention, cannot understand. In poetry it is not exactly so: the greater part of it must be intelligible to the multitude; but in the very best there is often an under-song of sense which none beside the poetical mind, or one deeply versed in its mysteries, can comprehend. Euripides and Pindar have been blamed by many, who perceived not that the arrow drawn against them fell on Homer.

‘Let us praise, my Eschines, whatever we can reasonably: nothing is less laborious or irksome—no office is less importunate, or nearer a sinecure. Above all others, praise those who contend with you for glory, since they have already borne their suffrages to your judgment by entering on the same career. Deem it a peculiar talent, and what no three men in any age have possessed, to give each great citizen or great writer his just proportion of applause. A barbarian king or his eunuch can distribute equally and fairly beans and lentils; but I perceive that Eschines himself finds a difficulty in awarding just commendations.

‘A few days ago, an old woman, who wrote formerly a poem on Codrus—such as Codrus, with all his self-devotion, would hardly have read to save his country—met me in the street, and taxed me with injustice towards Demosthenes.

‘*You do not know him*, said she; *he has heart, and somewhat of genius: true, he is singular and eccentric; yet I assure you I have*  
seen

een compositions of his that do him credit. We must not judge of him from his speeches in public: there he is violent; but a billet of his, I do declare, is quite a treasure.

'Lady, replied I, Demosthenes is fortunate to be protected by the same cuirass as Codrus.

'The commendations of these people are not always what you would think them, left-handed and detractive: for singular must every man appear who is different from his neighbours; and he is the most different from them who is most above them. If the clouds were inhabited by men, the men must be of other form and features than those on earth, and their gait would not be the same as upon the grass or pavement. Diversity no less is contracted by the habitations, as it were, and haunts, and exercises of our minds. Singularity, when it is natural, requires no apology; when it is affected, is detestable.

'Come, a few more words upon Demosthenes. Do not, my friend, inveigh against him, lest a part of your opposition be attributed to envy. How many arguments is it worth to him, if you appear to act from another motive than principle! True, his eloquence is imperfect: what among men is not? In his repartees there is no playfulness, in his voice there is no flexibility, in his action there is neither dignity nor grace: but how often has he stricken you dumb with his irony! how often has he tossed you from one hand to the other with his interrogatories! Concentrated are his arguments—select, and distinct, and orderly his topics—ready and unfastidious his expressions—popular his allusions—plain his illustrations—easy the swell and subsidence of his periods—his dialect purely Attic. Is this no merit? Is it none in an age of idle rhetoricians, who have forgotten how their fathers and mothers spoke to them? Praise him, my Eschines, if you wish to be victorious; if you acknowledge that you are vanquished, then revile him and complain. In composition I know not any superior to him; and in an assembly of the people he derives advantages from his defects themselves, from the violence of his action, and from the vulgarity of his mien. Permit him to possess these advantages over you: consider him as a wrestler whose body is robust, but whose feet rest upon something slippery; use your dexterity, and reserve your blows. Regard him, if less excellent as a statesman, citizen, or soldier, rather as a genius or demon, who, whether beneficent or malignant, hath, from an elevation far above us, launched forth many new stars into the firmament of mind.

'Eschines. O, that we had been born in other days! The best men always fall upon the worst.

'Phocion. The gods have not granted us, Eschines, the choice of being born when we would; that of dying when we would they have. Thank them for it as one among the most excellent of their gifts, and remain or go, as utility or dignity may require. Whatever can happen to a wise and virtuous man from his worst enemy—whatever is most dreaded by the inconsiderate and irresolute, has happened to him frequently from himself, and not only without his inconvenience, but without his observation. We are prisoners as often as we bolt our doors, exiles as often as we walk to Munycelia, and dead as often as we sleep.

It would be a folly and a shame to argue that these things are voluntary, and that what our enemy imposes are not: they should be the more so if they befall us from necessity, unless necessity be less a reason with us than caprice. In fine, Eschines, I shall then call the times bad when they make me so: at present they are to be borne, as must also be the storm that follows them.'—*Imag. Convers.* vol. i. p. 124.

The concluding paragraph is to be understood, we presume, as an imitation of those bold and heroic sophistries in which the ancient moralist delighted; and as such it is an admirable specimen. The panegyric upon Demosthenes is very eloquent. The great orator himself is twice introduced in the course of these *Conversations*, but, we are sorry to add, with no remarkable effect. It is singular that Mr. Landor has made him abound in metaphor and that not always of the most accurate description:—

'*Demosthenes.* Language is part of a man's character.

'*Eubulides.* It is often artificial.

'*Demosthenes.* Often both are so. I spoke not of such language as that of Gorgias and Socrates, and other rhetoricians, but of that which belongs to eloquence—of that which enters the heart, however closed against it—of that which pierces like the sword of Perseus—*of that which carries us away upon its point, easily as Medea her children, and holds the world below in the same suspense and terror.*'—vol. i. p. 328.

As those whom the orator carries away are all who hear him, who are they that remain below to constitute that world which is held in 'suspense and terror' at the awful abduction? Besides which, to speak of carrying away a whole audience—or even any considerable part of it—on the point of a sword, is presenting an image to the mind, it must be confessed, somewhat too violent and improbable. Demosthenes continues:—

'Aristoteles and Thucydides were before me; I trembled lest they should lead me where I might raise a recollection of Pericles, whose plainness and conciseness and gravity they have imitated, not always with success. Laying down these qualities as the foundation, I have ventured on more solemnity, more passion; I have also been studious to bring the powers of *action* into play, that great instrument in exciting the affections, which Pericles disdained. He and Jupiter could *strike* any head with their thunderbolts, and stand serene and *motionless*; I could not.'

'It is hard to conceive how Jupiter himself could *strike* and be *motionless*.

There lie scattered throughout the *Conversations* several strictures on Plato, his character, and his works. The courtier is not forgiven in the philosopher, and the philosopher is too rigidly estimated by the practical value of his writings. Metaphysics do not appear to have been a favourite study with Mr. Landor; if they

they had he could hardly have exercised so singular a self-denial as not to have introduced the subject more directly in some of his dialogues. We apprehend that the opinion attributed to Diogenes on this matter is also his own. He says in the person of the cynic, with much of truth and still more felicity of diction :

‘ You metaphysicians kill the flower-bearing and fruit-bearing glebe, with delving and turning over and sifting, and never bring up any solid and malleable mass from the dark profundity in which you labour. *The intellectual world, like the physical, is inapplicable to profit, and incapable of cultivation, a little way beyond the surface,—of which there is more to manage and more to know than any of you will undertake.*’—*Second Series*, vol. i. p. 485.

Not seduced, therefore, by the subtleties of Plato, Mr. Landor has given such a view of his writings as would naturally be taken by one on the look-out for available and practical results ; and if the writings of that philosopher were likely to exert an influence on the customs or governments of modern nations, he would be justified in taking this view of them exclusively. But Plato is of value and of interest to us now—not from the immediate utility of his politics, his laws, or his ethics—but because his dialogues preserve for us those early vigorous attempts at mental philosophy, wherein the most subtle of human speculations went hand in hand with a fancy the most vagrant, and a dogmatism the most adventurous.

In the dialogue between Aristotle and Calisthenes the former criticises, with very sound judgment, the *Republic* of Plato.

‘ Plato would make wives common, to abolish selfishness ; the very mischief which, above all others, it would directly and immediately bring forth. There is no selfishness when there is a wife and family ; the house is lighted up by the mutual charities ; everything achieved for them is a victory ; everything endured for them is a triumph. How many vices are suppressed that there may be no bad example ! How many exertions made to recommend and inculcate a good one ! Selfishness, then, is thrown out of the question. He would, perhaps, make men braver by his exercises in the common field of affections. Now bravery is of two kinds, the courage of instinct and the courage of reason : animals have more of the former, men more of the latter ; for I would not assert, what many do, that animals have no reason, as I would not that men have no instinct. Whatever creature can be taught, must be taught by the operation of reason upon reason, small as may be the quantity called forth, or employed in calling it, and of however coarse matter may be the means. Instinct has no operation but upon the wants and desires. Those who entertain a contrary opinion are unaware how inconsequently they speak, when they employ such expressions as these,—*We are taught by instinct.* Courage, so necessary to the preservation of states, is not weakened by domestic ties, but is braced by them. Much is gained both on the side of in-

instinct

instinct and on the side of reason. All creatures protect their young while they know it to be theirs, and neglect it when the traces of that memory are erased. Man cannot so soon lose the memory of it, because his recollective faculties are more comprehensive and more tenacious, and because, while in the brute creation the parental love, which in most animals is only on the female side, lessens after the earlier days, his increases as the organs of the new creature are developed. . . .

‘To complete the system of selfishness, idleness, and licentiousness, the republican triad of Plato, nothing was wanting but to throw all property where he had thrown the wives and children. Who, then, should curb the rapacious? Who should moderate the violent? The weaker could not work, the stronger would not. Food and raiment would fail; and we should be reduced to something worse than a state of nature.’—vol. ii. p. 508.

Plato is brought into conversation himself with Diogenes. Most men would have been disposed to give to the former the preeminence in the dialogue; for which reason, amongst others, Mr. Landor readjusts the scales, and bestows the largest portion of wit and eloquence on the cynic. The following is dramatic:—

‘*Plato.* There are great men of various kinds.

‘*Diogenes.* No, by my beard, are there not.

‘*Plato.* What! are there not great captains, great geometricians, great dialecticians?

‘*Diogenes.* Who denied it? A great man was the postulate. Try thy hand now at the powerful one.

‘*Plato.* On seeing the exercise of power a child cannot doubt who is powerful, more or less; for power is relative. All men are weak, not only if compared to the Demiurgos, but if compared to the sea, or the earth, or certain things upon each of them, as elephants and whales. So placid and tranquil is the scene around us, we can hardly bring to mind the images of strength and force, the precipices, the abysses—

‘*Diogenes.* Prythee hold thy loose tongue, twinkling and glittering, like a serpent’s, in the midst of luxuriance and rankness.’—*Second Series*, p. 469.

There are two other conversations in which the philosophers of antiquity are revived, from which we would willingly, if space permitted, make larger extracts than we shall be able. In one of these Epicurus, in the other Cicero, is the chief speaker. Epicurus discourses with two of his fair pupils, Leontion and Ternissa; and the amenity of the philosopher and the spirit of his doctrine are well sustained and exemplified. An endeavour to add to this a certain gaiety of manner—a *debonnair* deportment—is not equally successful. There is some awkwardness, and a little ridicule, we fear, in the gallant attempt which is made by our very self-possessed philosopher, to salute the pretty Ternissa.

‘*Ternissa.* For shame! what would you with me?

‘*Epicurus.*

‘*Epicurus*. I would not interrupt you while you were speaking, nor while Leontion was replying; this is against my rules and practice: having now ended, kiss me, *Ternissa*.’

This dialogue, however, is one of the most beautiful in the collection. An ideal of the *terrestrial* philosopher, whose object is to take from death its terrors and from life its agitations, whose noblest instruction is to sacrifice the low pleasures for the higher, the violent and brief for the tranquil and continuous, is very ably and very elegantly delineated.

‘Very good men,’ says Epicurus, ‘may differ widely from me, and very wise ones misunderstand me: for, their wisdom having raised up to them schools of their own, they have not found leisure to converse with me; and from others they have received a partial and inexact report. My opinion is, that certain things are indifferent, and unworthy of pursuit or attention, as lying beyond our research and almost our conjecture; which very things the generality of philosophers (for the generality are speculative) deem of the first importance. Questions relating to them I answer evasively, or altogether decline. Again, there are modes of living which are suitable to some, and unsuitable to others. . . . Having seen that the most sensible men are the most unhappy, I could not but examine the causes of it: and finding that the same sensibility to which they are indebted for the activity of their intellect, is also the restless mover of their jealousy and ambition, I would lead them aside from whatever operates upon these, and throw under their feet the terrors their imagination has created. My philosophy is not for the populace, nor for the proud: the ferocious will never attain it: the gentle will embrace it, but will not call it mine—I do not desire that they should: let them rest their heads upon that part of the pillow which they find the softest, and enjoy their own dreams unbroken.’—*Second Series*, vol. ii. p. 199.

This is a very agreeable sketch of the philosophy of the garden. A little further on our complacent sage thus proceeds:—

‘All schools of philosophy, and almost all authors, are rather to be frequented for exercise than freight: but this exercise ought to acquire us health and strength, spirits and good humour. There is none of them that does not supply some truths useful to every man, and some untruths equally so to the few that are able to wrestle with them. *If there were no falsehood in the world*, there would be no doubt; if there were no doubt there would be no inquiry; if no inquiry, no wisdom, no *knowledge*, no genius. Fancy herself would lie muffled up in her robe, inactive, pale, and bloated.’

The two last sentences are not very accurate. If there were no falsehood in the world there might be no genius, or very little; we may even say there would be no wisdom, because by wisdom is understood a *tried* attachment to truth; but we cannot assert that there would be no *knowledge*, for this would imply an absence of all mental existence whatever. Neither is it easy to see why



why fancy should be entirely banished from the scene. Stinted she certainly would be in the materials of which she forms her combinations; but the inventions of fancy do not always require falsehood for their production, and as long as they are recognised to be inventions, introduce no falsehood themselves. He who frames the image of a *golden mountain*, puts together two ideas, both true, of gold and a mountain, and, while the image is understood to be a mere figment of his brain, has imposed no falsehood either on others or himself. To speak of Fancy, who is supposed to be perishing for lack of sustenance, as *blouted*, was not a happy choice of expression.

The conversation between *Cicero and his brother Quinctus*, will probably leave some feeling of disappointment on the reader's mind; if so much has been done for Epicurus, more, it will be thought, might have been performed for Cicero. It contains, however, many excellent passages, and the style (which is saying a great deal) is well adapted to the speaker; it is more relaxed than usual, more ample and euphonious. This conversation Cicero is supposed to hold at the extremity of life, and in the last days of the Republic. It is thus he speaks of Cæsar:—

‘It is with more sorrow than asperity that I reflect on Caius Cæsar. O! had his heart been as unambitious as his style, had he been as prompt to succour his country, as to enslave her, how great, how incomparably great were he! Then, perhaps, at this hour, O Quinctus, and in this villa, we should have enjoyed his humorous and erudite discourse; for no man ever tempered so reasonably and so justly the materials of conversation. How graceful was he! How unguarded! His whole character was uncovered; as we represent the bodies of heroes and of gods.’—vol. ii. p. 556.

Here is an ethical reflection finely expressed.

‘The happy man is he who distinguishes the boundary *between desire and delight*, and stands firmly on the higher ground; he who knows that pleasure is not only not possession, but is often to be lost, and always to be endangered by it.’—*ibid.* p. 592.

Even in these dialogues between ancient and Attic personages, however, the author has not been able to refrain from allusions to the political characters of his own times—allusions which, harsh and little refined in themselves, are rendered intolerable by the connexion in which they appear. Aristotle is made thus to glance at the death of Lord Londonderry—

‘and our negotiator, whose opinion (a very common one) was, that exposure alone is ignominy, at last *severed his reason with an ivory-handled knife*.

‘*Callisthenes*. On this ivory the goddess of our city will look down with more complacency than on that of which her own image is composed;

posed; and the blade should be preserved with those which, on the holiest of our festivals, are displayed to us covered in their handful of myrtle, as they were carried by Harmodius and Aristogiton.'—vol. ii. p. 517.

And even Epicurus departs from his placid and temperate character, which throughout the dialogue has generally been preserved to him, to launch forth the following diatribe upon Mr. Canning and her late Majesty Queen Caroline:—

✕ 'Even a fugitive slave, a writer of epigrams on walls and of songs on the grease of platters, for attempting to cut the throat of a fellow in the same household, who soon afterwards was more successful in doing it himself, is not only called our citizen, but elected by a large proportion of our tribes, as the most worthy to administer our affairs. He has nothing now to acquire but a little purity of language, and somewhat of order and ratiocination. Unhappily one of the last things he uttered before the judges, showed his want in all its nakedness: it was a eulogy of a drunken old woman, the companion of soldiers and sailors, and lower and viler men; one whose eyes, as much as can be seen of them, are streaky, fat, floating in semiliquid rheum: he called her the *pride*, *life*, and *ornament* of polished society.

'*Leontion*. Hardly a Bœotian bullock-driver would wedge in *life* between *pride* and *ornament*.'—*Second Series*, vol. ii. p. 194. C

The sages of modern times have been treated with less ceremony than their classic predecessors, being too frequently introduced to display some weakness in their character, or to converse on some subordinate topic. Bacon exhibits nothing of himself but his unfortunate love of money; and Newton has contrived to combine the foibles of his youth and of his old age, bashfulness, and a timidity of religious faith which showed itself too easily alarmed. Milton talks a little with Marvel on dramatic poetry and the introduction of the chorus into comedy. A writer is, and ought to be, left at liberty to choose that topic on which he can make the best display of his powers; nor do we presume to exercise the least dictation upon this point. But as it was evident that Milton could not be brought forward in his character of poet without creating disappointment, we are rather surprised that, if introduced at all, he was not represented in his civil or political relation. If Mr. Landor had seized upon that period of time when our great poet,—having discovered that

'New presbyter was but old priest writ large'—

was sore beset both by the bigotry of parliament and his terror of kingship, he would have found ample scope, and no uncongenial topics, we suspect, for his eloquence.

Amongst the moderns, Barrow and Sir Philip Sidney appear, in these dialogues, to the greatest advantage. But something too much of the author's own spirit has been infused into the divine.

'I should

'I should entertain,' says the most admired preacher of the first age of the English pulpit,—'I should entertain a mean opinion of myself, if all men, or the most part, praised and admired me; it would prove me to be somewhat like them. Sad and sorrowful is it, to stand near enough to people for them to see us wholly; for them to come up to us and walk round us leisurely and idly, and pat us when they are tired and going off. That lesson which a dunce can learn at a glance, and likes mightily, must contain little, and not good. Unless it can be proved that the majority are not dunces, are not wilful, presumptuous, and precipitate, it is a folly to care for popularity. There are indeed those who must found their fortunes upon it; but not with books in their hands. After a first start, after a stand among the booths, and gauds, and prostitutes of party, how few have lived contentedly, or died calmly! One hath fallen the moment when he had reached the last step of the ladder, having undersawed it for him who went before, and forgotten that knavish act; another hath wasted away more slowly, in the fever of a life externally sedentary, internally distracted. . . . .

'Isaac! Isaac! the climbing plants are slender ones. Men of genius have sometimes been forced away from the service of society into the service of princes; but they have soon been driven out, or have retired.'—*Second Series*, vol. ii. p. 13.

This dialogue between Barrow and Newton concludes with some advice of a practical nature on friendship and on matrimony. We quote it for the benefit of our readers, without venturing any comment of our own.

'*Newton*. Is it not a difficult and a painful thing, to repulse, or to receive ungraciously, the advances of friendship?

'*Barrow*. It withers the heart; if indeed his heart were ever sound who doth it. Love, serve, run into danger, venture life, for him who would cherish you; give him everything but your time and your glory. Morning recreations, convivial meals, evening walks, thoughts, questions, wishes, wants, partake with him. Yes! Isaac! there are men born for friendship; men to whom the cultivation of it is nature, is necessity; as the making of honey is to bees. Do not let them suffer for the sweets they would gather; and do not think to live upon those sweets. Our corrupted state requires robuster food, or must grow more and more unsound.

'*Newton*. I would yet say something; a few words; on this subject—or one next to it—

'*Barrow*. Speak it out, man! Are you in a ship of Marcellus under the mirror of Archimedes, that you fume and redden so? Cry to him that you are his scholar, and went out only to parley.

'*Newton*. Sir! in a word—ought a studious man to think of matrimony.

'*Barrow*. Painters, poets, mathematicians, never ought: other studious men, after reflecting for twenty years upon it, may.

'*Newton*. Supposing me no mathematician, I must reflect then for twenty years!

'*Barrow*.

‘*Barrow*. Wait. Begin to reflect on it *after* the twenty; and continue to reflect on it all the remainder—I mean at intervals and quite leisurely. It will save to you many prayers, and may suggest to you one thanksgiving.’

Sir Philip Sidney, in a dialogue with Lord Brooke, has some eloquent passages assigned to him. We must contemplate him as the author of the *Arcadia*, and then the following sentiments are not inappropriate:—

‘God hath granted unto both of us hearts easily contented; hearts fitted for every station, because fitted for every duty. What appears the dullest may contribute most to our genius: what is most gloomy may soften the seeds and relax the fibres of gaiety. We enjoy the solemnity of the spreading oak above us; perhaps we owe to it in part the mood of our minds at this instant: perhaps an inanimate thing supplies me, while I am speaking, with whatever I possess of animation. Do you imagine that any contest of shepherds can afford them the same pleasure as I receive from the description of it; or that even in their loves, however innocent and faithful, they are so free from anxiety as I am while I celebrate them? The exertion of intellectual power, of fancy and imagination, keeps from us greatly more than their wretchedness, and affords us greatly more than their enjoyment . . . . . Poets are nearly all prone to melancholy; yet the most plaintive ditty has imparted a fuller joy, and of longer duration to its composer, than the conquest of Persia to the Macedonian. A bottle of wine bringeth as much pleasure as the acquisition of a kingdom, and not unlike it in kind; the senses in both cases are confused and perverted.’—vol. i. p. 25.

A moral reflection is well compressed in the ensuing sentence:—

‘We must distinguish between felicity and prosperity; for prosperity leads often to ambition, and ambition to disappointment: the course is then over; the wheel turns round but once, while the reaction of goodness and happiness is perpetual.’

To Queen Elizabeth and James I. has been given the dialect of their own times. This we observe is a royal privilege, for it is shared by none but crowned heads. We question whether the experiment were wise. There was no more necessity that Elizabeth should speak in an antiquated style of English, than that Aristotle should converse in Greek, or Cicero in Latin; and the imitation in one instance induces us to look for it in others, where it was equally within the power of the author. Even if we suppose that the author has *translated* the language of his Romans and Grecians, this will only make it still more difficult to explain why Sir Philip Sidney should speak a dialect so much more modern than Queen Elizabeth.

Dramatic propriety is by no means invariably sustained through these Imaginary Conversations. A strain of sentiment is sometimes attributed to a speaker not very suitable to his character,

or

or to that of the age in which he lived. When we listen to Wallace, as he debates with his conqueror, Edward I., we almost imagine ourselves in the company of some venerable stoic, or some Christian martyr, so patient is he, so forgiving. ‘Few have a right to punish, all to pardon.’ A cast of thought like this who would expect from the rude, ruthless, and baffled champion of the independence of a dark and barbarous country? It is still less likely to have proceeded from the Scotch Guerrilla-chieftain than from the haughty Plantagenet, to whom such sentiments are so foreign, that he cannot even understand the language of his philosophical contemporary. At other times, the speaker in the dialogue is made to express a sentiment, or avow a motive of action, to which, even if he entertained them, it is highly improbable that he would give utterance. This error is committed not only in the more light and farcical dialogues—not only in those broad caricatures, such as the conversation between Pitt and Canning, where no truth of any kind whatever is adhered to—but also on those graver occasions where probability has been consulted, and where the manner of the author has been regulated by his association with the character he personates. Thus, in order to convey his own impression of the conduct and motives of Cicero, he obliges that orator,—never too much disposed to speak or think disparagingly of himself,—to utter the following avowal:—

‘I will not dissemble that I upheld the senatorial cause for *no other reason* than that my dignity was to depend on it. Had the opposite party been triumphant, and the senate been abolished, I should never have had a Catilinarian conspiracy to quell, and few of my orations would have been delivered. Without a senate what Verres?’—vol. ii. p. 558.

It is very problematical that Cicero, at the period of history alluded to, could have anticipated the abolition of the senate as a consequence of the success of any political party; but if he did, and if the vanity of delivering speeches before that body was his sole motive for sustaining the ancient institutions of his country,—what probability that he would ever have uttered so humiliating a confession?—Why should the candour of conversation belie the whole tenour of his epistolary correspondence?—What probability is there that he, who in his political adversity was accustomed to solace himself with exaggerating his claims to the character of a patriot, would have made this pitiable acknowledgment even in the privacy of his own thoughts?—what probability that, if true, he would have believed it of himself?

We hold it also to be some violation of dramatic propriety that our countryman Chaucer (albeit he is not at all times the most lively

lively of narrators) should be called up to tell a tale about 'Sir Magnus' of most unconquerable tediousness. To Boccaccio our author has been far more liberal. The story which the Italian relates, in the same dialogue, might pass for a translation from the Decameron, so exactly does it resemble, in spirit and manner, the tales of that collection. There is another story, of *Amadeo and Monna Tita*, related by Boccaccio in a former conversation with Petrarch, which only differs from those tales by being superior to them. It is founded on a more subtle observation of human nature than the Decameron ever displays; contains higher excellences of thought and of sentiment; and is admirably told, though not in the same simple diaphanous manner which distinguishes the Italian novelist.

We have shown, in the course of our observations, no reluctance whatever to yield to Mr. Landor the utmost license of that dramatic form into which he has chosen to cast his thoughts—we have even required that his characters should be consistently maintained—but it would be absurd, and is indeed impossible, to extend this immunity so far as the author appears in his preface to demand, and to attribute to himself none of the *opinions* expressed in these imaginary conversations. In dialogues supposed to be sustained by men of widely different principles it is evident that much must be introduced for the sake only of supporting the character of the speaker; and the difficulty of discriminating, in all cases, what is merely dramatic from that which is the genuine sentiment of the author, and intended to work on the conviction of the reader, is, we apprehend, a great impediment to the popularity of this species of writing. But when dialogue after dialogue is calculated to leave the same impression—when the same statement is repeated, and on occasions distinguished by no peculiar dramatic propriety—when, moreover, the language of the dialogue is fully corroborated by that of prefaces and notes delivered in the writer's own person; in all these cases it may safely be concluded that we are not dealing with mere inventions and imitative reasonings, but with sincere opinions, which it is the object of the author to propagate. Indeed, we may remark, that the dramatic license enjoyed by a writer of dialogues enables him—in spite of the doubt which will occasionally hang over the genuineness of the sentiment—to exhibit to intelligent readers a more faithful portraiture of his own mind than could be given in the more usual and didactic method of composition. He can find a place in his intellectual drama for different shades of sentiment entertained by himself on different occasions—he can make avowals to which he would be unwilling openly to pledge his consistency—can indulge his genius in an extravagance of statement to which it would not  
be

be desirable at all times to adhere—can move this way or that—can neutralize his dogmatism by opposing dogmas—can give his doubts, his hesitations, his half-accredited opinions, and, favoured by his mask, find an outlet for his most secret cogitations. By all these facilities he is induced, perhaps unintentionally, to exhibit a more complete and faithful representation of himself than would have been given in a straightforward, methodical treatise, which frequently obliges the writer to appear more consistent than he really is—more fixed, precise, resolved—and which always, more or less, conceals the man himself in the formalities of the author. Mr. Landor seems to have an inveterate partiality to writing under the name of others, yet no one has impressed his personal feelings more distinctly on his compositions, or given in them a more vivid representation of his own character and opinions.

That a writer should oppose our church establishment, or any national provision whatever for religious worship, is, in the present times, no peculiar mark of distinction; nor do we intend, on this occasion, to enter, at any length, on the defence of our ecclesiastical institutions. But there is one assertion on this subject which Mr. Landor several times repeats, and never more violently than when speaking in his own person, which tempts from us a reply. We take the objection as stated in language ascribed to William Penn—language, on the whole, much more suited to Mr. Landor than the quaker:—

‘*Peterborough.* If we had no establishments we should still have sects?

‘*Penn.* What then? Whom would they fight for? Who would pay them? Although there were no establishments, there might indeed be sects in religion, as there anciently were in philosophy: yet either we must suppose that Christianity is prouder, and crueller, and more avaricious than philosophy—or we must admit that establishments, and not Christianity, have, wherever they existed, raised such tumults, seized upon such wealth, and shed such torrents of human blood. . . . If philosophy has not done it with her sects, neither would Christianity have done it with hers, without her purple and pretorians. These are as unfriendly to the one as to the other; and while they exist upon earth, the more civilized parts of it can expect no better state, long together, than external wars, internal discord, and universal oppression. Revolutions may for a while relieve them; chastisement, and the fear of it, may render the princes more conciliatory and submissive: but the poison will be poured again into the drowsy ear, by those upon whose pillow they slumber.’—*Second Series*, vol. ii. p. 338.

When philosophy and religion are thus put in antithesis, they are but other words for doubt and belief. To run a parallel between the operation of things so contrary is manifestly absurd.

How

How can philosophy, whose knowledge here is a professed ignorance, stimulate the same passions as the dogmatic certainty of a religious faith? But the charge, and it is an old one, still remains. To church establishments are owing, it is said, the strife and oppugnancy of religious sects. If certain tenets had not become implicated with the wealth and worldly prosperity of their professors, would they, it is asked, merely by their own interest and importance, have given rise to the animosity and bloodshed they have, at times, occasioned? In some instances, certainly not. But wealth and worldly prosperity become implicated with religious belief by other means than by an ecclesiastical establishment. Religious teachers (and religious teachers of some kind there will be as long as the world lasts) who maintain themselves by contributions from their disciples, are not without danger of a sinister attachment to the doctrine they profess; and it has been frequently urged by men far more acute than Mr. Landor, and quite as indifferent to the controversies of theologians, that such religious teachers must inevitably be more anxious to inflame the zeal of their several hearers, depending as they do immediately on that zeal for their subsistence, than a clergy supported upon revenues, secured to them by a legal title, and to be shaken only by the great and public revolutions of religious sentiment. Of two evils which cannot possibly co-exist, it is surely enough that our establishment bear the burden of one. If its sectarian opponents loudly exclaim that it destroys zeal—that it makes dead and unprofitable the office of the preacher—with what justice can its philosophical adversary, and within hearing of this very accusation, lay also to its charge that it infuses too great an ardour in the faith, and affixes too great an importance to the tenets, of those whom it undertakes to instruct?

Why should a *philosopher*—to concede the title—seek the overthrow of our established church? Were he to sweep away that polemical learning which so much offends him, he would next arrive at that broad basis of public opinion on religious matters, not so much the creation, as the support of ecclesiastical institutions? What would he gain by coming into close contact with the multitude? They deceive him egregiously. They cheer him when he points to the envied wealth of churchmen; but when he shall proceed to attack or enlighten their own faith—when, not a bishop, but their own creed is the subject of his ridicule—will they cheer him *then*? In the hour of popular frenzy—of religious terror excited by a dearth, a plague, or a prophecy—they would stone him in their streets. He might soon have occasion to wish for the interposition of a clergy.

Turn whichever way he might, the philosopher would find he  
had



had gained nothing by the destruction of that ecclesiastical establishment which had so often excited his indignation. The opinion of the more reputable portion of society would press more heavily upon him than ever. The hope of prolonging life—of carrying our existence into a scene more favourable to happiness than this world is found to be by (to speak modestly) the vast majority of mankind—the dread of invisible power, and of future consequences incalculable—the desire to preserve unimpaired over their fellow-citizens a restraint upon passion of greater cogency than the interests of human life, brief and uncertain, can afford—these motives alone are sufficient to uphold in a civilized community some religious belief—which belief, as it is to operate on human conduct, must be something more than the doubtful suggestions of what Mr. Landor calls *philosophy*. Now, to confirm this faith by a state establishment is not to increase, but to diminish that jealousy which the public mind must entertain at occasional instances of examination or denial. The consciousness of security permits to be liberal. Around the pillars and beneath the arches of a strong and venerable church, a few meditative loiterers may be allowed to walk unmolested. But if pillar and buttress are to be removed, and nothing left to denote religion but the uplifted hands of its living worshippers, who then will be suffered to appear unconcerned, to stand apart or differ from the throng? If the creed which the nation generally believes to be both true and salutary, is to find support altogether in the immediate force of opinion—if there are no permanent institutions to uphold it in seasons of laxity and indifference till affection and reverential feeling revive—if at all times, and at every moment, its security must rest on the gathered votes of its constituents—how manifest that a lively jealousy will be felt at every symptom of doubt or alienation!—that every man will incessantly be canvassed—every voice be wanted—every vote proclaimed! *Philosophy*, under such circumstances, would be far more constrained. Her boldest disciples would be the first required to swear allegiance to the national creed. Like Kelana and his brother rebels, they must advance, how reluctantly soever, to their post, and the throne of a religion they do *not* reverence must rest on the burning brows of these its unwilling and enslaved supporters.

We are now looking, of course, at only one aspect of this question, and regarding it from the station of an adversary. Experience corresponds with our theoretical reasoning. At the present time there is no country where the speculations of philosophy are so utterly discountenanced as in the United States—the land of ecclesiastical freedom.

It is remarkable that the form of the dialogue has never been  
taken

taken advantage of by Mr. Landor, in order to investigate any one subject thoroughly; either by giving to one speaker all the objections, and furnishing the other with all the replies and explanations, or by animating with equal intelligence and ardour the champions of two opposite opinions. His thoughts are, for the most part, detached, desultory, and manifesting more vigour than patience of reflection. The nearest approaches to regular discussion of any one subject are the dialogues between Dr. Johnson and Horne Tooke—(wherein the latter, in spite of the doctor's incivility and doggedness, continues, in the most imperturbable manner, to display the contents of his philological budget)—and that between Peter Leopold and the President Du Paty, in which the conversation is maintained for some time on various topics of jurisprudence. Some of the opinions broached upon this last subject are very weak and immature.

'I pay taxes,' says the President Du Paty, 'for the security of my person, my property, and my character: every farthing I pay beyond for law, if I can demonstrate the equity of my cause, is an injustice.'—vol. i. p. 230.

The same opinion is expressed more than once. In the dialogue between Cromwell and Sir Walter Noble there is the following passage:—

'Cromwell. You have paid, I see, chancery fees, Walter.

'Noble. I should then have paid, not only what is exorbitant, but what is altogether undue. Paying a lawyer in any court, we pay over again what we have paid before. If government has neglected to provide that our duties be taught us, and our lives, properties, and station in society be secured, what right has it to one farthing from us? For what else have our forefathers and ourselves been taxed? For what else are magistrates of any kind appointed.'—vol. i. p. 106.

This opinion is always conveyed in a tone of discontent, as if not only an error in legislation but a grievous injury were committed. That nothing more is requisite to the administration of the laws than a solitary judge sitting under a tree or on a bench, is a notion too childish to attribute to Mr. Landor. To what, then, does his complaint amount? To this only—that all other persons employed in the business of litigation, such as barristers and attorneys, are not, like the judges, remunerated for their services out of the public purse; that they do not constitute a body of government-functionaries, paid by the state—but are generally rewarded for their labours by the suitor himself who employs them. Whether such an institution as a vast corps of lawyers, salaried by the public exchequer, would be favourable to the pure administration of justice—whether it would not be open, towards the suitor, to bribery, and exposed, towards the government,

ment, to arbitrary control—whether the client would find that he had beneficially exchanged his friendly conferences with his own solicitor for the official negligence and official presumption of an independent functionary ;—these are questions which, as Mr. Landor has not raised them, it is not necessary for us to discuss. This, at least, is clear, that such an institution must be paid for. To say that we are taxed already is idle—worse than idle—for it is palpable that some new source of revenue must be found for this novel expenditure. Mr. Landor, then, complains, censures, and inveighs, because his countrymen do not receive that as a public service which as a public service they have not paid for, and probably would never be induced to pay for.

A little farther in one of the dialogues last quoted we have the following passage. The President Du Paty has been objecting to a too great lenity towards minor offences—

*Leopold.* In England great crimes escape through the intensity of the law ; in Italy, small ones through its relaxation. Which is the worst ?

*President.* I dare to answer that the latter is ; because great crimes do not run into smaller, but smaller into greater ; and because if there were not this reason, multitude turns the scale against magnitude.’—*ibid.*, p. 239.

The President here decides that it is safer to be lax in the punishment of great offences than those of less enormity—an opinion which no society, we think, will ever be induced to act upon. Small crimes would certainly ‘grow into great ones’ if the latter might be committed with comparative impunity, while the former were encountered with certain punishment. The President proceeds—

‘I must here observe to you that the privilege of pardon in a prince is the most flagrant of usurpations ; it belongs for the greater part to the person injured, but not entirely.’

It ought not to belong at all to the person injured. The right to pardon is already virtually exercised by the sufferer whenever he forbears to prosecute, and the law, at least in our own country, allows at this stage of the proceedings quite sufficient indulgence to personal feeling. If after conviction, when resentment has cooled and commiseration succeeded, the criminal might hope for pardon from those he has injured, all certainty of punishment would be at an end, and the safety of the public would be committed to the caprice or weakness of individuals. To call the right of pardon when exercised by the sovereign, ‘a flagrant usurpation’—that right being recognised by the laws and subservient to the ends of jurisprudence—can be characterised as nothing better than a peevish abuse of language.

The

The next opinion which the President gives is one on the use of fines as a mode of punishment—an opinion not certainly the most luminous we have ever met with.

‘Fines and halters, the minions of English jurists, are the *most summary and the least summary* of chastisements, and by far the worst. A great fine does no harm whatever to a man of great fortune: it is a bribe to the laws, and ought as much to be prohibited as a bribe to the judge. It ruins, not the poorer man, but the poorer man’s children: it deprives him of what he perhaps may do without, but what they cannot without an injury to society.’

The author himself, in a subsequent observation, neutralizes the last of these objections by admitting that ‘all punishments must in some degree touch the innocent.’ For the rest, Mr. Lander has discovered that a fine does no harm whatever either to the rich or the poor man on whom it is inflicted. A process of reasoning which leads to the conclusion that the abstraction of a sum of money can prove no detriment to any one, is not, in these times, we suspect, likely to gain much attention. We may be excused, perhaps, for passing this over as ‘the most summary and the least summary’ of juridical opinions. A bribe, too, and a fine—since money is certainly paid away in both instances—are found to be no longer distinguishable!

He who can write in this hasty, confused, and quibbling manner upon the science of jurisprudence has no hesitation, however, in assuming the utmost severity of censorship—

‘The laws of England have been the subject of eulogy to many learned and sagacious men. I have read them repeatedly, and pondered them attentively. I find them often dilatory, often uncertain, often contradictory, often cruel, often ruinous. Whenever they find a man down they keep him so, and the more pertinaciously the more earnestly he appeals to them. Like tilers, in mending one hole, they always make another. *There is no country in which they move with such velocity where life is at stake, or, where property is to be defended, so slowly.* I have hardly the courage to state these facts, and want it totally to hazard a reflection on them. Can we wonder that, upon a bench under so rotten an effigy of Justice, sate a Scrogges, a Jeffreys, a Finch, a Page!’—*ibid.*, p. 231.

The passage in italics, though uttered in the style of reprobation, contains, in fact, a compliment upon the laws of England. A case of criminal jurisprudence requires, and admits of, speedier decision than a disputed title to property. It would have been a real cause of triumph to the author if he could have reversed his sentence—if he could have exclaimed, ‘*There is no country in which the laws move with such velocity if a falling shed is at stake, or where life is to be protected, so slowly.*’

Whilst upon this subject there is a suggestion respecting capital

punishments which it may be worth while to take notice of. It is put into the mouth of Diogenes—

‘It is not, O Plato! an absurdity of thine alone, but of all who write and of all who converse on them, to assert that they both are and ought to be inflicted publicly for the sake of deterring from offence. The only effect of public punishment, is, to show the rabble how bravely it can be borne; and that every one who hath lost a toe-nail hath suffered worse. The virtuous man, as a reward and a privilege, should be permitted to see how calm and satisfied a virtuous man departs. The criminal should be kept in the dark about the departure of his fellows, which is oftentimes as reluctant: for to him, if indeed no reward or privilege, it would be a corroborative and a cordial. Such things ought to be taken from him no less carefully than the instruments of destruction or evasion. Secrecy and mystery should be the attendants of punishment, and the sole persons present should be the injured, or two of his relatives, and a functionary delegated by each tribe, to witness and register the execution of justice.’—*Second Series*, vol. i. p. 484.

Secrecy, or rather privacy, there may be.—and this, in spite of precautions, may give occasion to the popular surmise that partiality has been shown, and that some offenders have escaped their punishment;—but there is very little room for *mystery* in the simple execution of a criminal by a mode prescribed by the laws, and publicly announced. A mystery hung over the prisons of the Inquisition because tortures of an unknown description were supposed to be inflicted. Instead, therefore, of *seeing* the execution, the public would only *hear* of it. If the first appears to have little influence in deterring from crime, the second must have still less. Besides which, the exposure to the multitude, forms, in the majority of cases, no inconsiderable part of the punishment.

What is done by the laws with human life ought to be done openly, solemnly, with the manifest sanction of society—that the act, even in external circumstances, may be separated in the popular imagination, as far as possible, from the deed of assassination, which it probably punishes. It should be made palpable to the most vulgar apprehension that, not a judge and an executioner, but the whole community, are putting the miserable criminal to death, and that no other reason than the general safety justifies the extinction of his life. The bowstring appears to us very naturally to associate with the dagger and the bowl.

There are some opinions upon other subjects scattered through these volumes which the world, in general, will dignify with no higher names than *whims* and *crotchets*. Mr. Landor advises the modern Greeks (and if the Greeks why not the English) to substitute in war the bow and arrow for the musket and bayonet;—he proposes cork-armour, which, at all events, would make robust soldiers,

soldiers, and men of a terrible magnitude to the enemy ;—he is resolved that the Emperor Nero, whose name has been a synonym for cruelty, shall no longer be considered as a weak man destroyed by his own unrestrained passions, but shall be fairly protected under the plea of insanity ;—he thinks it also a singular instance of blindness in the readers of Don Quixote to suppose, as they have, that that work was written in ridicule of the romances of chivalry, since the sole object at which Cervantes seriously aimed was to teach the folly of religious persecution—the Knight of the Woful Countenance representing Charles V., and his Dulcinea the Virgin Mary,—though whom Sancho Panza typifies we are not informed. We doubt not that the readers of the ‘ Fairy Queen ’ have been, in Mr. Landor’s opinion, guilty of a similar perversity, who, while they have acknowledged certain allusions to Queen Elizabeth and her court, have persisted in tracing throughout the poem, as its ostensible purpose, certain allegories on faith, and temperance, and justice. Our author proves that Cervantes could not have ridiculed these romances, because, with the exception of theology, they composed almost exclusively the literature of his country.\* It is just when an absurdity has passed its zenith height of popularity and begins to wane, that it affords the most propitious subject for the exercise of wit ; and in the time of Cervantes this was the case with the topics of chivalry, which had been brought into some disparagement, if not by books and authors, by what was still more effective, the spirit of trade and commerce then rising into influence. A subject must have some interest still clinging to it—must have, or be supposed to have, some remaining popularity—or the jest becomes flat and insipid. Mr. Landor has, indeed, overlooked this fact even in his own compositions. Nothing has surprised us more in reading the *Conversations* than the elaborate jocularity which has been expended on the follies of popery—follies which, to his countrymen and readers, are long ago worn out and defunct. For any poignancy which the wit gathers from the interest of the subject, he might as well have revived the pleasantries of Lucian against the pagan religion.†

After

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\* The merit of the best of these romances, such as the *Amadis de Gaul*, Cervantes has never been suspected of decrying ; the Curate, in his criticism of the Don’s library, makes great distinctions ; and the writer of the first of mock-heroics had himself formed a design, which death only interrupted, of writing a serious piece which would have taken the shape of a chivalrous romance. But that the host of imitators, and the prevailing folly and extravagance of knight-errant literature, were the objects of his ridicule, is as certain as that there were windmills in those days and wine-skins.

† Amongst the *crotchets* of Mr. Landor will, perhaps, be ranked his peculiar method of spelling certain words—reforms amongst our vowels and our consonants, the

After the quotations we have made from the Imaginary Conversations, we need not say that there are better things to be found in them than the specimens we have just been commenting on. There are especially many admirable observations of a critical nature, well conceived and beautifully expressed. While he confines himself to general remark, Mr. Landor is an excellent critic: when he proceeds to affix praise or censure to any individual name, he is apt to become intemperate, and sometimes commits gross injustice. Mr. Landor delights—he revels—in derision of the critics. He who, in the writer of *Guy Mannering*, could find nothing to criticise but some trivial inaccuracies of language, and could then dismiss him from notice with contempt, (note to the conversation between Dr. Johnson and Horne Tooke,) has himself afforded no very bright example to those whom he would castigate, and shown that a man of great ability may be so biassed by prejudice and ill-humour as to become a sorry critic.

In his strictures also upon individual passages of writing there is more of *carping* than we should have expected from Mr. Landor, and occasionally a very intemperate and violent chastisement is bestowed on some slight or doubtful offence. Wordsworth, in his '*Laodamia*,' has the following exquisite passage:—

‘He spake of love, such love as spirits feel  
In worlds whose course is equable and pure,  
No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,  
The past unsigh’d for, and the future sure;

the greater part of which in his later writings he seems, however, to have abandoned. In the alterations he has attempted to introduce into our orthography no steady principle is preserved. He disclaims the project of spelling words according to their pronunciation—yet on what other grounds would he oblige us to write *establish*? The next reform has for its object to preserve distinct and perceptible this very termination *ed*, by which we form our participle; he would write *averr*, *admitt*, because the participle is *averr’d*, *admitt’d*. We suspect—however reprehensible it may be—that people will be more easily induced to correct this anomaly by dropping a consonant from the participle than by replacing one in the present tense. The introduction of an *e* in monstrous is likely to gain as little favour, especially as it would oblige us to introduce it into some other words, such as *disasterous*. He would spell *grandor* for *grandeur*—adopting what is now felt to be a vulgarity in pronunciation; and *inveigh* for *inreigh*—dropping the aspirate which, when emphasis is laid on the word, is always given—anywhere, at least, out of the land of Cockneydom. But of all these alterations the most disagreeable to the reader is a return to the old and exploded custom of striking out the two first letters of the word *them*; he writes *have<sup>en</sup>*, *know<sup>em</sup>*, *without<sup>em</sup>*. Whatever may have been the fashion a century ago, the sound of the *theta* is never now omitted in these cases. When, indeed, the previous word ends in *th* as in *with them*, we dwell on the termination of the first word, and make it answer for the commencement of the second. But, even in this case, the sound is not represented by *with<sup>em</sup>* any more than by *wi<sup>th</sup>em*. Besides which there are other words under the same predicament. Mr. Landor never writes *with<sup>em</sup>* for *with these*; which, however, would be just as reasonable as *with<sup>em</sup>* for *with them*. If our orthography is to be amended, the task must be assigned to some more considerate person, who will condescend to pay a little regard to the pronunciation of his contemporaries.

Spake

Spake as a witness of a second birth  
Of all that is most perfect upon earth.'

Now the expression *second birth*, being appropriated to the exposition of a Christian doctrine, was not fortunately chosen; but it is palpable that the poet did not use it in its scriptural sense; he applied it only to signify a restoration to existence in another world. The term *witness* was certainly not employed, if we may so express ourselves, in any technical manner. Mr. Lander fastens on these words, and speaking under the name of Porson, thus vents his disapprobation:—

'In a composition such as Sophocles might have exulted to own, and in a stanza, the former part of which might have been heard with shouts of rapture in the regions it describes, how unseasonable is the allusion to *witness* and *second birth*! which things, however holy and venerable in themselves, come stinking and reeking to us from the conventicle. I desire to see Laodamia in the silent and gloomy mansion of her beloved Protesilaus, not elbowed by the godly butchers in Tottenham-court Road, nor smelling devoutly of ratafia among the sugar-bakers' wives at Blackfriars.'—vol. i. p. 90.

This is truly pitiable.

Pericles and Aspasia is not inferior to the best among the conversations, and abounds with passages of a chaste and glowing eloquence; but the structure of the work is extremely unfortunate. We have fictitious letters, speeches, poems, dialogues, all written, delivered, held, by historical personages and on historical occasions. Meanwhile no narrative has awakened our interest in these persons and occasions,—no train of incidents has artfully combined the inventions of the author with our old reminiscences; and the inevitable consequence is, that the whole work bears the aspect of a series of themes, and exercises, and literary imitations. The page, moreover, is overrun with verses, invariably inferior to the prose, and which are not a whit more acceptable by being introduced occasionally with some expression of slight or contempt. What little there is of narrative is not successful; and the appearance of Cleone at the conclusion of the piece, might be quoted as a justification of a remark we have previously made on this author's deficiency in descriptive talent.

The work shares, in common with the *Imaginary Conversations*, this signal disadvantage, that names are introduced which excite expectations greater than it is always in the power of the author to satisfy. To Aspasia none of that wit is assigned which the conversational fame of the Attic beauty leads us to anticipate. Some of the most distinguished men of antiquity are revived to little purpose. We have Aristophanes, and not a jest; Thucydides,



dides, and a compliment to Aspasia; and Sophocles appears for little else than to throw confusion on all our Mitchells by confessing, of some verses of his own, that he had forgotten what he meant when he wrote them. ①

The character of Pericles, the statesman and orator, refined, ardent, collected, has been ably sustained throughout; but Anaxagoras, the philosopher, is the man of greatest genius in the piece. How full of feeling and of thought is the following reflection, which we extract from a letter of his to Aspasia:—

‘I hardly know what I am treading on when I make a single step toward philosophy: on sand I fear it is; and whether the impression be shallow or profound, the eternal tide of human passions will cover and efface it. There are many who would be vexed and angry at this, and would say in the bitterness of their hearts that they have spent their time in vain. Aspasia! Aspasia! they have indeed if they are angry and vexed about it.’—vol. ii. p. 232.

Anaxagoras has been banished to Lampsacus, whence he writes these letters to Aspasia: we shall make some further extracts from them. He has been counselling his correspondent against any attempt to divert Pericles from public business—

‘Age is coming on: this will not loosen his tenacity of power—it usually has quite the contrary effect; but it will induce him to give up more of his time to the studies he has always delighted in, which, however, were insufficient for the full activity of his mind. Mine is a slug-gard: I have surrendered it entirely to philosophy, and it has made little or no progress; it has dwelt pleased with hardly anything it has embraced, and has often run back again from fond prepossessions to startling doubts. It could not help it.

‘But as we sometimes find one thing while we are looking for another; so, if truth escaped me, happiness and contentment fell in my way, and have accompanied me even to Lampsacus. . . .

‘Believe me, I am happy: I am not deprived of my friends. Imagination is little less strong in our later years than in our earlier. True, it alights on fewer objects, but it rests longer on them, and sees them better. Pericles first, and then you, and then Meton, occupy my thoughts. I am with you still; I study with you, just as before, although nobody talks aloud in the school-room.

‘This is the pleasantest part of life. Oblivion throws her light coverlet over our infancy, and soon after we are out of the cradle we forget how soundly we had been slumbering, and how delightful were our dreams. Toil and pleasure contend for us almost the instant we rise from it, and weariness follows whichever has carried us away. We stop awhile, look round us, wonder to find we have completed the circle of existence, fold our arms and fall asleep again.’—vol. ii. p. 130.

Here is the last letter which the philosopher writes.

‘Anaxagoras to Aspasia.

‘We are now so near winter that there may not be, after the vessel which

which is about to sail, any more of them bound for Athens, all the remainder of the year. And who knows what another may bring or take away.

'I remain in health, but feeble. Life slips from me softly and imperceptibly. I am unwilling to tire myself by blowing a fire which must soon go out, whether I blow it or not. Had I any species of curiosity to send you, were it pebble, sea-weed, or new book, I would send it; not (for it is idle to talk so) as a memorial of me. If the friend is likely to be forgotten, can we believe that any thing he has about him will repose a longer time on the memory?'

'Thus far I had written, when my memory failed me. Stesicles and Apollodorus have told me I must prepare for a voyage. The shore is neither so broad or so stormy as the Hellespont. . . . .

'Think me happy that I am away from Athens—I who always lose my composure in the presence of crime or calamity. If any one should note to you my singularities, remembering one a year hence, as I trust you and Pericles will do, add to them, but not aloud, a singularity of felicity, "*He neither lived nor died with the multitude!*" There are, however, some Clazomenians who know that Anaxagoras was of Clazomenai.'—vol. ii. p. 232.

The close of the life of Pericles is also one of the most select passages in the book. It is related by Alcibiades.

'When he had ended, and I was raising my head from above the pillow (for I continued in that posture, ashamed that he, who spake so composedly, should perceive my uncontrollable emotion), I remarked I knew not what upon his bosom. He smiled faintly and said—

'Alcibiades! I need not warn you against superstition: it never was among your weaknesses. Do not wonder at these amulets: above all do not order them to be removed. The kind old nurses who have been carefully watching over me day and night, are persuaded that these will save my life. Superstition is rarely so kind-hearted: whenever she is, unable as we are to reverence, let us at least respect her. After the good patient creatures have found, as they must soon, all their traditional charms unavailing, they will surely grieve enough, and perhaps from some other motive than their fallibility in science. Inflict not, O Alcibiades! a fresh wound upon their grief, by throwing aside the tokens of their affection. In hours like these we are the most indifferent to opinion, and greatly the most sensible to kindness.'

'The statesman, the orator, the conqueror, the protector, had died away; the philosopher, the humane man yet was living—alas! few moments more.'—p. 291.

Our next quotation shall be of a more sprightly kind. It is from a letter of Aspasia to Anaxagoras.

'No writer of florid prose ever was more than a secondary poet. Poetry, in her bright estate, is delighted with exuberant abundance, but imposes on her worshipper a severity of selection. She has not only her days of festival, but also her days of abstinence, and, unless upon some that

that are set apart, prefers the graces of sedateness to the revelry of enthusiasm. She rejects, as inharmonious and barbarous, the mimicry of her voice and manner by obstreperous sophists and argute grammarians, and she scatters to the winds the loose fragments of the schools.

‘Socrates and his disciples run about the streets, pick up every young man they meet with, carry him away with them, and prove to him that everything he ever heard is false, and everything he ever said is foolish. He must love his father and mother in their way, or not at all. The only questions they ask him are those which they know he cannot answer, and the only doctrines they inculcate are those which it is impossible they should understand. He has now fairly reached sublimity, and looks of wonder are interchanged at his progress. Is it sublime to strain our vision into a fog? and must we fancy we see far because we are looking where nobody can see farther?’—p. 141.

Aspasia is an excellent critic;—and yet there have been exceptions to her opening rule—for example, is not one of the most florid of old English prose-writers the author also of the ‘Paradise Lost?’ The following remark upon the attempt to distinguish between truth and fable in the early traditions of a nation, is judicious and beautifully illustrated.

‘On an accumulation of obscure deeds arises a wild spirit of poetry; and images and names burst forth and spread themselves, which carry with them something like enchantment far beyond the infancy of nations. What is vague imagination settles, at last, and is received for history. It is difficult to effect and idle to attempt the separation: it is like breaking off a beautiful crystallization from the vault of some intricate and twilight cavern, out of mere curiosity to see where the accretion terminates and the rock begins.’—vol. ii. p. 80.

It will be seen that we are bent upon selecting only what is pleasing and excellent from this little book. It would be no difficult matter, were we disposed, to find examples of stiff and stilted composition, of laboured pleasantry, and ineffectual efforts at *pathos*. There are instances, also, of a negligent use of metaphorical language hardly to be anticipated in a work composed upon the whole with so much accuracy. Here is image upon image in singular confusion—

‘As in the ocean that embraces the earth, whatever is sordid is borne away and disappears in it, so the flame of Love purifies the temple it burns in.’—vol. i. p. 132.

At the conclusion of this work there is a sort of appendix or essay, entitled, ‘Reflections on Athens at the Decease of Pericles,’ which is, however, far more concerned about the politics of England, than with either Pericles or Athens. It is written with an asperity of disposition extremely repulsive, and with a perversity

sity of opinion that quite baffles and eludes all argumentative reply. Strange! that he who had supplied an appropriate eloquence to Pericles, should reserve for himself the language of Cleon—that he who can write for another with elegance and a temperate judgment, should compose his own orations of ‘mud from the Nile,’ rife with things noisome and prodigious. He finds that England is governed by an oligarchy:—

‘To this likewise,’ he says, ‘must be assigned our periodical wars, tenderly protracted and carefully husbanded; and *what is more iniquitous than the most iniquitous war, and produces more strife and hatred, our bloated overwhelming church establishment.* Every rising generation requires a ten years’ war to support the younger branches of the dominant faction; and the public must pay the servile polishers of golden tufts with deaneries and bishoprics.’ (As he proceeds he betrays, it will be suspected, some personal feeling of offended vanity.) ‘Hence the descendants of persons whose chief merit was subserviency, and whose knowledge was confined within the covers of a Greek classic, *raise up their heads in society above the ancient gentlemen and heraldic nobility of the land.* The Greek is not a more difficult language than the Welsh. I had a groom who acquired the Welsh of a scullion, in seven or eight months, and yet never rose by merit or interest to become a doctor of divinity.’

In politics Mr. Landor is not a democrat; it is hardly necessary to say that he is not the advocate of arbitrary power. One would think that such a man might rest contented with the constitution of this country, under which he may live with as little molestation as possible from king or populace. But some cause of displeasure, it seems, lies rankling in his mind, and he has presented us here with his own project for its amendment. This plan of reform is announced in a manner somewhat rambling and discursive, but we must do our best, on a subject of so much importance, to convey the writer’s proposition in his own language:—

‘I would not, as matters are, destroy the House of Lords: I would not, as in his *drunken democracy* Mr. William Pitt did, conspire to bring it into contempt. Here, as everywhere else in polity, we should avoid all possible innovations. To remove abuses is indeed to innovate, in our government; but my meaning is, that we must introduce nothing which wants analogy in practice or in principle.

‘Mr. Fox would have reduced the peers to a series of cyphers. He was unlucky in all his projects. On one occasion he said he had a *peace in his pocket*, when he no more had a peace in it than he had a guinea. He was, however, less democratic, less subversive of social order and national dignity, than his rival. To descend from Pericles to such as these, is like descending from the downs of Clifton to the streets of Bristol. The better of the two had an equaler match in Cleon: the latter before he left us *tossed up a serpent into the air, which went off with a*  
fizz

*finz in Canning.* May we never see again such a wasteful expenditure of gunpowder and coarse paper! \* . . . .

'The legislature, at two epochs widely distinct, has recognised, devised, and framed, an elective peerage. This has been done for two parts in three of the empire. Had it been for only one there would have been guide and authority enough: it has been done for two, and by ministers called the most constitutional and conservative: he surely who shall bring it about for the third, cannot fairly be called otherwise. The body should be so constituted as to be the stay and support of the agricultural interest, which the invention of machinery and the spirit of speculation have depressed. Unless it be so, it will, under any form, become a by-word, and be scarcely more respectable in itself than the rabble of lawyers and literators tricked out for stage effect in the millinery of the Palais Royal, and holding courts for the trial of hang-dogs and incendiaries. Provided our peerage never exceed nine hundred, nor the portion elected as functionaries more than three hundred, why should not gentlemen distinguished by wealth and *abilities*, and possessing hereditary landed property to the low amount of only a hundred thousand pounds, be called, or stand in a situation to be called, to the high council board of their country?'

The scheme of a representative peerage here laid down, though it appears but a slight departure from the form of our constitution, is not the less utterly impracticable; for who that is at all conversant with the state of public opinion in this country, would propose to draw a *new* line of distinction between the possessor of hereditary landed property, and the proprietor of wealth of every other description—of land not inherited but acquired, or of transmitted riches in factories or commerce? To mention *abilities* as a separate qualification for the new peerage, is futile; unless we are also told by what means and by whose decision these are to be discriminated—unless some additional test is also provided, beside the old presumption which connects intelligence with property.

If the upper house is to become a representative body, and wealth to be admitted to rank its possessor amongst those who elect the members of that house, and are eligible themselves, it is manifest that no species of opulence could be excluded from the distinction; and our first step of reform conducts us to an elective peerage chosen by the wealthy orders of society. This may appear to some a very attractive scheme; it would be a very

\* Mr. Landor's political heats have a strange influence upon his figures of speech. Here is another instance. Mr. Pitt is boasting how he pillages the country. 'What is any man's private purse, other than that into which he can put his hand at his option? Neither my pocket nor my house, neither the bank nor the treasury, neither London nor Westminster, neither England nor Europe, are capacious enough for mine: it swings between the Indies, and it sweeps the whole ocean.'—*Second Series*, vol. i. p. 85.

Pitt is speaking with great seriousness at the time—is this pendulous prodigy intended to illustrate the style of that minister's rhetoric

hazardous

hazardous experiment. It would array one class of the people distinctly against another. If any serious opposition should arise between two legislative assemblies, representing distinct sections of society, and composed, both of them, of men who had merged their personal responsibility in their representative character, it is difficult to foresee how the contest could be terminated but by the utter prostration of one of the two rivals. An upper house, constituted as we have been imagining, must either sink into insignificance or it would be *too strong*. The house of peers, in its present state, will never carry opposition to an extent ruinous to the peace of the country. Its members, acting with a sense of individual responsibility, seek for their support that general opinion of society which does not always display itself even at popular elections—and, although they may oppose a house of commons, will never stand in array against the people of England. Let us rest assured that we must either keep the house of lords we now possess, or have none at all.

Enough of the turbid stream of Mr. Landor's politics. Let us turn to his poetry. The verses scattered through his prose compositions are such as rarely give an additional interest to those works—rarely invite to a second perusal. They are cold, constrained, unattractive performances. But Mr. Landor has also published a separate volume of poems, in which, though a singular harshness of style pervades them, there are evident traces of genuine poetic feeling.

The tragedy of *Count Julian* is, both from its length and merit, the prominent piece in the volume. The plot is not very skillfully devised; the catastrophe is mainly formed by the death of Count Julian's sons, of whose existence we have never been informed till we hear of their execution; and throughout the drama there is a painful indistinctness in the events which are supposed to be passing before us. Southey's '*Don Roderick*' has familiarized all readers of poetry with the historical facts on which the play is founded—otherwise we verily believe they would have great difficulty in extracting them from the abrupt and rugged verse of Mr. Landor. With respect to the characters of this drama, we detect nothing faulty in their original conception; but the idea of the artist is seldom adequately executed. *Egylona*, for instance, the wife of Roderick—the spoilt, amiable, jealous, miserable woman—we perceive the author to have accurately understood, but not vividly to have portrayed. We read her speeches without emotion, and see exercised in the composition before us the powers rather of the critic than the poet.

As *Count Julian* is not very generally known—nor likely ever to become so—it would be a mere weariness to enter into a minute criticism

criticism of its blemishes. It will be a more acceptable service if we select from it some of the passages of most signal merit.

Here is a description of Egilona which we give as it stands in the poem, though there are some lines whose omission would be an improvement:—

‘Beaming with virtue inaccessible  
 Stood Egilona ; for her lord she lived,  
 And for the heavens that raised her sphere so high :  
 All thoughts were on her—all beside her own.  
 Negligent as the blossoms of the field,  
 Arrayed in candour and simplicity,  
 Before her path she heard the streams of joy  
 Murmur her name in all their cadences,  
 Saw them in every scene, in light, in shade,  
 Reflect her image ; but acknowledged them  
 Hers most complete when flowing from her most.  
 All things in want of her, herself of none,  
 Pomp and dominion lay beneath her feet  
 Unfelt and unregarded : now behold  
 The earthly passions war against the heavenly  
 Pride against love, ambition and revenge  
 Against devotion and compliancy :  
 Her glorious beams adversity hath blunted ;  
 And coming nearer to our quiet view,  
 The original clay of coarse mortality  
 Hardens and flaws around her.’—p. 138.

The grief of Julian is finely portrayed in the following image—

‘Wakeful he sits, and lonely, and unmoved,  
 Beyond the arrows, views, or shouts of men ;  
 As oftentimes an eagle, when the sun  
 Throws o’er the varying earth his early ray,  
 Stands solitary, stands immovable  
 Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye,  
 Clear, constant, unobservant, unabased,  
 In the cold light.’—p. 164.

A battle is fought, and Roderigo falls into the hands of Count Julian, who sentences his enemy (the violator, it will be remembered, of his daughter, here called Covilla) to the perpetual imprisonment of a monastery. This dismissal of the king is regarded by the victorious Moors, who had been called in to execute this revenge, as an act of treachery towards them ; and Muza, their leader, condemns first the children of the Count to be executed, and then himself.

‘*Muza.* Away with him.

‘*Julian.* Slaves ! not before I lift  
 My voice to heaven and man : though enemies  
 Surround me, and none else, yet other men

And

And other times shall hear: the agony  
Of an oppress and of a burning heart  
No violence can silence; at its voice  
The trumpet is o'erpowered, and glory mute,  
And peace and war hide all their charms alike.'

And at the conclusion he exclaims,—

'And my Covilla! dost thou yet survive?  
Yes, my lost child, thou livest yet—in shame!  
O agony, past utterance! past thought!  
*That throwest death, as some light idle thing,  
With all its terrors into dust and air.'*

This collection of poems opens with one entitled 'Gebir,' a youthful production—a thing distressing to read, and of an unconquerable obscurity—and yet containing glimpses of poetic thought. We quote the following lines—though, unlike most of Mr. Landor's, they have been often quoted before—not only for their own beauty, but because they present a rather singular coincidence with a passage in *The Excursion*:—

'And I have sinuous shells of pearly hue;—  
Shake one and it awakens, then apply  
Its polish'd lips to your attentive ear,  
And it remembers its august abodes,  
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.'

The passage from 'The Excursion' is this—

'I have seen  
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract  
Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;  
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul  
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon  
Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within  
Were heard—sonorous cadences! whereby,  
To his belief, the monitor expressed  
Mysterious union with its native sea.'

Wordsworth makes a moral application of the image, but in the mere description of the fact or incident we prefer, in this instance, the preceding and inferior poet.

Some brief pieces complete the volume. The stanzas addressed to 'Ianthé' have this merit, that they appear to have been dictated by a sincerity of feeling. There is one entitled a 'Fæsulán Idyl,' which contains materials for a light and elegant poem, but they are not disposed in a natural or lucid order. The expression of any genuine feeling, taste, or inclination of a writer is almost sure to interest—and accordingly these lines will be read with pleasure:—

And



'And 'tis and ever was my wish and way  
 To let all flowers live freely and all die,  
 Whene'er their genius bids their souls depart,  
 Among their kindred in their native place.  
*I never pluck the rose*; the violet's head  
 Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank,  
 And not reproacht me; the ever sacred cup  
 Of the pure lily hath between my hands  
 Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold.'

The polished trifle that follows shall conclude our quotations.

'*Imitation of the manner of Catullus.*

'Aurelius, sire of Hungrinesses!  
 These thy old friend Catullus blesses,  
 And sends thee three fine water-creases.

There are who would not think me quite  
 (Unless we were old friends) polite  
 To mention whom you should invite.

Look at them well; and turn it o'er  
 In your own mind;—I'd have but four—  
 Lucullus, Cæsar, and two more.'

Mr. Landor has also published a volume of Latin poems, entitled '*Idyllia Heroica Decem, Librum Phaleuciorum Unum.*' The work was published at Pisa, that it might more certainly create for the author a reputation amongst the Italian literati. He tells us in his characteristic manner, '*Scriptum in Italiâ edidi (cur dissimulem? quæ ambitio enim innocentior?) quia nolui turmalis esse, nolui opinione hominum cum ceteris Britannorum peregrinantium, cujuscunque sint ordinis, conturbari.*' But it is not a European reputation only that Mr. Landor proposes to himself; he scarcely disguises from us that he adopts the Latin language in order to secure an imperishable name when the English shall be forgotten; so that when the planks of the British vessel fail him, he may step on the *terra firma* of the imperial literature of Rome. How long Mr. Landor's works may last in his own language we are not disposed to prophesy. He has himself an ardent faith—a pleasant one—and we have no wish, and are quite aware that neither we, nor any other, have the power, to disturb it. That true salt lies scattered through his works, is certain; whether sufficient, or of savour strong enough to preserve the whole mass from decay and dissolution, we will not venture to assert or deny. But if his fame in after-ages is to depend on these Latin productions, we have no hesitation whatever in pronouncing the futility of his hopes.

The poems are accompanied by an essay inquiring '*Cur poetæ Latini recentiores minus legantur?*' Judging from this, Mr.  
 Landor

Landor appears to us to be not altogether aware of the extremely disadvantageous position in which a writer places himself who composes poetry in a dead language. Perhaps no task in letters could be devised more difficult than to obtain the lasting protection of the Roman language for modern genius. We read the poems of the ancients, and our remotest posterity, and the posterity of the most distant nations of the earth will probably read them, not only for their intrinsic merit, but because they were really written by Greeks and Romans. The perusal of works produced under the influence of a totally different religion, of a different polity, and in a condition of human knowledge and the arts of life which never can again return, must always be highly interesting, highly beneficial. It corrects the prejudices of times and countries, and is to the intellect a species of foreign travel, liberalizing even still more than it enlightens. But the modern, though he may write in an ancient language, can attach to his work no portion of this interest;—he foregoes the use of words which have grown up with, and been modelled to, the thoughts and feelings of his age;—adopts a language loaded with associations from a distant era;—he must not see, or hear, or know, what an ancient has not left him a term to express; he becomes unavoidably an imitator; he belongs to no period, to no country,—he is neither Roman nor Englishman, he is merely linguist. To compose under these disadvantages anything which, merely from its essential merit, should be cherished and preserved by a different people, in a distant age, would require far more than the genius of Virgil or of Horace; and such genius who would not regret to see exercised under so great restraints, and deprived of its best resources?

At the revival of letters poets wrote in Latin, and naturally, because so large a portion of the ideas they sought to express were immediately derived through the medium of that language; to them, as writers, it was a native tongue; and the ablest of them all, Buchanan, had no other in which he could have expressed the higher and more elegant movements of his mind. Yet even these have obtained no footing on the soil of ancient times; the worst poet in the worst age of Roman literature is more secure of his position than the best of these imitators; their works live but as part of modern literature—must share its fate whatever that may be, and will lie neglected in the meantime, or be read only to be pillaged. As a scholar-like accomplishment—as the graceful amusement of a literary leisure—Latin poetry will at all times be written; nor as such do we seek for a moment to disparage it. But to anything higher than this, we do not expect, and hardly wish it to be carried.

Mr. Landor's volume, viewed in this subordinate character, will do him credit. In his imitations of classic fable, whether mythological or heroic, he has caught the air of antiquity; and he uses the language as one perfectly familiar with its resources. But his line is not melodious, the metre and the thought seldom flow in harmony together, and, above all, there is nothing in the substance itself of the poems to challenge admiration, nothing to render it any loss to the English reader that it was not composed in his native tongue.

We meet with little in the *Idyls* that tempts us to quotation. If we are wearied with reproductions, by a modern, of heathen mythology or Homeric fable, is the case much mended by having the same thing presented to us in the Latin language? But there is a book of *Hendecasyllabics*, many of which are occasional poems composed on events of our own time, and which, if they have no other interest, are at least very characteristic of their author. We, however, willingly confine ourselves to a single specimen. It is in this amiable and graceful fashion that Mr. Landor thinks fit to disport himself over the grave of Mr. Fox:—

‘*Epitaphium C. Foxii.*

‘Torrens eloquio, inque præpotentes  
Iracundus et acer, et feroci  
Vultu vinculaque et cruces minatus,  
Placandus tamen ut catellus æger  
Qui morsu digitum petit protervo  
Et lambit decies—tuis amicis  
Tanto carior in dies et horas  
Quanto deciperes magis, magisque—  
O Foxi lepide, O miselle Foxi,  
Ut totus, me ita dii juvent! peristi!  
Tu nec fallere nec potes jocari,  
Tu nec ludere mane vesperi-ve.  
Quâ nemo cubitum quatit, quiescis!  
Jacta est alea, et heu! silet fritillus.’—p. 24.

We have brought ourselves to the conclusion of Mr. Landor's volumes. They leave upon the mind of the reader impressions singularly discordant of displeasure and admiration; and these we have endeavoured impartially to convey. If praise and blame have alternated somewhat abruptly through our pages, the inconsistency is not in us; if the scales of criticism have vacillated more than usual, this must not altogether be attributed to weakness in the hand that held the balance. Where we have praised we have quoted largely; where we have condemned we have often trusted to our reader's candour, or his memory, for the justification of our censure. Why should we be engaged

in

in scraping refuse into a heap? He who loves such occupation may find employment in Mr. Landor's works. He who, on the contrary, shall set aside what is really excellent in them, and return to a second perusal of this alone, will be abundantly rewarded for his labour.\*

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ART. VI.—*The Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*. Edited by her Great-grandson, Lord Wharncliffe. 3 vols. 8vo. London. 1837.

THESE volumes will, we fear, disappoint in some degree the public expectation; indeed it could hardly be otherwise. When a work is known to have been published with certain prudential restrictions, there is always a strong curiosity excited about the suppressed parts; and it is supposed that what has been concealed must be much more *piquant* than what has been published. This feeling exists especially with regard to private letters and memoirs, and in no case was it more likely to be pushed to its extreme than with regard to the gay, witty, and superabundantly frank correspondence of Lady Mary Wortley. 'When such things

\* After concluding, as we thought, our notice of Mr. Landor's works, we received another production from his pen—a pamphlet in verse—entitled *A Satire upon Satirists and Admonition to Detractors*. The author, by a strange principle of calculation, seems to reckon upon its very poverty of merit as a passport at least to its circulation. 'It is only our intimate friends,' says the preface, 'who like us best when we write well; the greater part of readers are complacent at imagining their superiority as they discover our aberrations.' The greater part of readers care for little else than to be pleased with what they read; but, if there are others of an opposite temper, it cannot be denied that Mr. Landor has here written with sufficient mediocrity to secure their attention.

Not having ourselves a taste for aberrations into dulness, we should not have alluded to this trifle, but for the injurious mention that is made in it of names which must awaken an interest in every one at all acquainted with English literature. The reader of the *Imaginary Conversations* must have observed that their author professes a somewhat clamorous friendship for Mr. Southey. To one who is a lover of peace it cannot be very agreeable to find a stout fellow by his side—ever and anon protesting that he is the properest man alive—and defying all the world to gainsay it. Yet such is the attitude which Mr. Landor assumes by the side of his friend Mr. Southey. In the present instance he has signalized this amicable zeal by bringing before him, as the calumniator of his worth, another friend of his own, Mr. Wordsworth. For this purpose, and under pretence of keeping peace between the two poets, he 'cracks the satiric thong:—

Under my wrist ne'er let the whip be crackt  
When poet leaves a poet's fame intact.  
When from their rocks and mountains they descend  
To tear the stranger or to pluck the friend,  
I spring between them and their hoped-for prey,  
And whoop them from their fiendish feast away.'—p. 24.

The author of the *Excursion*, it seems, is reported to have spoken disparagingly of the author of *Thalaba's* poetry at some time and place, neither of which are mentioned.

things have been printed, what,' it is naturally asked, 'must that be which is kept back?' Now, in truth, in this as in most cases, it turns out that the suppressions have been much less important than was fancied; they bear but a small proportion to the whole work, and generally apply to matters—delicate perhaps at the moment of the first publication, but—of very little interest to the general reader of after-times. We cannot but suspect, also, that every reperusal of Lady Mary's 'Letters' will tend to a doubt whether her merit has not been somewhat exaggerated. When they first appeared, a traveller and an author of Lady Mary's rank and sex was a double wonder—which was much increased by Lady Mary's personal circumstances, and by the vivacity, spirit, and boldness of her pen. But now that the extraneous sources of admiration have run dry, we confess that the intrinsic value of the letters seems less striking; and that if we were to deduct from Lady Mary's pleasantry and wit, those passages which a respectable woman ought not, perhaps, to have written, we should very considerably reduce her claims to literary eminence. The additional letters now produced will add little to Lady Mary's fame, and take little from her reputation. They exhibit her neither wittier nor looser than she was already known to be—on the contrary, the pleasantry and the coarseness being diluted, as it were, by a large addition of very commonplace matter, the *peculiarities* of Lady Mary appear on the whole, we think, less pungent than in the earlier editions.

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tioned. Now reports of this kind are almost always found on examination to be false: the words were either not uttered at all, or they were spoken in a tone which has been misapprehended, or they were accompanied by limitations which have been omitted. Mr. Landor, however, gives full credence to the *on dit*, and because it has found its way (as what does not?) into print, he thinks it quite becoming and necessary to give it the immortality which waits up 'that pen' and 'those two fingers.' Such conduct as this, in the ordinary intercourse of social life, people would be apt to say, was meddlesome, and call it mischief-making; and why it should gain a more dignified title in the world of letters—we are unable to explain. And, moreover, we are very sorry to add—we cannot avoid suspecting that some personal grudge of his own has had its share in moving Mr. Landor to this performance. Our satirist quotes in a note the parallel passages from *Gebir* and the *Excursion*, to which we have already alluded as bearing a close resemblance to each other. He makes his charge of plagiarism, and reclaims his own with due flourish of trumpets. If Wordsworth had borrowed *all* Mr. Landor's poetry, he would have had but little to restore—little in comparison to the wealth that would still remain behind, and scarce perceptibly diminished. Every one, however, has a right to claim his own, be it what it may. But if any pique arising from this transgression—this casual forgetfulness of the *meum et tuum* in a poetical idea—has prompted Mr. Landor to an attack on quite different grounds, and induced him to represent Mr. Wordsworth as the detractor of his old, and, we believe, constantly affectionate friend, the Laureate—this is an 'aberration' which affects more than the literary character, and would afford gratification to a darker malice than is pleased with detecting the weaknesses and blemishes of a copy of verses. ①

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But this observation applies only to the additions from Lady Mary's own pen; for there are some very remarkable and interesting circumstances connected with *this* publication. It is edited by Lord Wharnccliffe, the descendant and heir of Lady Mary, with a liberality and candour deserving the thanks and worthy of the imitation of all literary men: but his lordship claims but a secondary merit in the work, the most important as well as the most interesting novelty in the edition, being an ample introduction under the title of *Biographical Anecdotes*, and frequent explanatory notes from the pen of Lady Louisa Stuart, the daughter of Lord and Lady Bute—the grandchild of Lady Mary.

It will surprise the generality of readers to find that we have still amongst us, in the full vigour and activity of her faculties, a lady, who, herself born in the reign of George II., received the maternal caresses of Lady Mary Wortley, and who thus forms a link—the only one probably now existing—between the reigns of William III. and William IV.—between 1690 and 1837, a period of almost 150 years.

The wonder and pleasure that such a circumstance is in itself sure to excite, will be greatly increased by the perusal of her anecdotes, which narrate the experience of age with all the vivacity of youth. It is with great justice that Lord Wharnccliffe remarks, 'that the spirit and vigour with which these anecdotes are written must satisfy the reader that a ray of Lady Mary's talent has fallen on one of her descendants.'—vol. i. p. 4.

But entertaining and interesting as these recollections are, it is obvious that they can go but a little way towards elucidating the obscure passages of Lady Mary's *life*, or even of her *letters*. Lady Louisa, only five years old when Lady Mary died, barely saw—*tantum vidit*—her celebrated grandmother—all she knows she derives from her conversations with Lady Bute and the perusal with which Lady Bute indulged her of part of a journal, kept by Lady Mary throughout her whole life, but of which Lady Bute's delicacy and prudence allowed but a small and very early portion to be seen by her daughter. The more *piquant* topics of the personal history and correspondence of such a woman as Lady Mary, it is obvious that Lady Bute herself was not likely to have fully known—and was still less likely to have imparted to her children.

Lady Mary, we are here informed, kept journals even from her earliest youth. That prior to her marriage was, on her elopement with Mr. Wortley, in 1713, destroyed by her sister, Lady Frances Pierrepont, afterwards Countess of Mar, lest it should fall into her father's hands and further exasperate him. 'After her marriage she renewed the practice and continued it as long as she lived

lived : at her death the journal fell into the hands of Lady Bute, who always kept it under lock and key ; and though she often read passages to her family and friends, would never trust any part out of her own hands, except a few of the early copy-books which she allowed *one of the family*—no doubt Lady Louisa herself—‘ to peruse alone, on condition that nothing should be transcribed ;’ and a short time before her death Lady Bute burned the entire journal, to the great grief of at least the younger part of the family. To Lady Louisa’s recollections of the small portion she was thus permitted to read, we are indebted for these anecdotes ; and we are therefore not surprised at finding them somewhat meagre as to the most *delicate points* of Lady Mary’s own history, and rather too abundant in scandal about all her society. But indeed Lady Louisa characterizes with great honesty her source of information, and fairly puts us on our guard against her own traditions derived from so suspicious an authority.

‘ Lady Bute so admired her mother’s writings, and took such pleasure in reading her letters to persons whom she thought endowed with taste enough to relish them, that it might have been held sufficiently certain she had the most cogent reasons for making what clearly appeared a sacrifice—the burning the journal. Yet, as youth is inconsiderate, and the fragments she did allow to be seen or heard were not a little amusing, she was very often assailed with entreaties to forego her design. When pressed on this head, she would ask whether, supposing the case one’s own, one could bear the thought of having every *crude opinion*, every *transient wish*, every *angry feeling* that had flitted across one’s mind, exposed to the world after one was no more?—And though she always spoke of Lady Mary with great respect, yet it might be perceived that she knew it had been too much her custom to *note down and enlarge upon all the scandalous rumours of the day, without weighing their truth or even their probability ; to record as certain facts, stories that perhaps sprang up like mushrooms from the dirt, and had as brief an existence, but tended to defame persons of the most spotless character.*

‘ These were Lady Bute’s arguments ; and what could any one who had a sense of rectitude urge in reply ; especially since it must be acknowledged, that in the volumes which she did communicate, the earliest written, and (one may be confident) the least exceptionable, there occasionally appeared traits of satire that showed what might ensue when the vexations and cares of advancing life should have soured the mind, given objects a darker shade of colour, and made farther demands upon a Christian charity not at all likely to have increased in the mean time.’ —*Anecdotes*, vol. i. pp. 21, 22, 23.

This candid and sensible admission does Lady Louisa infinite honour, and ought, in fact, to constitute the preface of any edition of Lady Mary’s works—for her letters and her verses are full of the kind of scandalous gossip which Lady Louisa thus censures. We shall have occasion by-and-by to return to these anecdotes, and

and to show in some remarkable instances the justice of Lady Louisa's warning.

Lord Wharncliffe himself has, as every body must regret, contributed little to the work; and with the exception of Lady Louisa's notes and of a few attempts—not always successful—to correct disorder and explain obscurities—he has contented himself with adopting the arrangement and annotations of Mr. Dallaway's edition of 1817. He states, however, that—

‘The editor of the present edition having had an opportunity of comparing Lady Mary's letters in their original state, with Mr. Dallaway's book, found that he had not only omitted several letters altogether, but that he had thought fit to leave out passages in others, and even to select portions of different letters, on different subjects, and of different dates, and, having combined and adapted them, to print them as original letters. He has also throughout both his editions frequently suppressed the names of the persons mentioned, and given the initials only. In the edition now offered to the public these defects are remedied.’—*Preface*, p. ii.

We shall see by-and-by that these *defects* are very imperfectly remedied, and the *additions*, as we have already said, will be found of no great extent or value, for, though a considerable number of new letters are given—many of them are short notes; others had been omitted obviously because they contain nothing of interest, and the rest because they are on topics merely domestic, which it is probable the family (naturally more sensitive twenty or thirty years ago than they are now) desired Mr. Dallaway to suppress, as being painful to themselves, without affording sufficient compensatory amusement to the public. As to the *editorial defects*, we cannot, however, but express a wish that Lord Wharncliffe had filled up all Mr. Dallaway's blanks, and found leisure to have made a general revision of that gentleman's notes, and above all, of the *dates and order* in which Mr. Dallaway had arranged the letters. In adopting, as he generally does, Dallaway's views, Lord Wharncliffe has repeated a great number of inaccuracies and errors—some so very obvious, that we wonder that they could have escaped him; and in some of the *corrections* which he has attempted on Dallaway, we think he has been by no means successful—at least he has left a great deal still to be done before Lady Mary's letters are cleared from biographical and chronological difficulties.

Besides the additions to the former correspondence, and Lady Louisa's anecdotes, the editor states—

‘The most considerable novelties to which this edition pretends, consist in the letters to Lady Pomfret, those to Sir James Steuart of Coltness, and Lady Frances;’—*Preface*, p. v.

but



but he does not here notice a more important class than either of those which he mentions, which is equally new to us, namely, twenty-four letters written between 1744 and 1750, to the Countess of Oxford. These letters are of a more sober cast than any of the others—the character of the amiable and respectable lady to whom they were addressed, seems to have sobered Lady Mary's fancy and formalized her style. The letters to Lady Pomfret are in a tone rather more lively; but the notes and letters to Sir James and Lady Frances Stuart—twenty-seven in number—seem to us as destitute of any talent or interest, as any batch of familiar letters in our language; and neither they nor even the letters to Ladies Oxford and Pomfret will, we are satisfied, add anything to Lady Mary's epistolary fame—but we do not, therefore, blame the noble editor for inserting them. His edition being intended 'to give a complete view of the character of Lady Mary,' he has inserted much that a less honest editor might have suppressed, and he, therefore, does quite right in giving us the less lively but more respectable portion of her correspondence.

Indeed, we have been struck with the kind of instinctive skill which guided Lady Mary in suiting—we suspect unconsciously—her style to the characters of her correspondents. To her late and transient acquaintance, Sir James and Lady Frances Stuart, her letters are verbose and empty—to Lady Oxford, a high-bred lady of the old school, she talks the language of a grave and somewhat formal friendship—to Lady Pomfret, a kind of *Blue*, she intersperses her chit-chat with scraps of learning and antiquarianism—with her sister and Mrs. Hewet, the companions and confidants of her youth, she is giddy, sarcastic, and even coarse—towards her husband she always employs a sober, respectful, and business-like style—to her daughter, she mingles maternal tenderness with a decent pleasantry and much good sense—and finally (to end almost where she began), in the celebrated 'Letters during the Embassy,'—which she obviously intended for the world at large, and which she therefore addressed to a variety of correspondents—there is a combination of the easy grace—the polished wit—the light humour—the worldly shrewdness of the clever and not over scrupulous woman of fashion.

It would be superfluous to extract any specimens of these various styles, from the letters which have been so long the admiration of the world; but we shall select some passages from those which are either new or little known, and we shall make our selections with a double view; first, to fulfil the editor's intention of giving the world 'a complete view of Lady Mary's character;' and, secondly, to endeavour to correct some of the mistakes into which all the editors appear to us to have fallen.

On

On the first point it will, we fear, turn out that we shall differ very much from the editor's amiable partiality towards his heroine; but as his work is avowedly published in an honourable anxiety for telling the whole truth; and as we shall abstain from stirring any obnoxious topic which has not been already brought before the public, either in his own edition, or in authorities to which he refers, we trust we shall be excused if the result be not quite so favourable to Lady Mary's character as her descendants might wish. On the second point, we are sure he will be obliged to us for pointing out errors into which he has been led, either by his predecessors or his own inexperience in the dull and complicated duties of an editor. As his work must carry with it such authority as would, if *now* unquestioned, be hereafter considered as decisive, we think it our duty to show that it is in the details of editorship by no means entitled to implicit deference.

It is not without some hesitation that we venture to give any specimen of her ante-nuptial correspondence with Mrs. Hewet, which is replete with wit and shrewdness, but superabundantly sprinkled with something more than levity; but that which the Reverend Mr. Dallaway thought not unfit to be printed, and which Lord Wharncliffe has republished, we hope we may be forgiven for quoting, not merely as a sample of Lady Mary herself, but as a fact in the history of female manners, if not morals, in England.

'I was last Thursday at the new opera, and saw Nicolini strangle a lion with great gallantry. But he represented nakedness so naturally, I was surprised to see those ladies stare at him without any confusion, that pretend to be so violently shocked at a poor *double entendre* or two in a comedy; which convinced me that those prudes who would cry fie! fie! at the word *naked*, have no scruples about the thing. The marriage of Lord Willoughby goes on, and he swears he will bring the lady down to Nottingham races. How far it may be true, I cannot tell. By what fine gentlemen say, you know, it is not easy to guess at what they mean. The lady has made an acquaintance with me after the manner of Pyramus and Thisbe: I mean over a wall three yards high, which separates our garden from Lady Guildford's. The young ladies had found out a way to pull out two or three bricks, and so climb up and hang their chins over the wall, where we, mounted on chairs, used to have many *belles conversations à la dérobee* for fear of the old mother. This trade continued several days; but fortune seldom permits long pleasures. By long standing on the wall, the bricks loosened; and, one fatal morning, down drops Miss Nelly; and, to complete this misfortune, she fell into a little sink, and bruised her poor — self to that terrible degree, she is forced to have surgeons, plaisters, and God knows what, which discovered the whole intrigue; and their mamma forbade them ever to visit us but by the door. Since that time, all our communications

communications have been made in a vulgar manner, visiting in coaches, &c. &c., which took away half the pleasure. You know danger gives a *haut goût* to everything.'—vol. iii. pp. 206, 207.

We shall venture on one more extract:—

\* 'My poor head is distracted with such a variety of *gallimatias*, that I cannot tell you one bit of news. The fire I suppose you have had a long and true account of, though not perhaps that we were raised at three o'clock, and kept waking till five, by the most dreadful sight I ever saw in my life. It was near enough to fright all our servants half out of their senses: however, we escaped better than some of our neighbours. Mrs. Braithwayte, a Yorkshire beauty, who had been but two days married to a Mr. Coleman, ran out of bed *en chemise*, and her husband followed her in his, in which pleasant dress they ran as far as St. James's-street, where they met with a chair, and prudently crammed themselves both into it, observing the rule of dividing the good and bad fortune of this life, resolved to run all hazards together, and ordered the chairman to carry them both away, perfectly representing—both in love and nakedness, and want of eyes to see that they were naked—our first happy parents. Sunday last I had the pleasure of hearing the whole history from the lady's own mouth.'—vol. iii. p. 210.

We do not pretend to know whether there is more female *virtue* now-a-days than 'in the reign of good Queen Anne,'—but we are confident that there is more both of *decency* and *delicacy*, and that there is not now an unmarried *Lady Mary* in England who would or *could* sully her paper with that species of wit which constitutes the chief merit of these letters to Mrs. Hewet.

To Lady Mary's strange argumentative love-letters to Mr. Wortley before marriage, already published, there is an addition of half-a-dozen, exhibiting the same combination of sober calculation and headlong giddiness. We extract the last passage of a long letter written on the very eve of her elopement with Mr. Wortley:—

'Reflect now for the last time in what manner you must take me. I shall come to you with only a night gown and petticoat, and that is all you will get by me. I told a lady of my friends what I intend to do. You will think her a very good friend when I tell you, she proffered to lend us her house. I did not accept of this till I had let you know it. If you think it more convenient to carry me to your lodgings, make no scruple of it. Let it be where it will: if I am your wife, I shall think no place unfit for me where you are. I beg we may leave London next morning, wherever you intend to go. I should wish to go out of England if it suits your affairs. You are the best judge of your father's temper. If you think it would be obliging to him, or necessary for you, I will ~~ask~~ with you immediately to ask his pardon and his blessing. If that is not proper at first, I think the best scheme is going to the Spaw. When you come back, you may endeavour to make your father admit of seeing me, and treat with mine (though I persist in believing it will be

to no purpose). But I cannot think of living in the midst of my relations and acquaintances after so unjustifiable a step:—so unjustifiable to the world,—but I think I can justify myself to myself. I again beg you to have a coach to be at the door early on Monday morning, to carry us some part of our way, wherever you resolve our journey shall be. If you determine to go to the lady's house, you had best come with a coach and six at seven o'clock to-morrow. She and I will be in the balcony which looks on the road; you have nothing to do but to stop under it, and we will come down to you. Do in this what you like; but after all think very seriously. Your letter, which will be waited for, is to determine everything.

'You can shew me no goodness I shall not be sensible of. However, think again, and resolve never to think of me if you have the least doubt, or that it is likely to make you uneasy in your fortune. I believe, to travel is the most likely way to make a solitude agreeable, and not tiresome: remember you have promised it.

'*'Tis something odd for a woman that brings nothing to expect anything; but after the way of my education, I dare not pretend to live but in some degree suitable to it. I had rather die than return to a dependancy upon relations I have disoblighd. Save me from that fear if you love me. If you cannot, or think I ought not to expect it, be sincere and tell me so. 'Tis better I should not be yours at all, than, for a short happiness involve myself in ages of misery. I hope there will never be occasion for this precaution; but, however, 'tis necessary to make it. I depend entirely upon your honour, and I cannot suspect you of any way doing wrong. Do not imagine I shall be angry at anything you can tell me. Let it be sincere; do not impose on a woman that leaves all things for you.*'—vol. i. pp. 190-192.

So odd a mixture of prudence and temerity,—so keen an eye to her own personal objects, and such blindness to all other considerations,—are very indicative of that wayward head and selfish heart which continued to misguide all her subsequent life.

We next arrive at the celebrated letters written during Mr. Wortley's embassy, in 1716 and 1717,—but as there is no addition whatsoever made to them, and as they are in the hands of everybody who has any book of the class, we shall only observe upon them an oversight which has hitherto been made by all the editors, and we suppose by most readers,—certainly by ourselves, till we discovered the fact in our recent examination:—these letters were not all written during the embassy to Constantinople, properly so called. It seems, from a comparison of the dates, that Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary arrived at Vienna about the first week in September, 1716, and remained there nearly two months, when we find them retracing their steps to Prague, Dresden, Brunswick, Hanover—where George I. then was—which they reached towards the end of November; and the letters show that their friends in England expected them home, and that their arrival in  
London

London was actually announced, when, suddenly, we find that they had once more crossed Germany, and arrived again at Vienna, on the 1st of January, 1717—having made, in the depth of winter, this long and fatiguing march and countermarch—which is not only unexplained, but, as far as we know, unnoticed. Yet it must have had some grave cause;—perhaps some attempt was made to supersede Mr. Wortley, and he may have gone back to Hanover to appeal to the king in person;—perhaps he had some special mission to Vienna, which obliged him to return to make his report in person; at all events, this is a remarkable movement, of which we are surprised that the present Editor has not endeavoured to offer some explanation.

To this class of letters Lord Wharnccliffe has added four from the edition of 1789, which Mr. Dallaway rejected as spurious, but which Lady Bute thought genuine; Lord Wharnccliffe, therefore, admits them; but we do not understand why he has not inserted them in their proper places. It is remarkable that there is not in this edition one single alteration in the arrangement, nor one additional line of explanation, as to this class of letters. They are in order as they appeared in the first imperfect editions, and except Mr. Dallaway's rare and meagre notes, we have almost nothing—we believe we might say positively nothing—in elucidation of the obscurer circumstances to which the letters allude, or of the personages to whom they were addressed.—We shall give one out of many instances of this defect. Some of these letters are addressed to *the Abbot of* —, while others are addressed to the *Abbé* —. The same person we suppose is meant,—but why is he in one place called the *Abbot*, and in another the *Abbé*, which, in common parlance, mean very different things; and who, after all, was this distinguished correspondent? We suspect the Abbé or Abbate Conti—an Italian literato, who, we know, visited George I. at Hanover, about the time that Lady Mary was there, and who afterwards came with the king to England, and was one of the earliest to make the name of Newton popularly known on the continent. We have no doubt that all these letters should be addressed to the *Abbé Conti*, and this is the kind of information which we chiefly look for from the editor of such a work.

Next to these 'Letters during the Embassy,' the most important class for wit and cleverness at least, are those addressed to her sister Lady Mar, between 1720 and 1726. To about thirty letters of this class, thirteen or\* fourteen are now added. They

\* We are obliged all through to use these vague expressions from the difficulty of ascertaining the exact numbers; as in all the editions,—and in this as much as any,—there are several misplacements, misdates, and misnomers, which occasion small variations in the reckoning.

are like their predecessors, light and gay, seasoned with a good deal of scandal and some rather coarse wit. We shall extract the first of these—both because it is as good a specimen as any of the rest, and because it gives a proper occasion for offering some suggestions for a future edition of the work:—

‘ [No date.]

‘ I am heartily sorry, dear sister, without any affectation, for any uneasiness that you suffer, let the cause be what it will, and I wish it was in my power to give you some more essential mark of it than mere pity; but I am not so fortunate; and ’till a fit occasion of disposing of some superfluous diamonds, I shall remain in this sinful seacoast town; and all that remains for me to do, to shew my willingness at least to divert you, is to send you faithful accounts of what passes among your acquaintance in this part of the world. My Lord Clare attracts the eyes of all the ladies, and gains all the hearts of those who have no other way of disposing of them but through their eyes. I have dined with him twice, and had he been dumb, I believe I should have been in the number of his admirers; but he lessened his beauty every time he spoke, ’till he left himself as few charms as Mr. Vane; though I confess his outside very like Mrs. Duncombe, but that the lovely lines are softer there, with wit and spirit, and improved by learning.

‘ The Duke of Wharton has brought his Duchess to town, and is fond of her to distraction; to break the hearts of all the other women that have any claim upon his. He has public devotions twice a day, and assists at them in person with exemplary devotion; and there is nothing pleasanter than the remarks of some pious ladies on the conversion of so great a sinner. For my own part I have some coteries where wit and pleasure reign, and I should not fail to amuse myself tolerably enough but for the horrid quality of growing older and older every day, and my present joys are made imperfect by my fears of the future.’—vol. ii. pp. 127, 128.

To the passage relative to the Duke of Wharton, the editor subjoins the following note:—

‘ This passage does not help us to fix the date of this letter, unless we suppose it to have been written very early after his first marriage, in the year 1716. His second wife, as it appears by the account in Chalmers’ Biographical Dictionary, did not come to England till after his death. His first wife died 1726.’—vol. ii. p. 128.

This note proves that the editor feels the advantage—we should say the *necessity*—of ascertaining the dates of the several letters, and of identifying the personages alluded to, without which all familiar letters become in a certain degree unintelligible, and—more than proportionably—uninteresting. We therefore entirely concur in the noble editor’s view, but we submit to his reconsideration whether in many instances—and in this one, for example, he has adequately worked out his intention. In the first place,  
he

he might, we think, have spoken with more certainty of this letter having been written at an early period of Wharton's union with his first duchess; but there is not wanting in the letter itself another circumstance which should not have been overlooked, the mention of *Lord Clare*—who was *Lord Clare*? The only Lord Clare of those times was a very remarkable man—Thomas Hollis Pelham—Lord Pelham, created *Earl of Clare* in October, 1714, and *Duke of Newcastle* on the 29th July, 1715. Was this handsome young fellow, 'who lessened his *beauty* every time he spoke,' that same Duke of Newcastle who for near half a century had so great a share in the administration of England? This is a little biographical circumstance which, we think, the editor should have cleared—but it involves a still more serious difficulty as to the date of the letter. This *title* of Clare seems to fix the writing of the letter to the short period between October, 1714, and July, 1715; and 'the sinful *sea-coal* town,' seems to limit it still further to the winter months—so that it was probably written while the title of Clare was in its first novelty, in the winter of 1714-15. But then what becomes of the *Duke of Wharton*, whose marriage the editor places in 1716, and whose creation as *Duke* did not take place till the 20th January, 1718? How are these discrepancies to be reconciled? Has the editor copied the letter from an authentic original? or are the passages which mention *Lord Clare* and the *Duke of Wharton*—titles which *never* were co-existent—fragments of different letters erroneously united? Or is Lord Clare's name altogether a mistake? We think we may say that the matter required more elucidation than the editor has given.\*

There is one letter of this series published in the old editions, but which, as it seems to us to be on the whole the liveliest letter which ever fell from Lady Mary's pen, we think our readers will forgive us for extracting as a specimen of her *very best style*; and

\* Even the date of 1716, assigned for the Duke of Wharton's marriage, seems very suspicious, as are, indeed, all the dates ordinarily given of the duke's early life. The Biographical Dictionary, to which the editor refers us, does not date the marriage in 1716; on the contrary, it says that grief for that event killed his father about a year after its celebration. Now the father died on the 12th April, 1715, so that, according to this authority, the marriage would have occurred about the spring of 1714, when he could have been little more than fifteen—'*scarcely sixteen!*' is the expression of the Biographical Dictionary. This would accord with the mention of *Lord Clare*, but not with the title of *Duke*. In 1716, Wharton went abroad and reconciled himself with the Pretender, from whom he accepted the title of *Duke of Northumberland*! Yet—immediately after these and even worse eccentricities, and a *couple of years before he came of age*—this profligate boy seems to have been allowed to take his seat in the Irish House of Lords, and was sworn a member of the Privy Council, and created an *English Duke*! These strange circumstances, if true, seem to prove not so much that Wharton himself was mad, as that every body else was so; and if not true, show how carelessly English biography has been written.

we must add, that we doubt whether there is any other letter in the whole collection of equal merit :—

‘ Oct. 31, 1723.

‘ I write to you at this time piping-hot from the birth-night; my brain warmed with all the agreeable ideas that fine clothes, fine gentlemen, brisk tunes, and lively dances, can raise there. It is to be hoped that my letter will entertain you; at least you will certainly have the freshest account of all passages on that glorious day. First you must know that I led up the ball, which you’ ll stare at; but what is more, I believe in my conscience I made one of the best figures there; to say truth, people are grown so extravagantly ugly, that we old beauties are forced to come out on show-days, to keep the court in countenance. I saw Mrs. Murray there, through whose hands this epistle will be conveyed; I do not know whether she will make the same complaint to you that I do. Mrs. West was with her, who is a great prude, having but two lovers at a time; I think those are Lord Haddington and Mr. Lindsay; the one for use, the other for show.

‘ The world improves in one virtue to a violent degree, I mean plain-dealing. Hypocrisy being, as the Scripture declares, a damnable sin, I hope our publicans and sinners will be saved by the open profession of the contrary virtue. I was told by a very good author, who is deep in the secret, that at this very minute there is a bill cooking-up at a hunting-seat in Norfolk,\* to have not taken out of the commandments and clapped into the creed, the ensuing session of parliament. This bold attempt for the liberty of the subject is wholly projected by Mr. Walpole, who proposed it to the secret committee in his parlour. William Young † seconded it, and answered for all his acquaintance voting right to a man: Doddington ‡ very gravely objected, that the obstinacy of human nature was such, that he feared when they had positive commandments to do so, perhaps people would not commit adultery and bear false witness against their neighbours with the readiness and cheerfulness they do at present. This objection seemed to sink deep into the minds of the greatest politicians at the board, and I don’t know whether the bill won’t be dropped, though it is certain it might be carried on with great ease, the world being entirely “ *revenue du bagatelle*,” § and honour, virtue, reputation, &c. which we used to hear of in our nursery, as much laid aside and forgotten as crumpled ribands. To speak plainly, I am very sorry for the forlorn state of matrimony, which is as much ridiculed by our young ladies as it used to be by young fellows:

\* ‘ Houghton; Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Walpole’s, then prime-minister.’

† ‘ Sir William Young.’

‡ ‘ George Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcomb-Regis, whose Diary has been published.’

§ *Sic*—but surely Lady Mary could not have made such a mistake. We suspect that Lord Wharncliffe has—sometimes, at least—printed from Dallaway’s edition, without consulting the originals. In a letter of the 30th August, 1716, Lady Mary alludes to a litigious old lady, whose name Dallaway and, after him, Lord Wharncliffe—print *Blackaire*—having, we suppose, forgotten Wycherly’s ‘Widow Black-



in short, both sexes have found the inconveniences of it, and the appellation of rake is as genteel in a woman as a man of quality; it is no scandal to say Miss —, the maid of honour, looks very well now she is up again, and poor Biddy Noel has never been quite well since her last confinement. You may imagine we married women look very silly; we have nothing to excuse ourselves, but that it was done a great while ago, and we were very young when we did it.'—vol. ii. pp. 159, 160.

The concluding letter of this series we shall also extract, although it is not now published for the first time, because it affords strong characteristic traits of Lady Mary, and suggests some observations on the present editor's mode of arrangement in a case where he differs from his predecessors:—

‘ 1739.

‘ It is very true, dear sister, that if I writ to you a full account of all that passes, my letters would be both frequent and voluminous. This sinful town is very populous, and my own affairs very much in a hurry; but the same things that afford me much matter, give me very little time, and I am hardly at leisure to make observations, much less to write them down. But the melancholy catastrophe of poor Lady Lechmere is too extraordinary not to attract the attention of every body. After having played away her reputation and fortune, she has poisoned herself. This is the effect of prudence. All indiscreet people live and flourish. Mrs. Murray has retrieved his Grace, and being reconciled to the temporal has renounced the spiritual. Her friend Lady Hervey by aiming too high has fallen very low; and is reduced to trying to persuade folks she has an intrigue; and gets nobody to believe her; the man in question taking a great deal of pains to clear himself of the scandal. Her Chelsea Grace of Rutland has married an attorney,—there's prudence for you!’—vol. ii. p. 201.

This letter is one of those which Mr. Dallaway is charged with having garbled and misplaced—and the fact is, that in his edition it appears as part of a letter under the date of 1725; but Lord Wharncliffe states in a note, that the *death of Lady Lechmere* (who died on the 10th April, 1739) *ascertains the date of this letter*, which he accordingly places at the end of the whole correspondence, and no less than *twelve years* later than that which immediately precedes it.

No doubt the *primâ facie* evidence justifies this arrangement—the fact of Lady Lechmere's death as stated by Lady Mary, and its known date, lead naturally to that conclusion—and yet it is certainly erroneous. The ‘*melancholy catastrophe*’ thus imputed by Lady Mary to one of her own\* earliest friends, *never took place at all*. The letter was, we are satisfied, really written about 1724, *subsequent* to which Lady Lechmere became a widow, was

\* \* Lady Lechmere was the eldest of Lord Carlisle's daughters, with whom she took refuge during the alarm that followed Queen Anne's decease.—vol. i. p. 209, 211.

re-married

Sir Thomas Robinson of Rokeby, and died a natural death in 1739, a period at which there had, we believe, ceased to be any epistolary intercourse between Lady Mary and Lady Mar. We believe, also, that the anecdote of the marriage of the Duchess of Rutland is equally unfounded. These are instances of the justice of Lady Louisa's observation, that Lady Mary would '*record as certain facts stories that perhaps sprung up like mushrooms from the dirt, and had as brief an existence;*' but they are also just such cases as the editor ought, in justice, to have examined and corrected.

We next arrive at the letters to Lady Pomfret, which commence in July, 1738, and end in 1742; they are of two classes; the first ten are written from London to Lady Pomfret in Italy, and are full of the tittle-tattle of the town—the other twenty-five were written abroad, and contain chiefly the anecdotes that she picks up of the travelling English, who then, as now, swarmed in Italy.

The following account of the storming of the gallery of the House of Lords by a body of Amazons, is amusing in itself, but leads also to some more serious considerations:—

'At the last warm debate in the House of Lords, it was unanimously resolved there should be no crowd of unnecessary auditors; consequently the fair sex were excluded, and the gallery destined to the sole use of the House of Commons. Notwithstanding which determination, such a tribe of dames resolved to shew on this occasion, that neither men nor laws could resist them. These heroines were Lady Huntingdon,\* the Duchess of Queensbury, the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Westmoreland, Lady Cobham, Lady Charlotte Edwin, Lady Archibald Hamilton and her daughter, Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Pendarvis, and Lady Frances Saunderson. I am thus particular in their names, since I look upon them to be the boldest assertors, and most resigned sufferers for liberty, I ever read of. They presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning, where Sir William Saunderson respectfully informed them the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensbury, as head of the squadron, pushed at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, and desired him to let them up stairs privately. After some modest refusals he swore by G—he would not let them in. Her grace, with a noble warmth, answered, by G—they would come in, in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House. This being reported, the Peers resolved to starve them out; an order was made that the doors should not be opened till they had raised their siege. These Amazons now shewed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot-soldiers; they stood there till five in the afternoon, without either sustenance or evacuation, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks, and raps, against the door, with so much violence that the speakers in the House were scarce heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two Duchesses

\* 'Lady Huntingdon, the same who afterwards became the head, the Countess Matilda, of the Whitfieldian Methodists.'

(very well apprized of the use of stratagems in war) commanded a dead silence of half an hour; and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence (the Commons also being very impatient to enter), gave order for the opening of the door; upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front rows of the gallery. They stayed there till after eleven, when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and shewed marks of dislike, not only by smiles and winks (which have always been allowed in these cases), but by noisy laughs and apparent contempts; which is supposed the true reason why poor Lord Hervey spoke miserably. I beg your pardon, dear madam, for this long relation; but 'tis impossible to be short on so copious a subject; and you must own this action very well worthy of record, and I think not to be paralleled in any history, ancient or modern. I look so little in my own eyes (who was at that time ingloriously sitting over a tea-table), I hardly dare subscribe myself even, Yours.'—vol. ii. pp. 222-224.

Lord Wharnccliffe adds—

'The debate to which this story relates, must have been that of May 2, 1738, on the depredations of the Spaniards, which appears to have been closed by a speech of Lord Hervey's. (See *Parl. Hist.* vol. x. p. 129).'—vol. ii. p. 223.

If this be so, then the letter is misplaced, for the two *preceding* letters are certainly subsequent to May, 1738. One of them offers another inaccuracy on the part of the editor, which it is but justice to set right. Lady Mary, after telling, in a style of very exaggerated satire, Lady Harriet Herbert's resolution to marry Beard, the actor, expresses some doubt as to how the matter was to end, on which the editor remarks,—

'Lady Harriet Herbert, daughter of the last Marquis of Powis. She did marry Beard in spite of her relations. He was a singer at Vauxhall, and an actor in musical pieces at the theatres; but what was much worse, a man of very indifferent character.'—vol. ii. p. 218. (*Note.*)

Now here is at least one very serious mistake,—Lady Harriet Herbert was (as all the books assert, and as we believe) *not* the daughter of the last Marquis of Powis,—nor, indeed, of the Herbert blood at all,—she was a daughter of Earl Waldegrave, and only the *widow* of Lord Henry Herbert. As to Beard's character, which is stated to be '*indifferent*,' we never heard anything *worse* of him than his marrying this foolish woman; and we hope Lord Wharnccliffe may have been as much mistaken about his reputation as he certainly is about his lady's parentage.

In another instance, in this series, when Lady Mary states, *inter alia*, that Lady Margaret Hastings had disposed of herself to a poor wandering Methodist, the editor says, 'Perhaps none of this news was true—by the *peerage books* it appears that Lady Margaret Hastings died unmarried.'—vol. ii. p. 254. Now Col-  
lins's

lins's peerage states that Lady Margaret Hastings married the Rev. Mr. Ingham,—and the notes on the 'Correspondence between Lady Hertford and Lady Pomfret' (vol. i. p. 50) state the same fact.

The next series of letters (which is divided, we know not why, into two, one ending in March, and the other beginning in May, 1744,\*) extends from her going abroad in 1739 to her return about 1760, and comprises her letters to her husband and her daughter Lady Bute, during that period, and are the most respectable, though not the most entertaining portion of the volumes. They are about one hundred and fifty in number, of which about twenty-seven are new, and, except one, of little interest. They were obviously omitted from the former edition, because they, for the most part, relate to her eccentric and unfortunate son.

The first feeling that the consideration of this mass of letters creates, is some wonder that they do not explain, nay, do not afford the slightest clue to the mysterious cause which led to Lady Mary's prolonged separation from her husband, her family, and her country. In the '*Introductory Anecdotes*' there is a passage which we dare say tells candidly enough all that her descendants know on this subject:—

'Why Lady Mary Wortley left her own country, and spent the last two-and-twenty years of her life in a foreign land, is a question which has been repeatedly asked, and never can be answered with certainty, for want of any positive evidence or assurance on the subject. It is very possible, however, that the solution of this supposed mystery, like that of some riddles which put the ingenuity of guessers to the farthest stretch, would prove so simple as to leave curiosity blank and baffled. Lady Mary writing from Venice (as it appears, in the first year of her absence,) tells Lady Pomfret that she had long been persuading Mr. Wortley to go abroad, and at last, tired of delay, had set out alone, he promising to follow her; which, as yet, parliamentary attendance and other business had prevented his doing; but, till she knew whether to expect him or not, she could not proceed to meet her (Lady Pomfret) at Rome. If this was the real truth, and there seems no reason to doubt it, we may easily conceive farther delays to have taken place, and their re-union to have been so deferred from time to time, that, insensibly, living asunder became like the natural order of things, in which both acquiesced without any great reluctance. But if, on the contrary, it was only the colour they chose to give the affair; if the husband and wife—she in her fiftieth year, he several years older—had determined upon a separation, nothing can be more likely than that they settled it quietly and deliberately between themselves, neither proclaiming it to the world, nor consulting any third person; since their daughter was married, their son disjoined and alienated from them, and there existed

\* Here again there is much disorder—the title of the second series is, 'Letters from 1746 to 1756,' though, in fact, they begin in 1744 and continue down to 1760.

nobody who had a right to call them to an account or inquire into what ~~was~~ solely their own business. *It admits of little doubt that their dispositions were unsuitable*, and Mr. Wortley had sensibly felt it even while a lover. When at length convinced that in their case the approach of age would not have the harmonizing effect which it has sometimes been known to produce upon minds originally but ill-assorted, he was the very man to think within himself, "If we cannot add to each other's happiness, why should we do the reverse? Let us be the friends at a distance which we could not hope to remain by continuing uneasily yoked together." And that Lady Mary's wishes had always pointed to a foreign residence is clearly to be inferred from a letter she wrote to him before their marriage, when it was in debate where they should live while confined to a very narrow income. How infinitely better would it be, she urges, to fix their abode in Italy, amidst every source of enjoyment, every object that could interest the mind and amuse the fancy, than to vegetate—she does not use the word, but one may detect the thought—in an obscure country retirement at home!

'These arguments, it is allowed, rest upon surmise and conjecture; but there is proof that Lady Mary's departure from England was not by any means hasty or sudden; for in a letter to Lady Pomfret, dated the 2nd of May, 1739, she announces her design of going abroad that summer; and she did not begin her journey till the end of July, three months afterwards. Other letters are extant affording equal proof that Mr. Wortley and she parted upon the most friendly terms, and indeed as no couple could have done who had had any recent quarrel or cause of quarrel. She wrote to him from Dartford, her first stage; again a few lines from Dover, and again the moment she arrived at Calais. Could this have passed, or would the petty details about servants, carriages, prices, &c. have been entered into between persons in a state of mutual displeasure? Not to mention that his preserving, docketing, and indorsing with his own hand even these slight notes as well as all her subsequent letters, shows that he received nothing which came from her with indifference.'—vol. i. pp. 89, 92.

This is expressed with delicacy and good taste, but, considering the position of the amiable writer, it is impossible not to see that she suspects that the separation did arise from incompatibility of temper, or some more serious cause; and as no one has accused Mr. Wortley of any eccentricity or severity, we cannot but conclude that the fault was chiefly if not altogether Lady Mary's. It appears, we think, incidentally, in the correspondence that Mr. Wortley was at least *twice* abroad during the interval—once as far as Bohemia—but that they never met; this proves that it was not mere 'business in England' which prevented his seeing her. Causes for this separation have been rumoured of a nature which, of course, never could have reached her grand-daughter,—but which, if true, make it wonderful only that Mr. Wortley should have so long borne with such eccentricities of conduct and temper,

temper, and should have arranged the separation with so much good feeling and good sense.

The new part of this correspondence is principally occupied by the melancholy confidences which Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary have to make to each other about their unhappy son; a subject which Mr. Dallaway was no doubt forbidden to expose. That reserve is now removed, and the following account given in the *Introductory Anecdotes* of this extraordinary man will be read with interest:—

‘Some of Lady Mary Wortley’s early letters, expressing vividly all a mother’s fondness for her infant son, gave sufficient occasion to moralize over the fate of those parents who are doomed to see the object of such intense affection, the creature whose birth made them so happy, become, when grown up, the curse, the torment, and the disgrace of their lives. Young Wortley hardly waited so long to signalize his propensity to vice and folly; betraying from the beginning that surest symptom of inveterate moral (or mental) disease—an habitual disregard of truth, accompanied by a fertile ready invention, never at fault. Where these prevail, it is building upon a quicksand to attempt working a reformation. He was a mere child when he ran away from school; and this first exploit was followed at short intervals by others still more extraordinary, until he finally sealed his ruin by marrying while under age a woman of very low degree, considerably older than himself; one for whom he could scarcely have felt more than a momentary liking, since he forsook her in a few weeks, and never sought to see her again, though her life lasted nearly as long as his own. To be capable at a mature age of such an act as drawing a youth into a disproportionate marriage, did not denote much principle or feeling; yet, as her conduct was not licentious, she never put it in his power to obtain a divorce. In future, more than one lady took the title of his wife, with or without the pretext of a ceremony which, it is to be feared, he would not have scrupled to go through any number of times, if requisite for the accomplishment of his wishes. But the last person so circumstanced, and the loudest in asserting her claims, met him upon equal ground, having herself a husband living, from whom she had eloped; therefore she at least could not complain of deception.

‘Notwithstanding all the mistakes, inaccuracies, and exaggerations attending public rumour, this singular man’s various adventures, at home and abroad, were perhaps better known to the world at large than to the near relations who must have heard of them with pain, and shunned instead of seeking particular information upon so distressing a subject: consequently little light respecting it could glimmer downwards to more distant generations. He was said to have had a handsome person, plausible manners, and a liveliness of parts which report magnified into great talents; but whether he did really possess these may be doubted. They are often gratuitously presumed to exist in conjunction with profligacy, whenever that takes any wild extraordinary form, because the notion of such an affinity has in it something wonderfully agreeable

agreeable to two very numerous classes of men, the direct opposites of each other. The disorderly and vicious are parties concerned; they rejoice to claim kindred with superiority of mind; and would fain have it a point established, that clever people can never by any possibility remain tethered within the pale of discretion and virtue. While, on the other hand, nothing delights sober, self-satisfied mediocrity and dulness like a fair opportunity of stigmatizing genius as incompatible with common sense, and the faithful ally, if not the parent, of every baneful extravagance.

‘Thus much is certain; Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary (neither of them an incompetent judge) were far from thinking highly of their son’s abilities and understanding. His irregular conduct was imputed by them rather to weakness of character than to “the flash and outbreak of a fiery spirit” conscious of its own powers; and from first to last they held him utterly incapable of pursuing any object or course whatever, praiseworthy or blameable, with that firmness and consistency of purpose which perhaps belongs as necessarily to the great wicked man as to the eminently good one. They would have passed upon him the sentence of the patriarch on his first-born: “Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.”’—vol. i. pp. 86—89.

After this preparation we shall now extract one of the letters which gives an account of an interview which Lady Mary had, by Mr. Wortley’s desire, with their son, in the hope of persuading him to a more rational line of conduct.

‘Avignon, June 10, N. S. 1742.

‘I am just returned from passing two days with our son, of whom I will give you the most exact account I am capable of. He is so much altered in person, I should scarcely have known him. He has entirely lost his beauty, and looks at least seven years older than he did; and the wildness that he always had in his eyes is so much increased it is downright shocking, and I am afraid will end fatally. He is grown fat, but he is still genteel, and has an air of politeness that is agreeable. He speaks French like a Frenchman, and has got all the fashionable expressions of that language, and a volubility of words which he always had, and which I do not wonder should pass for wit, with inconsiderate people. His behaviour is perfectly civil, and I found him very submissive; but in the main, no way really improved in his understanding, which is exceedingly weak; and I am convinced he will always be led by the person he converses with either right or wrong, not being capable of forming any fixed judgment of his own. As to his enthusiasm, if he had it, I suppose he has already lost it; since I could perceive no turn of it in all his conversation. But with his head I believe it is possible to make him a monk one day and a Turk three days after. He has a flattering insinuating manner, which naturally prejudices strangers in his favour. He began to talk to me in the usual silly cant I have so often heard from him, which I shortened by telling him I desired not to be troubled with it; that professions were of no use where actions were expected; and that the only thing could give  
me

me hopes of a good conduct was regularity and truth. He very readily agreed to all I said (as indeed he has always done when he has not been hot-headed). I endeavoured to convince him how favourably he has been dealt with, his allowance being much more than, had I been his father, I would have given in the same case. The Prince of Hesse, who is now married to the Princess of England, lived some years at Geneva on 500*l.* per annum. Lord Hervey sent his son at sixteen thither, and to travel afterwards, on no larger pension than 200*l.*; and, though without a governor, he had reason enough, not only to live within the compass of it, but carried home little presents to his father and mother, which he shewed me at Turin. In short, I know there is no place so expensive, but a prudent single man may live in it on one 300*l.* per annum, and an extravagant one may run out ten thousand in the cheapest. Had you (said I to him) thought rightly, or would have regarded the advice I gave you in all my letters, while in the little town of Islestein, you would have laid up 150*l.* per annum; you would now have had 750*l.* in your pocket, which would have almost paid your debts, and such a management would have gained you the esteem of the reasonable part of the world. I perceived this reflection, which he had never made himself, had a very great weight with him. He asked me whether you had settled your estate. I made answer that I did not doubt (like all other wise men) you always had a will by you; but that you had certainly not put any thing out of your power to change. On that he began to insinuate, that if I could prevail on you to settle the estate on him, I might expect any thing from his gratitude. I made him a very clear and positive answer in these words: "I hope your father will outlive me, and if I should be so unfortunate to have it otherwise, I do not believe he will leave me in your power. But was I sure of the contrary, no interest, nor no necessity, shall ever make me act against my honour and conscience; and I plainly tell you, that I will never persuade your father to do any thing for you 'till I think you deserve it." He answered by great promises of good behaviour, and economy.

'The rest of his conversation was extremely gay. The various things he has seen has given him a superficial universal knowledge. He really knows most of the modern languages, and if I could believe him, can read Arabic, and has read the Bible in Hebrew. He said it was impossible for him to avoid going back to Paris; but he promised me to lie but one night there, and to go to a town six posts from thence on the Flanders road, where he would wait your orders, and go by the name of Mons. du Durand, a Dutch officer; under which name I saw him. These are the most material passages, and my eyes are so much tired I can write no more at this time. I gave him 240 livres [less than 12*l.*] for his journey.'—vol. ii. pp. 324—328.

The editors seem anxious to acquit the parents of all blame in their treatment of this wayward temper, and in essentials, no doubt, young Wortley had no excuse,—but we cannot think that the very small allowance which was made him (though justified by



by the examples quoted by Lady Mary), and the narrow system of economy which she recommended to him, were at all judicious—particularly considering the enormous wealth which the father was accumulating. ‘Have you heard,’ writes Mr. Walpole to George Montagu, ‘what immense wealth old Wortley has left—one million three hundred and fifty thousand pounds. It is all to centre on Lady Bute and her family.’—(9th Feb. 1761.) We do not say that more liberality would have corrected this perverse being, but it was an expedient which ought, we think, to have been tried by a father who could accumulate out of his income anything like 1,350,000*l.*!

To complete the story of this extraordinary man we shall extract Lord Wharnccliffe's own account of the conclusion of his career.

‘It was not until a conviction of his being irreclaimable was forced upon Mr. Wortley that he adopted the severe measure of depriving him, by his will, of the succession to the family estate. But even this step was not taken without a sufficient provision being made for him; and in the event of his having an heir legitimately born, the estate was to return to that heir, to the exclusion of his sister Lady Bute's children. This provision in Mr. Wortley's will he endeavoured to take advantage of, in a manner which is highly characteristic. Mr. Edward Wortley early in life was married in a way then not uncommon, namely, a Fleet marriage. With that wife he did not live long, and he had no issue. After his father's death he lived several years in Egypt, and there is supposed to have professed the religion of Mahomet, and indulged in the plurality of wives permitted by that faith.

‘In 1776, Mr. E. Wortley, then living at Venice, his wife being dead, through the agency (as is supposed) of his friend Romney the painter, caused an advertisement to be inserted in the “Public Advertiser” of April 16th in that year, in the following words:

“*A gentleman, who has filled two successive seats in parliament, is nearly sixty years of age, lives in great splendour and hospitality, and from whom a considerable estate must pass if he dies without issue, hath no objection to marry a widow or single lady, provided the party be of genteel birth, polite manners, and is five or six months gone in her pregnancy. Letters directed to — Brecknock, Esq. at Will's Coffee-house, will be honoured with due attention, secrecy, and every mark of respect.*”

‘It has always been believed in the family that this advertisement was successful, and that a woman having the qualifications required by it was actually sent to Paris to meet Mr. E. Wortley, who got as far as Lyons, on his way thither. There, however, while eating a becafigua for supper, a bone stuck in his throat, and occasioned his death; thus putting an end to this honest scheme.’—vol. iii. pp. 446, 447.

We had often heard this story of the advertisement for a wife, but never could believe that it was a *serious* project—and the story,

story, as now told, only increases our doubts. For if it had been serious, would it have been so published? A pregnant unmarried woman is not so rare an article as to be had only in *England*, nor there only to be found by *public advertisement*. Nay, an Englishwoman so found, was the only person with whom the object could *not* have been accomplished—for if it could be shown that *she* had not been *out* of England, while *he* had not been *in* England, and if all the circumstances—to which the advertisement could not fail to direct public attention—could have been proved, there is no tribunal which would not have in such a case overruled the general proposition of *pater est quem nuptiæ demonstrant*—the rule of law never could have covered a physical impossibility. It is observable, also, that whoever penned the advertisement, was not even acquainted with the christian name of the solicitor\* who was to conduct the affair. In short, mad as Mr. Wortley was, we think he had more method in his madness than to have *published* such an advertisement, if he really intended to carry the design into effect. It was probably a mere scheme of intimidation.

As all the novelty in this series consists of letters relating to the younger Wortley, we need make no further extracts from them; but we must notice—by way of example—a few of the anachronisms and errors of the present arrangements and notes; and, when we show what strange mistakes have been made in matters where the editors are *personally* concerned, our readers will judge of what must be the inaccuracy on other subjects.

Dallaway had placed under the date of May, 1749, a letter congratulating Lady Bute on the birth of 'a new daughter.' Lord Wharncliffe alters this to May, 1754, and places it in a later volume. We cannot discover why. None of the authorities that we have consulted place the birth of any of the children in 1754, and the letter specially intimates that this is the *fourth* daughter.

'I have already wished you joy of your new daughter, and wrote to Lord Bute to thank him for his letter. I don't know whether I shall make my court to you in saying it, but I own I cannot help thinking that your family is numerous enough, and that the education and disposal of *four girls* is employment for a whole life.'—vol. iii. p. 86.

Now the fourth daughter, Lady Augusta, is stated in Douglas's *Scottish Peerage* (the best work of the kind we ever consulted) to have been born in 1749, which agrees with Dallaway's arrangement. But still more strange is a mistake, as it seems to us, made about the birth of Lady Louisa herself, and a mistake made by adding some years to her real age.

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\* This was, we suppose, the notorious *Timothy Brecknock*, afterwards hanged in Ireland for the murder of Mr. Macdonnell. As he was a fellow of infamous character, his name was probably used to heighten the intimidation.

A letter, dated 9th October, 1754, acknowledging the receipt of one from Lady Bute, says—

‘I am fond of your little *Louisa*—to say the truth, I was afraid of a Bess, a Peg, or a Suky, which all give me the ideas of washing-tubs and the scowering of kettles.’—vol. iii. p. 101.

Now, as we have just said, there was no daughter born in 1754, though, if we were to credit the editor's arrangement, there must have been no less than *three*—viz. Lady Augusta the *fourth* in the spring, and Lady Louisa the *sixth* in the autumn, and, of course, Lady Caroline the *fifth* in some intermediate month. The fact is, that Lady Augusta was born, as we have said, in 1749, Lady Caroline in 1750, and Lady Louisa on the 15th August, 1757; which event Lord Bute immediately announced to Lady Mary in a letter, which she acknowledges on the 30th September (vol. iii. p. 146); and Lady Bute herself, on the very day her month was up—viz. 15th August—announced the *christening* of Lady Louisa, and the grandmother replies (as we have seen) on the 9th October, all of 1757—

‘I have received yours of the 15th September, and am fond of your little *Louisa*.’—vol. iii. p. 101.

And these dates are on the face of the volumes. Lady Louisa must excuse us for knowing her age better than she seems to do herself, and for proving that she is in her *eightieth* year, and not in her *eighty-fourth*, as the dates assigned to the letters would import, nor in her *eighteenth*, as might be suspected from the vivacity of her style.

Such mistakes, made by parties themselves, are very strange; but another, in which Lord Wharnccliffe is specially concerned, is still more so. A letter to Lady Bute, which Dallaway had placed under the date of 27th May, 1749, is by the present editor dated the 27th May, 1754, and, transposed accordingly, it begins—

‘I had the pleasure two days ago of your letter, in which you tell me of the marriage of Mr. Mackenzie.’—vol. iii. p. 90.

To which is appended this note—

‘James Stuart Mackenzie, only brother of John Earl of Bute, married Lady Betty Campbell, second daughter of John Duke of Argyll. He died in 1798.’

When we add, that Lord Wharnccliffe is thus not only Mr. Mackenzie's grand-nephew, but that he has, we believe, inherited his estate, no one could entertain any doubt that Dallaway must have been egregiously wrong, and that, in what relates to such intimate relations, the editor must be infallibly correct—but it seems not to be so.

In the *first* place, the *date* now assigned to the letter of 1754 is wrong by *five years*; for Mr. Mackenzie was married to Lady Betty

Betty the 16th February, 1749 (Douglas's *Peerage of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 286); the birth of their first child was the 21st December, 1749 (*ib.*). Nor did Mr. Mackenzie die in 1798. He survived his lady (who died the 19th July, 1799)—dying himself on the 6th April, 1800 (*ib.*); and his library was sold by auction in the following month, and attracted some notice. That Lord Wharncliffe should have made these mistakes about the death of his granduncle, which happened some years after he himself came of age, and which he has such daily cause for remembering, seems very surprising—nor could we ourselves believe it, if we had not verified the dates in Douglas by reference to *contemporaneous* authorities.

Another mistake, though not quite so surprising, is more generally important, and requires correction, because it confounds national history.

Lady Mary writes to Lady Bute, under date of the 26th July, 1753—

‘I am glad you are admitted into the conversation of the *prince* and princess.’—vol. iii. p. 76.

To which Lord Wharncliffe subjoins a note on the word *prince*—‘Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III.’—*ibid.*

It escaped Lord Wharncliffe's memory that Prince Frederick, father of George III., had died on the 20th March, 1751, and that the prince here mentioned was George III. himself.

We could make observations of a similar kind to a greater extent than we have room for, but these are sufficient to show that editorship is not so easy a task as it may seem, and that there is a good deal in the way of arrangement and annotation to be amended in another edition. We are very well aware of how difficult it is to avoid mere errors of date in such matters, and how unimportant they sometimes are; but when the errors in the dates go so far as to alter and confuse the course of the correspondence, they become important.

Of the grave letters to Lady Oxford, and the empty ones to Sir James and Lady Frances Stuart, we have already expressed our opinion, and we have no room for any extracts from them.

To the *Works*—so called of Lady Mary—there is no addition whatsoever, but a new version of a worthless ballad already in the collection, and a few satirical and indelicate lines on General Churchill, attributed, on what seems insufficient authority, to Lady Mary. Indeed, we know not on what authority many of the verses are charged on Lady Mary, and if the editor has no other ground than that he finds them ascribed to her in former collections, he should, we think, have said so; because his edition is in itself an authority, and many of those things assuredly do her no honour.

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As our readers may be glad to have a specimen of her poetical talents, and as the only new piece is rather too loose for quotation, we extract one of the old ones, which has a peculiar interest, that will be obvious to everybody—

‘ *John, Duke of Marlborough.*

‘ When the proud Frenchman’s strong rapacious hand  
Spread over Europe ruin and command,  
Our sinking temples and expiring law  
With trembling dread the rolling tempest saw ;  
Destin’d a province to insulting Gaul,  
This Genius rose, and stopp’d the ponderous fall.  
His temperate valour form’d no giddy scheme,  
No victory rais’d him to a rage of fame ;  
The happy temper of his even mind  
No danger e’er could shock, or conquest blind.  
Fashion’d alike by Nature and by Art,  
To please, engage, and int’rest ev’ry heart ;  
In public life by all who saw approv’d,  
In private hours by all who knew him lov’d.’—vol. iii. p. 373.

It is exceedingly curious that this should be as exact a portrait of our living hero, as it was above a century ago of the great Duke of Marlborough.

We are surprised, however, that Lord Wharncliffe should not have inserted a copy of verses which are undoubtedly by Lady Mary, and which (as far as the mere poetry goes) are about the best she ever wrote ; they are to be found in the correspondence of Lady Pomfret, to whom Lady Mary herself gave them—

‘ *Addressed to ———, 1736.*

‘ With toilsome steps I pass thro’ life’s dull road,  
No pack-horse half so tired of his load ;  
And when this dirty journey shall conclude,  
To what new realms is then my way pursued ?  
Say, then, does the unbodied spirit fly  
To happier climes, and to a better sky ?  
Or, sinking, mixes with its kindred clay,  
And sleeps a whole eternity away ?  
Or shall this form be once again renew’d,  
With all its frailties, all its hopes, endued ;  
Acting once more on this detested stage  
Passions of youth, infirmities of age ?

‘ I see in Tully what the ancients thought,  
And read unprejudic’d what moderns taught ;  
But no conviction from my reading springs—  
Most dubious on the most important things.  
Yet one short moment would at once explain  
What all philosophy has sought in vain ;  
Would clear all doubt, and terminate all pain ;

Why,

Why, then, not hasten that decisive hour ;  
 Still in my view, and ever in my pow'r ?  
 Why should I drag along this life I hate  
 Without one thought to mitigate the weight ?  
 Whence this mysterious bearing to exist,  
 When every joy is lost, and every hope dismiss'd ?  
 In chains and darkness wherefore should I stay,  
 And mourn in prison whilst I keep the key ?'

—*Correspond. of Ladies Hertford and Pomfret.* vol. i. p. 53.

We cannot resist adding the observations made by Lady Hertford on the receipt of this apology for suicide, and we give them the rather from the contrast they afford in their ladylike style and Christian spirit to the coarseness with which Lady Mary treated Lady Hertford—if, indeed, the allusions and the verses at vol. iii. pp. 137, 295, of this edition (which Dallaway, and Lord Wharncliffe, we suppose, in deference to him—though without a word of explanation why they do so—apply to Lady Hertford) are really aimed at that respectable woman—

'My Dear Lady Pomfret,—Lady Mary Wortley's verses have a wit and strength that appear in all her writings ; but her mind must have been in a very melancholy disposition when she composed them. I hope it was only a gloomy hour, which soon blew over to make way for more cheerful prospects. If I had been near her then, I should have persuaded her to look into the New Testament, in hopes that *it* might have afforded her the conviction which she had sought in vain from Tully and other authors. She has so much judgment and penetration, that I am satisfied, if the Scriptures were to become the subject of her contemplation, and if she would read them with the same attention and impartiality that she does any other books of knowledge, they would disperse a thousand mists which, without such assistance, will too certainly hang upon the finest understandings.'—*ibid.* p. 105.

What good-breeding, charity, and truth! Lady Pomfret, in her reply, makes some further observations on these verses, which belong to Lady Mary's personal history :—

'What pity and terror does it create to see wit, beauty, nobility, and riches, after a full possession of fifty years, talk that language—and talk it so feelingly, that all who read must know that it comes from the heart ! But, indeed, dear Madam, you make me smile when you proposed putting the New Testament into the hands of the author !'—*ibid.* p. 111.

In a subsequent part of this correspondence Lady Pomfret sent to Lady Hertford Lady Mary's town eclogue, entitled 'Saturday,' in which an altered beauty laments 'her disfigured face,' and both the ladies treat it as descriptive of Lady Mary's own case—we doubt how justly ; but Lady Hertford's observations on the subject give us the least suspicious evidence that we know of Lady Mary's personal charms :—

'Nothing can be more natural than her complaint for the loss of her beauty ;

beauty ; but as that was only of her various powers to charm, I should have imagined she would have felt only a small part of the regret that many others have suffered in a like misfortune, who, having no claim to admiration but the loveliness of their persons, have found all hopes of that vanish much earlier in life than Lady Mary—for, if I mistake not, she was near thirty before she had to deplore the loss of beauty *greater than I ever saw in any face but her own!*—*ibid.* p. 169.

This is all we need say on the subject of Lady Mary's poetical works, which are but too well known:—but prefixed to the Letters are two pieces in prose, which are both new, and both possess some historical interest: one, by Lady Mary, is an '*Account of the court of George I. at his accession*;' the other, by Mr. Wortley, is '*On the state of party at the accession of George I.*' The lady deals in personal, the gentleman in political, scandal; there may be, and probably is, some truth at the bottom of their satire, but it is pretty clear that Mr. Wortley's not having had a sufficiently great or lasting share of the golden shower which the accession of the House of Hanover poured on the Whigs in general, was the *primum mobile*—the exciting spirit of the pens both of the husband and wife. Mr. Wortley's paper is chiefly, and Lady Mary's incidentally, directed against Sir Robert—then Mr.—Walpole, whom they both accuse of scandalous corruption in the Pay Office (for which, indeed, he was sent to the Tower in the queen's time), and they—contemporary witnesses and Whigs—boldly pronounce *that* affair to have been the result of notorious culpability, which Horace Walpole filially represents as the mere injustice of party. It must be observed, that Mr. Wortley was in the commission of the Treasury formed on the accession of George I., but continued there for only a year, when he was displaced by a board of which Walpole was the head as Chancellor of the Exchequer; and it seems to us clear that this paper of Mr. Wortley's was the draft of a remonstrance against that catastrophe. We select two or three extracts, which exhibit portraits of Whigs in the best Whig times, by the hand of an eminent Whig:—

'Before the opening of the session, Mr. Walpole was in full power; and when the places of consequence were to be disposed of, Mr. Walpole named as many as he thought fit, striking out of the list presented by the Treasury to the king, not only Tories, but Whigs, when he wanted to put others in their places; and at a debate, at which eight of the cabinet and about as many commoners were present, Mr. Walpole carried it that the books, letters, and papers on which the late ministers were to be impeached, should not be read till the orders were made. Mr. Walpole pretends he did not think Lord Halifax was to be trusted with them. But most people are of opinion Mr. Walpole wanted to have the whole credit of the management of this affair, and, by knowing more of these papers, to seem an able talker and writer. . . . It

was owing to him that, in the proclamation for choosing the parliament, it was declared in pretty strong terms that it was the king's desire that Whigs should be chosen; and was an open declaration that no Tories were to have any share in the king's favour. . . . The injustice shown in trying of elections has perhaps this sessions been greater than ever. . . . Lord Townshend acts much against his own interest in setting up Mr. Walpole above the rest; but Lord Townshend was never thought to have a strong judgment, though his language and winning carriage and honest intention made all the Whigs justly wish to see him secretary of state. He is the fittest man for it in the House of Lords; nothing could have sunk his credit, or can ever make the Whigs see him changed, unless his blindness towards Mr. Walpole's actions should set them against him, as it has made them less for him than they would have been otherwise. *Mr. Stanhope, who has doubled his fortune in one year* by the favour, as he thinks, of Lord Townshend, will always second what he does; and perhaps his want of judgment, or want of skill in the House of Commons, may give him a great opinion of Mr. Walpole.

'There may be another reason Mr. Walpole is so supported. Baron B—— is said to *take what money he can*. Mr. Walpole is the most proper man in England to assist him in getting it; and why should Baron B. join himself with a man so suspicious, unless he did take it? There are very strong circumstances for suspecting Baron B. has got great sums, and ———\* is known to be the director of Baron B.; and, indeed, this alliance is so well known, that no man ever says anything of Mr. Walpole, except in praise of him, to any of them.

'Mr. Walpole is already looked upon as the chief minister, made so by Lord Townshend; and when he is in the Treasury, it will be thought that the king has declared him so. . . . Can it be for the honour of the government to have a man marked for corruption declared first minister? Can he bear the envy of having such a post; especially when he has already the places of two paymasters, and a place for his uncle, though a Tory. If he is to be in it (*the Treasury*), is it reasonable he should make all the rest? . . . . If there be one or two in the commission who are not of Mr. Walpole's choosing, they cannot hinder any of his projects, so that they can do no harm; and can do no good but to inform the king of his affairs. This is what Mr. Walpole will endeavour to prevent all he can.'—vol i. pp. 123-128.

All these charges of corruption against Stanhope, Walpole, and the Hanoverian ministers, may be true, but it is obvious that Mr. Wortley was very reluctant to be put out of the Treasury by the nomination of Walpole and his friends to that board.

Lady Mary's sketches are more general and more satirical. Her *Account* is really a curious piece of court gossip, worthy to stand by

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\* 'The name to be supplied seems evidently Mr. Walpole.' This is Lord Wharncliffe's note, but we think that the name to be supplied is 'evidently' *not* Walpole—Walpole's name is given at full length twice over: the blank ——— we think, refers to one of the subordinate agents of Baron B——. Why does not the editor tell us who these B. B.'s were? We suspect Bernstoff and Bothman.



the side of Horace Walpole's sprightly, but very inaccurate, *Reminiscences*. As this piece is not to be found in the former editions, we shall make extracts—as large as decency will permit—from her sketches of the remarkable characters of that court.

'The new court with all their train was arrived before I left the country. The Duke of Marlborough was returned in a sort of triumph, with the apparent merit of having suffered for his fidelity in the succession, and was reinstated in his office of general, &c. In short, all people who had suffered any hardship or disgrace during the late ministry would have it believed that it was occasioned by their attachment to the House of Hanover. Even Mr. Walpole, who had been sent to the Tower for a piece of bribery proved upon him, was called a confessor to the cause. But he had another piece of good luck that yet more contributed to his advancement: he had a very handsome sister, whose folly had lost her reputation in London; but the yet greater folly of Lord Townshend, who happened to be a neighbour in Norfolk to Mr. Walpole, had occasioned his being drawn in to marry her some months before the queen died. Lord Townshend had that sort of understanding which commonly makes men honest in the first part of their lives; they follow the instruction of their tutor, and, till somebody thinks it worth while to shew them a new path, go regularly on in the road where they are set. . . . This was his character when the Earl of Godolphin sent him envoy to the States; not doubting but he would be faithful to his orders, without giving himself the trouble of criticising on them, which is what all ministers wish in an envoy. Robotun [Robethon], a French refugee, (secretary to Bernstoff, one of the Elector of Hanover's ministers,) happened to be at the Hague, and was civilly received by Lord Townshend, who treated him at his table with the English hospitality; and he was charmed with a reception which his birth and education did not entitle him to.

'When King George ascended the throne, he was surrounded by all his German ministers and play-fellows, male and female. Baron Goritz was the most considerable among them both for birth and fortune. He had managed the king's treasury, for thirty years, with the utmost fidelity and economy; and had the true German honesty, being a plain, sincere and unambitious man. Bernstoff, the secretary, was of a different turn. He was avaricious, artful, and designing; and had got his share in the king's councils by bribing his women. Robotun was employed in these matters, and had the sanguine ambition of a Frenchman. He resolved there should be an English ministry of his choosing; and, knowing none of them personally but Townshend, he had not failed to recommend him to his master, and his master to the king, as the only proper person for the important post of secretary of state; and he entered upon that office with universal applause, having at that time a very popular character, which he might probably have retained for ever if he had not been entirely governed by his wife and her brother Robert Walpole, whom he immediately advanced to be paymaster, esteemed a post of exceeding profit, and very necessary for his indebted estate.

'Lord

' Lord Halifax, who was now advanced to the dignity of earl, and graced with the garter, and first commissioner of the treasury, treated him with contempt. The Earl of Nottingham, who had the real merit of having renounced the ministry in Queen Anne's reign, when he thought they were going to alter the succession, was not to be reconciled to Walpole, whom he looked upon as stigmatized for corruption.

' The Duke of Marlborough, who in his old age was making the same figure at court that he did when he first came into it,—I mean, bowing and smiling in the antechamber while Townshend was in the closet,—was not, however, pleased with Walpole, who began to behave to him with the insolence of new favour; and his duchess, who never restrained her tongue in her life, used to make public jokes of the beggary she first knew him in, when her caprice gave him a considerable place, against the opinion of Lord Godolphin and the Duke of Marlborough. . . . .

' The king's character may be comprised in very few words. In private life he would have been called an honest blockhead; and fortune, that made him a king, added nothing to his happiness, only prejudiced his honesty, and shortened his days. No man was ever more free from ambition; he loved money, but loved to keep his own, without being rapacious of other men's. He would have grown rich by saving, but was incapable of laying schemes for getting; he was more properly dull than lazy, and would have been so well contented to have remained in his little town of Hanover, that if the ambition of those about him had not been greater than his own, we should never have seen him in England; and the natural honesty of his temper, joined with the narrow notions of a low education, made him look upon his acceptance of the crown as an act of usurpation, which was always uneasy to him. But he was carried by the stream of the people about him, in that, as in every action of his life. He could speak no English, and was past the age of learning it. Our customs and laws were all mysteries to him, which he neither tried to understand, nor was capable of understanding if he had endeavoured it. He was passively good-natured, and wished all mankind enjoyed quiet, if they would let him do so. . . .

' Mademoiselle Schulerberg was duller than himself, and consequently did not find out that he was so; and had lived in that figure at Hanover almost forty years (for she came hither at threescore), without meddling in any affairs of the electorate; content with the small pension he allowed her, and the honour of his visits when he had nothing else to do, which happened very often. She even refused coming hither at first, fearing that the people of England, who, she thought, were accustomed to use their kings barbarously, might chop off his head in the first fortnight; and had not love or gratitude enough to venture being involved in his ruin. And the poor man was in peril of coming hither without knowing where to pass his evenings; which he was accustomed to do in the apartments of women; free from business. But Madame Kilmansegg saved him from this misfortune. She was told that Mademoiselle Schulerberg scrupled this terrible journey; and took the opportunity

opportunity of offering her service to his Majesty, who willingly accepted of it. . . . .

‘ Madame Kilmansegg deserves I should be a little particular in her character, there being something in it worth speaking of. She was past forty : she had never been a beauty, but certainly very agreeable in her person when adorned by youth ; and had once appeared so charming to the king, that it was said the divorce and ruin of his beautiful princess, the Duke of Zell’s daughter, was owing to the hopes her mother (who was declared mistress to the king’s father, and all-powerful in his court) had of setting her daughter in her place ; and that the project did not succeed, by the passion which Madame Kilmansegg took for M. Kilmansegg, who was son of a merchant of Hamburgh, and, after having a child by him, there was nothing left for her but to marry him. . . . . She was both luxurious and generous, devoted to her pleasures, and seemed to have taken Lord Rochester’s resolution of avoiding all sorts of self-denial. She had a greater vivacity in conversation than ever I knew in a German of either sex. She loved reading, and had a taste of all polite learning. Her humour was easy and sociable. Her constitution inclined her to gallantry. She was well-bred and amusing in company. She knew both how to please and be pleased—and had experience enough to know *it was hard to do either without money*. Her unlimited expenses had left her with very little remaining, and she made what haste she could to make advantage of the opinion the English had of her power with the king, by receiving the presents that were made her from all quarters ; and which she knew very well must cease when it was known that the king’s idleness carried him to her lodgings without either regard for her advice, or affection for her person, which time and very bad paint had left without any of the charms which had once attracted him.

‘ His best-beloved mistress remained still at Hanover, which was the beautiful Countess of Platen. . . . . That lady was married to Madame Kilmansegg’s brother, the most considerable man in Hanover for birth and fortune ; and her beauty was as far beyond that of any of the other women that appeared. However the king saw her every day without taking notice of it, and contented himself with his habitual commerce with Mademoiselle Schulenberg. . . . In those little courts there is no distinction of much value but what arises from the favour of the prince ; and Madame Platen saw with great indignation that all her charms were passed over unregarded ; and she took a method to get over this misfortune which would never have entered into the head of a woman of sense, and yet which met with wonderful success. She asked an audience of his highness, who granted it without guessing what she meant by it ; and she told him that as nobody could refuse her the first rank in that place, it was very mortifying to see his highness not show her any mark of favour ; and, as no person could be more attached to his person than herself, she begged with tears in her fine eyes that he would alter his behaviour to her. The elector, very

very much astonished at this complaint, answered that he did not know any reason he had given her to believe he was wanting in respect for her, and that he thought her not only the greatest lady, but the greatest beauty of the court. "If that be true, sire," replied she sobbing, "why do you pass all your time with Mademoiselle Schulenberg, while I hardly receive the honour of a visit from you?" His highness promised to mend his manners, and from that time was very assiduous in waiting upon her. This ended in a fondness, which her husband disliked so much that he parted with her. . . . The elector, however, did not break with his first love, and often went to her apartment to cut paper, which was his chief employment there; which the Countess of Platen easily permitted him, having often occasion for his absence. She was naturally gallant; and, after having thus satisfied her ambition, pursued her warmer inclinations.

'Young Craggs came about this time to Hanover, where his father sent him to take a view of that court in his tour of travelling. He was in his first bloom of youth and vigour. . . . The elder Craggs was nothing more considerable at his first appearance in the world than footman to Lady Mary Mordant, the gallant Duchess of Norfolk, who had always half-a-dozen intrigues to manage. Some servant must always be trusted in affairs of that kind, and James Craggs had the good fortune to be chosen for that purpose. She found him both faithful and discreet, and he was soon advanced to the dignity of valet-de-chambre.

'King James II. had an amour with her after he was upon the throne, and respected the queen enough to endeavour to keep it entirely from her knowledge. James Craggs was the messenger between the king and the duchess, and did not fail to make the best use of so important a trust. He scraped a great deal of money from the bounty of this royal lover, and was too inconsiderable to be hurt by his ruin; and did not concern himself much for that of his mistress, which by lower intrigues happened soon after. This fellow, from the report of all parties, and even from that of his professed enemies, had a very uncommon genius; a head well turned for calculation; great industry; and [*was*] so just an observer of the world, that the meanness of his education never appeared in his conversation.

'The Duke of Marlborough, who was sensible how well he was qualified for affairs that required secrecy, employed him as his procurer both for women and money; and he acquitted himself so well of these trusts as to please his master; and yet raise a considerable fortune, by turning his money in the public funds, the secret of which came often to his knowledge by the duke's employing him. . . .

'Young Craggs had great vivacity, a happy memory, and flowing elocution; he was brave and generous; and had an appearance of open-heartedness in his manner that gained him a universal good-will, if not a universal esteem. It is true, there appeared a heat and want of judgment in all his words and actions, which did not make him very valuable in the eyes of cool judges, but Madame Platen was not of that number. His youth and fire made him appear a conquest worthy her charms,

charms, and her charms made her appear very well worthy his passionate addresses. Two people so well disposed towards each other were very soon in the closest engagement; and the first proof Madame Platen gave him of her affection was introducing him to the favour of the elector, who took it on her word that he was a young man of extraordinary merit, and he named him for Cofferer at his first accession to the crown of England, and I believe it was the only place that he then disposed of from any inclination of his own. . . . .

‘ I have not yet given the character of the Prince. [George II.] The fire of his temper appeared in every look and gesture; which, being unhappily under the direction of a small understanding, was every day throwing him upon some indiscretion. He was naturally sincere, and his pride told him that he was placed above constraint; not reflecting that a high rank carries along with it a necessity of a more decent and regular behaviour than is expected from those who are not set in so conspicuous a light. He was so far from being of that opinion, that he looked on all the men and women he saw as creatures he might kick or kiss for his diversion; and, whenever he met with any opposition in those designs, he thought his opposers insolent rebels to the will of God, who created them for his use, and judged of the merit of all people by their ready submission to his orders, or the relation they had to his power. And in this view he looked upon the Princess as the most meritorious of her sex; and she took care to keep him in that sentiment by all the arts she was mistress of. He had married her by inclination; his good-natured father had been so complaisant as to let him choose a wife for himself. She was of the house of Anspach, and brought him no great addition either of money or alliance; but was at that time esteemed a German beauty, and had that genius which qualified her for the government of a fool, and made her despicable in the eyes of men of sense; I mean a low cunning, which gave her an inclination to cheat all the people she conversed with, and often cheated herself in the first place, by showing her the wrong side of her interest, not having understanding enough to observe that falsehood in conversation, like red on the face, should be used very seldom and very sparingly, or they destroy that interest and beauty which they are designed to heighten.’—vol. i. pp. 103-118.

The reader will have observed with some surprise, that George I., so quiet and contented in other respects, should have involved himself in the complicated trammels of *three* mistresses at a time; which is one more than even Horace Walpole, in his scandalous chronicle, assigns to him. But the fact is, that Walpole confounds Madame Kilmansegg, the *sister* of Count Platen, with his wife. By the foreign fashion, all the daughters of a house called themselves by the patronymic title, and Madame Kilmansegg having been *née Countess of Platen*, became confounded with her sister-in-law, and thus George I. was deprived of one-third of his amatory fame, to which, however,  
Lady

Lady Mary—a suitable historian of such matters—has now restored him. But this is not all. His Majesty, it seems, thought there was a charm in the number three, and as the Countess of Platen would not come over, ‘he paid,’ says Walpole, ‘his new subjects the compliment of taking an English mistress—Miss Brett, daughter, by the second husband, of the notorious Countess of Macclesfield, Savage’s pretended mother. After the king’s death, Miss Brett married Sir William Lemon.’ The history of this amour is told in Walpole’s *Reminiscences*—we notice it here because, first, it completes Lady Mary’s historical sketch—and secondly, it explains an allusion in one of her letters, vol. ii. p. 260, to Sir William Lemon’s marriage and death, of which the editor takes no notice, and which is unintelligible without it.

Lady Louisa remarks, that her grandmother states that while at Louvere, in 1752, she amused herself in successively writing and destroying the sheets of a ‘history of her own time,’ of which Lady Louisa supposes the piece we have just quoted to be a fragment. We cannot be of that opinion. It is, we think, clear by internal evidence that this paper was written during the life of George I., and probably early in the reign, under the influence of the same sentiments of personal disappointment which prompted Mr. Wortley’s pen. But whenever written, we may be well assured that the facts are strongly discoloured by the passions and prejudices of the writer.

We have now done with Lady Mary Wortley’s works and letters, and must return to the interesting ‘*Introductory Anecdotes*’ of Lady Louisa Stuart—of which our readers will be obliged to us for giving them a few further specimens—though it may happen that we shall have to question some of the facts stated, and many of the conclusions drawn. Lady Louisa states nothing of her own knowledge, but relates from Lady Mary’s journal, which she candidly admits cannot be received as indisputable authority.

Lady Louisa attributes to Horace Walpole an excessive dislike of Lady Mary, though we can see no evidence that he thought worse of her ladyship than the generality of the world about her did—but she accounts for it by endeavouring, on the authority of Lady Mary’s journal, to turn the tables on Walpole’s mother—

‘His mother and she had been antagonists and enemies before he was born; “*car tout est reciproque*,” says La Bruyère. We see how Lady Mary represented Lady Walpole, and may take it for granted that Lady Walpole did not love or spare Lady Mary; and if they continued to keep up the outward forms of acquaintanceship, which of course brought them often into contact, they would naturally hate each other all the more.

‘Mr.

'Mr. Walpole's affection for his mother was so much the most amiable point in his character, and his expressions whenever he names or alludes to her are so touching, come so directly and evidently from the heart, that one would very fain think of her as he did, and believe she had every perfection his partiality assigns to her. But, in truth, there was a contrary version of the matter, not resting solely, *nor yet principally*, upon the authority of Lady Mary Wortley. It filled so prominent a place in the scandalous history of the time, that the world knew as well which way Captain Lemuel Gulliver was glancing when gravely vindicating the reputation of my Lord *Treasurer* Flimnap's excellent lady, as what he meant by the red, green, and blue girdles of the Lilliputian grandees, or the said Flimnap's feats of agility on the tight-rope. Those ironical lines also, where Pope says that Sir Robert Walpole

"Had never made a friend in private life,

And was besides a tyrant to his wife,"

are equally well understood as conveying a sly allusion to his good-humoured unconcern about some things which more strait-laced husbands do not take so coolly. Openly laughing at their nicety, he professed it his method "to go his own way, and let madam go her's."—vol. i. pp. 32, 33.

Here—before we copy the scandal that follows—we must pause to say that it *may* be very true that Lady Walpole was *gallant*, and Sir Robert over easy; but that the evidence Lady Louisa brings in support of Lady Mary's charge does *not* support it. The pleasantry in 'Gulliver's Travels' about the Treasurer Flimnap's lady turns on the *very contrary* of Lady Louisa's supposition—it being directed against the morbid *jealousy* of the husband in a case where it must have been *groundless*. The fun is in the punctilious gravity with which the *man-mountain* vindicates the character of a lady who was not so tall as the *little finger* of her supposed admirer. And again, as to Pope's lines, they occur in a passage in which, if ever he could be so, he must have been sincere, for the praise of Walpole is coupled with that of his own dearest friends—Cobham, Marchmont, Lyttelton, and Bolingbroke—a sneer in this place would have been a sneer on them, and is morally impossible to have been meant: and finally the sneer would have been worse than pointless, because poor Lady Walpole was dead and buried before the poem was written. Pope and Swift, therefore, who have malice enough of their own to answer for, are certainly no accomplices in this of Lady Mary. We proceed with the extract:—

'In a word, Horace Walpole himself was generally supposed to be the son of Carr Lord Hervey,\* and Sir Robert not to be ignorant of it. One striking circumstance was visible to the naked eye; no beings in human

\* The eldest son of John Hervey—first Earl of Bristol. He died unmarried, and was succeeded by his half-brother, the more famous John Lord Hervey, the issue of his father's second marriage.'

shape

shape could resemble each other less than the two passing for father and son ; and, while their *reverse* of personal likeness provoked a malicious whisper, Sir Robert's marked neglect of Horace in his infancy tended to confirm it. A number of children, young Walpole one, were accustomed to meet and play together. Such of them as, like himself, lived to grow old, all united in declaring that no other boy within their knowledge was left so entirely in the hands of his mother, or seemed to have so little acquaintance with his father ; the fact being, that Sir Robert Walpole took scarcely any notice of him, till his proficiency at Eaton school, when a lad of some standing drew his attention, and proved that, whether he had or not, a right to the name he went by, he was likely to do it honour.'—vol. i. pp. 33, 34.

Now we will not deny that Horace's persons and tastes were in many respects unlike those of Sir Robert—nay, we will admit that in them and some other peculiarities he may have resembled the Herveys, but we must say that the additional and corroborative evidence advanced by Lady Louisa seems to us wholly groundless. What ! because a prime minister leaves—for all the public may know—his youngest son in the hands of his doating mother, and is only observed to take notice of him when he has become a school-boy (a course which happens in the family of many men less occupied than Sir Robert), are we therefore to infer that he knows the son to be illegitimate ? Sir Robert's 'care and tenderness' to Horace are gratefully recorded by himself ; and certainly, if Sir Robert had any such suspicion, he was the most placable and generous of men ; for he distinguished Horace not only by as much affection as he showed any of his children, but by some very remarkable favours. Again :—

'Though in all probability Lord Orford never suspected that any doubt hung over his own birth, yet the mortifications of his youth on his mother's account could not but be severe ; for, as she lived till he reached manhood, he must have known how completely she was overlooked and disregarded, though not ill treated, by her husband ; and, before his tears for her loss were dried, he had the pang of seeing Miss Skerritt, the rival she hated, installed in her place. That Lady Mary Wortley had been the chief friend and protectress of his stepmother, was alone enough to make him bitter against her.'—vol i. p. 34.

We wonder Lady Louisa does not see in this revelation a more probable explanation of the whole preceding story. Sir Robert Walpole had an intrigue with, and a natural child by, this Miss Skerritt—*Lady Mary's protégée*. Lady Mary herself, we think, quotes the Italian proverb—*Chi offende perdona mai*. Lady Mary and her 'dear Molly Skerritt' having inflicted the most scandalous injury on Lady Walpole, may have thought it would be some justification of themselves if they could make her appear guilty of antecedent misconduct ; and they were therefore



fore likely enough to calumniate the poor woman after having insulted and injured her in the last degree.

We cannot afford room for a similar examination of all the scandalous anecdotes which Lady Mary's journal afforded. We only offer this as a sample of our *historic doubts*. We proceed to other matters.

Lady Mary's father, the Duke of Kingston, died in 1726.

'Lady Bute remembered having seen him once only, but that in manner likely to leave some impression on the mind of a child. Her mother was dressing, and she playing about the room, when there entered an elderly stranger (of dignified appearance, and still handsome) with the authoritative air of a person entitled to admittance at all times; upon which, to her great surprise, Lady Mary instantly starting up from the toilet-table, dishevelled as she was, fell on her knees to ask his blessing. A proof that even in the great and gay world this primitive custom was still universal. Lady Bute witnessed the observance of another, now obsolete, in the ceremony that her grandfather's widow had to go through soon after his funeral was over. It behoved to *see company*; that is, to receive in person the compliments of condolence which every lady on her grace's visiting list was bound to tender, in person likewise. And this was the established form: the apartments, the staircase, and all that could be seen of the house, were hung with black cloth; the duchess, closely veiled with crape, sate upright in her state-bed under a high black canopy; and at the foot of the bed stood ranged, like a row of mutes in a tragedy, the grandchildren of the deceased duke—Lady Frances Pierrepont, Miss Wortley herself, and Lady Gower's daughters. Profound silence reigned: the room had no light but from a single wax-taper; and the condoling visitors, who curtsied in and out of it, approached the bed on tiptoe; if relations, all, down to the hundredth cousin, in black-glove-mourning for the occasion.—vol. i. pp. 42, 43.

The preface affixed to the first edition of the letters, dated 1724, and signed M. A. was, Lady Louisa informs us, written by Mrs. Mary Astell, 'of learned memory, the Madoncella of the Tatler, a very pious, exemplary woman, and a profound scholar.' This lady had, it seems, addressed to Lady Mary a copy of an *Ode to Friendship*, which is preserved in an album or scrap book of Lady Mary's. This ode turns out to be that which Boswell, on the authority of Mr. Hector, assigned to Dr. Johnson.—(See *Croker's Boswell*, vol. i. p. 134.)

On this Lady Louisa asks—

'Query, which of these two conscientious people, the Doctor or Mrs. Astell, could be guilty of purloining their neighbour's goods and passing them off for their own? And also, the difference of ages and distance of abodes considered, what breeze could have wafted the stanzas of the one into the scrupulous of the other? The sentiments undoubtedly seem better suited to an austere maiden gentlewoman, ever the sworn foe of love,

love, than to a stripling at the time of life when "*that boy and that boy's deeds*" are seldom held in any great abhorrence. Not that we dare build upon this argument, because many young people will defy him stoutly before they have the misfortune to make his acquaintance. But *dates*, as Johnson himself would have said, are stubborn things. Boswell tells us that this ode was first published in the year 1743. Now Mrs. Astell had then been dead twelve years; and, since her ghost never did pay Lady Mary Wortley a visit, it is to be presumed she gave her the verses while she was alive. In short, the *pro* and *con*. of the affair might find the Gentleman's Magazine in matter of controversy for a twelvemonth.—vol. i. pp. 54, 55.

We beg her ladyship's pardon; there is not matter for a ten minutes' controversy anywhere.—Whoever wrote the verses, *this* copy of Mrs. Astell's is assuredly not the original, as the first stanza sufficiently testifies—which stands in the version given by Boswell—

' Friendship! peculiar gift of Heaven,  
The noble mind's delight and pride,  
To men and angels *only* given,  
To all the *lower world* denied'—

meaning, as the sequel exemplifies, that the sensual passion was common to *man* and *brutes*—the *lower world*—but that friendship was the attribute of men and angels. Good Mrs. Astell, who had somehow got hold of the verses without understanding them, thought that they might be turned into a pretty compliment to her friend Lady Mary, and so she altered the third line into—

' To *Wortley* and to angels given,  
To all the lower world denied'—

which makes nonsense of the whole poem; first, By confounding the distinction on which the ode is founded, between the *higher* or intelligent world, and the *lower* or brute creation; secondly, By supposing that should there be such a thing as a *solitary friendship* for all the human race, Wortley *alone* enjoyed the gift; thirdly, This tirade against love, and this eulogy of Platonic friendship, is addressed to one who had *eloped* with a *lover*, and was leading, at the time that the verses must have been written, a life of, to say the least of it, fashionable levity. We therefore conclude, that by whomever written, they never could have been addressed to Lady Mary, except by the pen of a plagiarist and flatterer.

We must add another instance of the mode in which *anecdotes* are, in the progress of repetition, altered and falsified. Lady Louisa, amongst her grandmother's anecdotes of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, tells the following:—

' Lady

' Lady Anne Egerton, one of the duchess's grand-daughters, inherited such a share of her grandmother's imperial spirit, as to match her pretty fairly, and insure daggers' drawing as soon as it should find time and opportunity to display itself. But, ere the stormy season set in, the grandaunt had acquired her picture; which she afterwards made a monument of vengeance, in no vulgar or ordinary mode. She did not give it away; nor sell it to a broker; nor send it up to a lumber garret; nor even turn its front to the wall. She had the face blackened over, and this sentence, *She is much blacker within*, inscribed in large characters on the frame. And thus, placed in her usual sitting-room, it was exhibited to all beholders.'—vol. i. pp. 78, 79.

Horace Walpole in his *Reminiscences* tells the same story, almost in the same words, of another grand-daughter, *Lady Anne Spencer*, the wife of Lord Bateman; but though there was some colour for the story, the details are exaggerated—the following we believe to be the truth. The duchess had several small whole-lengths of her family in her closet at Marlborough House, with the arms and name of the person painted in a corner of the picture—amongst them was that of Lady Bateman—and the picture bears evidence—not that the face was blackened, but—that the duchess's vengeance had contented itself with erasing the *name* of the offender, as is still evident on the picture, which we ourselves have seen, and which is, we believe, in the possession of Lord Spencer, at Althorpe. The coincidence (excepting the mistake of one Anne for another) of Lady Louisa's story with that of Horace Walpole, is a sufficient proof of the accuracy of her ladyship's memory in reporting what she had read, but the facts afford an equally strong example of the mode in which anecdotes are embellished by such wits as Walpole and Lady Mary.

We have by no means exhausted these very amusing anecdotes, nor the critical observations which we could make upon them, but we have already exceeded our limits, and must conclude, 'in order to give,' as Lord Wharnccliffe says, 'a *complete view* of Lady Mary's character,' with some allusions to her personal conduct, which, thanks to the friendship and the enmity of Pope, as well as to her own talents and eccentricities, have formed for above a century a topic of literary debate.

We have already said that this is an honest work,—that Lord Wharnccliffe and Lady Louisa have performed their parts with remarkable, we had almost said, unexampled candour;—but it would have been beyond human nature that they should have been altogether impartial—that they should not have felt and cherished a belief that the various discreditable stories about Lady Mary were absolute falsehoods or gross exaggerations. The worst of them, of course, if they ever reached the eyes of Lady Louisa,

Louisa, would be utterly unintelligible to her; and Lord Wharncliffe, although he does (as we shall see presently) advert to one or two of these stories, appears to be by no means apprized how Augean the task would be of clearing Lady Mary's character from all the imputations which her contemporaries for half a century concurred in heaping upon it. We are not going to rake up all that filth, nor indeed to go farther into such questions than the observations of the editors lead us, but we think that a regard for moral justice and historical truth obliges us to enter our protest against the entire and absolute acquittal which Mr. Dallaway and Lord Wharncliffe, both writing under the influence of a laudable partiality, are inclined to pronounce upon her whole conduct. We abhor, with Lord Wharncliffe, Pope's detestable and unmanly charges—*inter politos non nominandu*,—which have eventually done at least as much injury to his own character as to Lady Mary's,—which constitute the chief drawback on his popularity, and will for ever exclude his works from the unrestricted perusal of youth and innocence. But, on the other hand, it must be recollected that if Pope had dared to make even one,—the least,—of these atrocious attacks, on a Lady of reputable character, he must have been either shut up in a mad-house or a gaol,—or at all events been punished by total exclusion from society.

We have seen that neither Lady Louisa nor Lord Wharncliffe attempt to assign any precise reason for Lady Mary's strange resolution of leaving England in the year 1739, and her never returning till Mr. Wortley's death, two-and-twenty years after,—when she *immediately* returned. Dallaway attributes this emigration to her *declining health*, but the letters for several years after do not afford the least colour for that supposition; one letter, written *thirteen years* after she had left England, gives an account of health and diet, so very inconsistent with such a delicate state as should exile her from her country, and is, withal, so curious that (though published in the old edition,) we will here insert it. Talking of a new novel, 'Pompey the Little,' which she had been reading, and in the characters of which she recognises some of her friends, Lady Mary proceeds,—

'I also saw myself (as I now am) in the character of Mrs. Qualmsick. You will be surprised at this, no Englishwoman being so free from vapours, having never in my life complained of low spirits, or weak nerves; but our resemblance is very strong in the fancied loss of appetite, which I have been silly enough to be persuaded into by the physician of this place. He visits me frequently, as being one of the most considerable men in the parish, and is a grave, sober, thinking, great fool, whose solemn appearance, and deliberate way of delivering his sentiments, gives

gives them an air of good sense, though they are often the most injudicious that ever were pronounced. By perpetual telling me I eat so little, he is amazed I am able to subsist. He had brought me to be of his opinion; and I began to be seriously uneasy at it. This useful treatise has roused me into a recollection of what I ate yesterday, and do almost every day the same. I wake generally about seven, and drink *half a pint of warm asses' milk*, after which I sleep two hours; as soon as I am risen, I constantly take *three cups of milk coffee*, and two hours after that a *large cup of milk chocolate*; two hours more brings my dinner, where I never fail swallowing a good *dish* (I don't mean plate) of *gravy soup, with all the bread, roots, &c. belonging to it*. I then eat a *wing and the whole body of a large fat capon*, and a *real sweetbread*, concluding with a *competent quantity of custard*, and some *roasted chestnuts*. At five in the afternoon I take another *dose of asses' milk*; and for supper *twelve chesnuts* (which would weigh two of those in London), *one new laid egg*, and a *handsome poringer of white bread and milk*. With this diet, notwithstanding the menaces of my wise doctor, I am now convinced I am in no danger of starving; and am obliged to little Pompey for this discovery.'—vol. iii. pp. 7, 8.

Thus swallowing, at an interval of two hours each, a series of meals which would, in quantity at least, satisfy an English ploughman; and this, thirteen years after she had been obliged to expatriate herself on account of *declining health!* The present editors, though unable to unravel the mysterious emigration, are too candid to adopt Dallaway's ridiculous pretence, which can have no other effect than to prove that the *real* reason was one which *his* informant did not venture to tell.

But we have a picture of her—*ad vivam*—by a master, the very year after her emigration, which (though the name has been left in blank,) there is no mistaking. Horace Walpole, then a young man on his travels, writes to Mr. Conway, from Florence, 25th Sept. 1740,—

'Did I tell you that Lady ——— [Mary Wortley] is here? She laughs at my Lady W—— [Walpole, afterwards Lady Orford], scolds my Lady Pomfret, and is laughed at by the whole town. Her dress, her avarice, and her impudence, must amuse any one that never heard her name. She wears a *foal mob* [cap], that does not cover her greasy black locks that hang loose,—never combed nor curled; an old mazarine blue wrapper, that gapes open and discovers a canivass petticoat. Her face swelled violently—[here follows a passage which we cannot copy]—partly covered with a plaster, and partly with white paint, which, for cheapness, she has bought so coarse that you would not use it to wash a chimney. In three words I will give you her picture, as we drew it in the *Nantes Virgilianæ*,—

"*Insanam vatem aspicias.*"

—*Lord Orford's Works*, 4to. edition, vol. v. p. 13.

The present editors have taken several occasions of attributing  
to

to, Walpole a personal enmity to Lady Mary,—but, however he may be suspected of over-colouring his pictures, there can be no doubt that the broad features of the foregoing portrait cannot be imaginary—they are too graphic—not to have been in some degree drawn from nature—they are given to a person who must have known Lady Mary, and who probably had seen her in England in the preceding year; and Walpole appeals to the testimony of several other Englishmen—Gray, Mr. Coke, Sir Francis Dashwood, &c. then at Florence—in a way which he could not have ventured to do if his story could be substantially contradicted. And this story of the swelled face, and its cause, which is the most serious part of the whole, is accidentally and strangely confirmed by her biographers,—who state, assigning, however, mere eccentricity for the motive,—that she was in the habit, when English visitors waited on her, of receiving them in a *mask*!

This piece of evidence, though it has been long before the public in the great edition of Horace Walpole's works, Lord Wharncliffe does not notice. It probably had escaped his observation; for he very candidly quotes and discusses, in his appendix, two other passages of Walpole's more recently published letters to Sir Horace Mann, which reflect more grossly—if more be possible—on Lady Mary.

'The first of these is to be found in letter 231, dated Mistley, August 31, 1751, and is in these words:—"Pray, tell me if you know anything of Lady Mary Wortley: we have an obscure story here of her being in durance in the Brescian or the Bergamesco; *that a young fellow whom she set out with keeping* has taken it into his head to keep her close prisoner, not permitting her to write or receive any letters but what he sees: he seems determined, if her husband should die, not to lose her as the Count——lost my Lady O." [Orford.] And in the next letter he again alludes to this report.'—vol iii. p. 431.

On this the editor, with remarkable candour, admits that

'Among Lady Mary's papers there is a long paper, written in Italian, not by herself, giving an account of her having been detained for some time against her will, in a country-house belonging to an Italian count, and inhabited by him and his mother. This paper seems to be drawn up either as a case to be submitted to a lawyer for his *opinion*, or to be produced in a court of law. There is nothing else to be found in Lady Mary's papers referring in the least degree to this circumstance. It would appear, however, that some such forcible detention as is alluded to did take place, probably for some pecuniary or interested object; but, like many of Horace Walpole's stories, he took care not to let this lose anything that might give it zest, and he therefore makes the person by whom Lady Mary was detained "a young fellow whom she set out with keeping." Now, at the time of this transaction taking place Lady Mary

Mary was sixty-one years old. The reader, therefore, may judge for himself, how far such an imputation upon her is likely to be founded in truth, and will bear in mind that there was no indisposition upon the part of Horace Walpole to make insinuations of that sort against Lady Mary.—vol. iii. pp. 431-434.

Now, we entertain, with Lord Wharnccliffe, a strong opinion of Walpole's disposition to exaggeration, but we confess that we never expected to have found anything like such a confirmation of this story as the discovery in Lady Mary's papers of a law-case *attesting the substantial facts*. As to the objection<sup>d</sup> drawn from the Lady's age, we can only say that it would have been more cogent had it been the gentleman who was sixty-one—for the histories of the Empress Catherine, and of many less notorious ladies, prove that age does not always correct irregularity when it has grown habitual. Besides, we have a strange avowal of Lady Mary herself, in one of her letters to Lady Bute, about 1758, that vanity, or some other still more discreditable motive, was still so strong in her that—

'it is eleven years since I have seen my figure in a glass, and the last reflection I saw there was so disagreeable, that I resolved to spare myself such mortifications for the future, and shall continue that resolution to my life's end.'—vol. iii. p. 171.

The circumstance, too, that no trace of so serious an affair is to be found in any of her letters to her family, nor (with the exception of the law case) in her private papers, seems to justify a suspicion that there was something to be concealed. If such an insult had been offered to an innocent and well-reputed English lady of sixty, is it credible that she would have thus hushed up so shocking an outrage?—'The reader,' as Lord Wharnccliffe very fairly says, 'must judge for himself.'

His Lordship proceeds—

'The other passage is in Letter 232; and after saying that he had lately been at Woburn, where he had had an opportunity of seeing fifty letters of Lady Mary's to her sister Lady Mar, "whom she treated so hardly while out of her senses," Horace Walpole adds as follows:—"Ten of the letters, indeed, are dismal lamentations and frights on a scene of villany of Lady Mary's, who having persuaded one Ruemonde, a Frenchman, and her lover, to entrust her with a large sum of money to buy stock for him, frightened him out of England by persuading him that Mr. Wortley had discovered the intrigue, and would murder him; and then would have sunk the trust. That not succeeding, and he threatening to print her letters, she endeavoured to make Lord Mar or Lord Stair cut his throat. Pope hints at these anecdotes of her history in that line—

'~~Who starves a sister or denies a debt.~~'"—vol. iii. p. 432.

Upon this Lord Wharnccliffe observes—

'Nothing

‘ Nothing whatever has been found to throw light upon the ill treatment of Lady Mar by Lady Mary ; and that accusation is supposed, by those who would probably have heard of it if true, to be without foundation. But nine letters to Lady Mar relating to a transaction with a person whom Lady Mary calls R., a Frenchman, are among the papers which have been communicated to the editor, which must be the letters alluded to by Horace Walpole, although there appears to be one short of the number mentioned by him, possibly by mistake. In order that the reader may be enabled to see the actual grounds upon which a charge of so scandalous and heinous a character has been made by Mr. Walpole, these letters are now given to the public.’—*ibid.* pp. 432, 433.

Now these letters (which are much too long to be quoted *in extenso*) seem to us to confirm, in a very extraordinary way, Horace Walpole’s impression.

Nine letters are found on this subject—Walpole says he saw *ten*—which, as Lord Wharnccliffe says, might be a natural miscounting, but we shall see presently that there is reason to suspect that he saw one which is not now extant. Walpole calls the hero *Ruemonde*—where he got the name does not appear,—but the letters admit that there was a certain transaction with a Mons. R——.

That transaction the letters state to have been a complaint of the Frenchman (a very unjust one they, of course, allege) that having entrusted Lady Mary with some money to buy stock, she wanted to cheat him out of it. These letters further admit that the Frenchman was in possession of some letters of hers which were of the greatest importance to her character. Now, if the case had been—as she represents it in the *business* part of the letters—a mere money difference on the score of certain stock-jobbing transactions in that season when all the world were *South Sea* mad, we can hardly understand why Lady Mary should have been in such an extreme panic as she certainly was.

‘ I have attestations and witnesses [she says] of the bargain I made, so that nothing can be clearer than my integrity in this business ; but that does not hinder me from being in the utmost terror for the consequences (*as you may easily guess*) of his [R——’s] villany ; the very story of which appears so monstrous to me, that I can hardly believe myself while I write it ; though I omit (not to tire you) a thousand aggravating circumstances. . . I beg your pardon (dear sister) for this tedious account ; but you see how *necessary ’tis for me to get my letters from this mad-man*. Perhaps the best way is by *fair* means ; at least they ought to be *first* tried. I would have you, then, (my dear sister,) *try to* make the wretch sensible of the truth of what I advance, without asking for my letters, which I have already asked for. Perhaps you may make him ashamed of his infamous proceedings by talking of me, without taking notice that you know of his threats, only of my dealings. I take this method to be the most likely to work upon him. I beg you would



would send me a full and true account of this *detestable affair*. . . I am too well acquainted with the world (of which poor Mrs. Murray's affair is a fatal instance,) not to know that the most groundless accusation is always of ill consequence to a woman; besides the cruel misfortunes it may bring upon me in my own family. If you have any *compassion either for me or my innocent children*, I am sure you will try to prevent it. The thing is *too serious to be delayed*. I think, (to say nothing of either blood or affection,) that humanity and Christianity are interested in my *preservation*.

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'I cannot enough thank you, my dear sister, for the trouble you give yourself in my affairs, though I am still so unhappy to find your care very ineffectual. I have actually in my present possession a formal letter directed to Mr. W. to acquaint him with the whole business. You may imagine the inevitable eternal misfortunes it would have thrown me into, had it been delivered by the person to whom it was intrusted. I wish you would make him sensible of the infamy of his proceeding, which can no way in the world turn to his advantage—. . . All he can expect by informing Mr. Wortley, is to hear him repeat the same things I assert; he will not retrieve one farthing, and I am for ever miserable.

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'I am now at Twickenham: 'tis impossible to tell you, dear sister, what *agonies I suffer* every post-day; my health really suffers so much from my fears, that I have reason to apprehend the worst consequences. If that monster acted on the least principles of reason, I should have nothing to fear, since 'tis certain that after he has *exposed me* he will get nothing by it. Mr. Wortley can do nothing for his satisfaction I am not willing to do myself. . . . I desire nothing from him, but that he would send no letters or messages to my house at London, where Mr. Wortley now is. I am come hither in hopes of benefit from the air, but I carry my distemper about me in *an anguish of mind that visibly decays my body* every day. I am too melancholy to talk of any other subject. Let me beg you (dear sister) to take some care of this affair, and think you have it in your power to do *more than save the life* of a sister that loves you.'—vol. iii. pp. 435—443.

Lord Wharnccliffe thinks that all this is the natural anxiety to conceal from Mr. Wortley and the world the indiscretion (if it can even be called so) of her having undertaken to purchase a few hundred pounds of South Sea stock; but surely this passionate terror is quite disproportioned to any such cause, particularly as she asserts, and seems indeed able to prove, that her *pecuniary transaction* was quite correct, and that she is ready and anxious to refund the balance.

But there are not wanting a few sentences here and there which seem to point to a more serious cause—a cause much more reconcilable with the terror we have just read. We find in her first letter on the subject—

'A person

\*A person whose name is not necessary, because you know it [that is R—], took all sorts of methods during *almost a year*, to persuade me that there never was so extraordinary an *attachment* (or what you please to call it) as they had for me. This ended in *coming over* to make me a visit against my will, and, as was pretended, very much against their interest. *I cannot deny I was very silly in giving the least credit to this stuff.* But if people are so silly, you'll own 'tis natural for any body that is good-natured to pity and be glad to serve a person they believe unhappy on their account. It came into my head, out of a high point of generosity (for which I wish myself hang'd), to do this creature all the good I possibly could, since 'twas impossible to make them *happy their own way*. I advised him very strenuously to sell out of the subscription, and in compliance to my advice he did so; and in less than two days saw he had done very prudently. After a piece of service of this nature, I thought I could more decently press his departure, which his follies made me think necessary for me. He took leave of me with so many tears and grinaces (which I can't imagine how he could counterfeit) as really moved my compassion; and I had much ado to keep to my first resolution of exacting his absence, which he swore would be his death. I told him that there was no other way in the world I would not be glad to leave [qu. serve?] him in, but that his *extravagancies* made it utterly impossible for me to keep him company.'—vol. iii. p. 434.

Here, it must be admitted, that there is evidence of *coquetry* at least—of a flirtation begun abroad, and lasting almost a year—in consequence of which R— followed her to England—where, in order to bribe him to go back again, she turned it into a stock-broking affair. Let it be recollected, also, that we have only her own account of the transaction, in which, of course, even if she had 'made him happy in his own way,' she could hardly be expected to confess it.

But Lord Wharncliffe thinks that Walpole's malice and falsehood are clearly proved, because he says 'that she endeavoured to make Lord Mar or Lord Stair cut his [Mons. R.'s] throat'—

'she certainly threatened him, through Lady Mar, in case of his coming to England; but no one who reads that threat can imagine that it is meant to convey the idea of her intending to have his throat cut by any body.'—vol. iii. p. 445.

Her letters certainly do not, in express terms, talk of *cutting throats*, which, however, at that time, was only a cant phrase for *fighting a duel*; but after having, in the eight first letters, tried what '*fair means*' would do, she, in the ninth, talks of *measures of violence*—

'I am told he [R—] is preparing to come to London. I desire you would assure him that my first step will be to acquaint my Lord Stair with all his obligations to him as soon as I hear he is in London; and if he dares to give me any further trouble, I shall take care to have him re-

*warded in a stronger manner than he expects*; there is nothing more true than this; and I solemnly swear, that if all the credit or money that I have in the world can do it, either for friendship or hire, I shall not fail to have *him used as he deserves*; and since I know his journey can only be intended to expose me, I shall not value what noise is made. Perhaps you may prevent it; I leave you to judge of the most proper method; 'tis certain no time should be lost; fear is his predominant passion, and I believe *you may fright him* from coming hither, where he will certainly find a *reception very disagreeable to him*.'—vol. iii. pp. 433, 434.

It is fair to observe that, though in the *nine* letters published in Lord Wharnccliffe's appendix there is no mention of *Lord Mar*, it is possible that in the *tenth* letter, which Walpole speaks of, and which Lord Wharnccliffe has not found, Lord Mar's name may have been employed by way of intimidation, as Lord Stair's, in our judgment, certainly was.

There is one circumstance more which, if explained, might corroborate or impair Walpole's evidence. Amongst the letters which he saw, was one in which (he says) he found the following passage, which, for its originality and wit, he remembers and quotes:—

'We all partake of Father Adam's folly and knavery, who first ate the apple like a sot, and then turned informer like a scoundrel.'—*Letters to Mann*, iii. 41.

Now, there is a passage in Lady Mary's letters which has some similarity to this, though the witticism is not so strongly put:—

'This is a vile world, dear sister, and I can easily comprehend, that whether one is at Paris or London, one is stifled with a certain mixture of fool and knave, that most people are composed of. I would have patience with a parcel of polite rogues, or your downright honest fools; but Father Adam shines through his whole progeny.'—vol. ii. p. 187.

This proves, we think, that Walpole had a general recollection of a passage about 'Father Adam;' but Lord Wharnccliffe, or whoever is in possession of the originals, can tell whether the profane wit exists in the original, or was an addition of Walpole's own.

We have given a large space to the detail of this curious affair, because we think that, in fact, Lord Wharnccliffe's ten pages of Appendix give us more insight into Lady Mary's personal conduct and real character than all the rest of the volumes. Lord Wharnccliffe, in his desire to weaken Walpole's authority, states, vol. iii. p. 446, that—

'Mr. Cole, in his MS. now in the British Museum, states of Lady Mary, that he had heard from Madame Geoffrin and Mr. Walpole, *who knew her well*, that she was the vilest of womenkind, notwithstanding her

her talents for wit, vivacity, and genius, and elegance of taste, were unexceptionable'—

Whereas Lord Wharncliffe doubts whether Walpole could have *known her very well*, as she went abroad when Walpole was barely of age. But surely this does not impair Walpole's veracity. In the first place, Mr. Cole may not have accurately repeated the exact words, but—even if he did—the expressions seem quite justifiable by the facts. Walpole must have known Lady Mary from his childhood, as an acquaintance of his mother's. He had also seen her in Italy, where he seems to have spent some months in her society. All this would justify the popular phrase that he *knew her well*—so, at least, thought Lady Mary herself, for she writes to Lady Bute (vol. iii. p. 167), that 'she was *well acquainted with* *Horry* Walpole, as she in another place (vol. iii. p. 87) familiarly calls him. We think, therefore, that Lord Wharncliffe gives too much importance to what he thinks a false statement, and which we do not think even an inaccurate expression.

Of Lady Mary's appearance and manners on her return to England, there is another lively sketch by the hand of Walpole.

'February 2, 1762.

'Lady Mary Wortley is arrived; *I have seen her*; I think her avarice—her dirt,\* and her vivacity, are all increased—her dress, like her language, is a galimatias of several countries—the groundwork rags, and the embroidery nastiness. She needs no cap, no handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, no shoes—an old black-lace hood represents the first; the fur of a horseman's coat, which replaces the third, represents the second; a dinnity petticoat is deputy, and officiates for the fourth; and slippers act the part of the last.'—*Letters to Montagu*, 4th edit. vol. vi. p. 277.

And on the following June he thus announces the approach of the moment which was to bring—for the first time—this extraordinary woman to the mere level of other mortals.

'Lady Mary Wortley is dying of a cancer in her breast.'—*ibid*, p. 292.

Walpole was well informed; she died, in fact, on the 21st of August following. Mr. Dallaway says, 'of a decline,' and the present editors seem to evade the mention of the immediate cause of her death. We wonder what objection there could have been to assigning the real disease—particularly as it justifies a *hope* that

\* In the quarto edition *dirt* is misprinted *diet*. Her *diet*, as we have seen, was extraordinary enough, but it is clear that *dirt* is the proper word—it is well known that even in her youth she was a slattern, and she certainly had not improved in this respect by her sojourn in Italy.

what Pope and Walpole have dwelt upon in terms not to be quoted, may have been, in fact, a constitutional disorder. It is probable that something of the style of dress which Walpole and others attribute to eccentricity, such as the '*domino*' in Italy (Dallaway, vol. i. p. 112), and '*the horseman's coat*' (probably only a *pelisse*), in England—were rendered necessary by the dreadful calamity under which she was suffering. How unjust and how cruel do these sarcasms on her dress appear, when we know what a vulture was gnawing her vitals, and with what admirable fortitude she bore it!

To conclude. We are strongly persuaded, that Lady Mary Wortley's fame, both as an author and a woman, stood highest when it rested on the Letters during the embassy, in which her literary talent shines brightest and purest; and her maternal and moral courage in the introduction of inoculation by trying the experiment on her own son, gives her an honourable immortality as one of the benefactors of the human race. We regret to be obliged to express our opinion that every subsequent publication has impaired her character for good nature and good conduct—and, judging by the last of all which has appeared—this Appendix—we are warranted in suspecting that the more her life is examined, and the more her history is sifted, the less personally creditable they will be found.

In a literary point of view it is to be hoped that Lord Wharncliffe, or some other editor having more leisure and inclination for the details of such an affair, may one day present us with the *letters* of Lady Mary Wortley arranged in a *strictly chronological* order, *interspersed* with such a running commentary of illustrations and notes as might, with a little trouble, be made to render all that is worthy of the curiosity of the world clear and intelligible. To such an edition of Lady Mary's letters, her other *genuine* writings would form a proper and not a bulky appendix.

ART. VII.—1. *Second Report of his Majesty's Commissioners appointed to consider the state of the Established Church in England and Wales, with reference to Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues.* 1836.

2. *Charge delivered by Henry, Lord Bishop of Exeter, at his Triennial Visitation, October, 1836.* London. 8vo.

3. *Remarks on the Prospective and Past Benefits of Cathedral Institutions in the promotion of sound Religious Knowledge, and of Clerical Education.* By Edward Bouverie Pusey, D.D.,  
Regius

Regius Professor of Hebrew, &c., Oxford. Second edition. 1837. London. 8vo.

4. *A Letter to Archdeacon Singleton on the Ecclesiastical Commission.* By the Rev. Sydney Smith. London. 8vo. 1837.
5. *On the Proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners: A Letter to the Bishop of Lincoln.* By Christopher Benson, M.A., Master of the Temple. London. 8vo. 1837.

WE have placed at the head of this article one of the most important, and let us add at once, one of the most alarming documents which have appeared for many years—the Second Report of the Ecclesiastical Commission. There is little good at any time, and much mischief in exaggerating fears. When men find that some evils apprehended do not occur, they soon believe that none exist at all. And we have passed recently through so many changes, without as yet experiencing all their anticipated consequences upon our personal interests; and let it also be said to our shame, there is such a selfishness and shortsightedness in most of our present worldly policy—that it is extremely difficult to bring home to any mind the full extent of a mischief, of which the working is future and prospective. Notwithstanding, however, the inexpediency of using strong language, especially in the profound and unaccountable apathy which seems to prevail on the subject before us, we must again deliberately repeat, that to any thinking mind nothing connected with our ecclesiastical, and therefore our constitutional system, has for many years presented such reasonable ground for anxiety and alarm as the present recommendations of the Ecclesiastical Commission. In proceeding to point out their nature and tendency, it is our earnest wish to approach the subject with no sentiment but sincere respect for the authorities from which they emanate. In the Commission itself are contained some of the greatest ornaments of the Church, and its undoubted friends. And, looking at facts as they stand, throwing aside every political prejudice—as we are bound to do when considering matters of this high and sacred order—we do believe, that in the ministers of the crown themselves no intention has existed of proposing measures which they believe detrimental to religion. The Church has already suffered long enough, and acutely enough, from an unhallowed connexion—not with political interests, from which in the true sense of polity it can never be separated, but with the interests of parties and factions.”

That the government has neither strength nor zeal to battle in defence of the Church—that it will abandon even the appearance of defence, if the *pressure from without* becomes too strong—and that its theoretical principles, if carried consistently into practice, involve the destruction of the Church—all this is too manifest.

And

And it must rouse suspicion and alarm in reference to every measure which they sanction. But the present measure is supported by a whole body, who cannot be the enemies of the Church; and the circumstances under which the blow is threatened seem to be these. No mischievous direction has intentionally been given to it. An urgent want has been felt for improvement in our religious system, and a loud clamour raised for what is vaguely called *Ecclesiastical Reform*. Little or no time has been allowed to the Church for consideration. Very little thought and practical learning have been ready at the call of the moment, to suggest all the consequences of measures. A long lurking sense of weakness and want of faith in the power of the Church, has paralysed resistance, and suggested a temporary compromise. Perhaps some embarrassment has been caused by the association of the heads of the Church with men who care little for it, and their co-operation in planning measures for its benefit. And the result has been that the first instrument at hand has been snatched up to ward off a temporary pressure, and ward it off, by the confession of its movers, most feebly and ineffectually; while few seem to have perceived, that the instrument thus removed from its present use, has its own original high destination, infinitely more important than the new functions assigned to it, and must leave a chasm not only never to be supplied again, but fatal to the whole efficiency of the system whose working was to be strengthened.

We wish at present, looking to the future prospects and efficiency of the Church of England, to make some observations on that part of the Ecclesiastical Report, which proposes to destroy our cathedral establishments for the partial support of our parochial system. There are many other points in the Report, as well as in the constitution of the Commission itself, deserving the most serious consideration, and full of alarm. But the Commission has already been created, and the arrangement of the bishops' revenues has passed into an act. The cathedrals are still undestroyed. Time, though a very short time, is given for inquiry. It may yet be possible to turn the attention of the public, and especially of the clergy, to views which reach further than a pecuniary relief for the moment, and a lulling of popular clamour. And to encourage them, no indisposition has been shown by the Commission itself, to review their opinions when proper representations have been made. We have a guarantee for a sincere and earnest desire to do good in the personal character of its most influential members,—in the pure Christian temper of one who has bound to himself the whole Church, over which he presides, by the strongest ties of personal affection; and  
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in the energy of another, who is striving to wipe out the deep disgrace of a heathen metropolis in a Christian nation. And this is no time to despair of either the Church or the country. Let us only come to the inquiry with a sober and honest mind—with no wish to secure personal interests, to maintain abuses, to defend what cannot be defended, to confound the Church of Christ with a political body. Let us take our ground upon the very principle of the Commission itself—consider in what consists the true efficiency of the Church,—see what form of organization is necessary to give it strength, and carry its ministrations with power and virtue into the whole body of the people; and so far from hoping that any permanent increase of parochial power can be gained by the sacrifice of our cathedral institutions, it will appear, we assuredly believe, that in the whole of our ecclesiastical system, when properly invigorated and directed, there is no organ more vital, and more essential to the health and vigour of the Christian Church, as the conservator of the Christian religion, than the bodies which seem to be on the eve of destruction.

In maintaining this view, it is not necessary to prove that they have never been abused, or that they are now in the fittest condition to fulfil their natural destination. Much improvement may be introduced into them, as into every corporation and individual member of the Church or of mankind; and we are bound to introduce it; though he who has watched most narrowly the history of legislation and the course of past events, will trust more for this and every other amelioration to a reform within men's hearts, than to the wax and parchment of the statute-book. The fact of past abuse, or present imperfection, cannot be an argument for destruction, until it is proved beyond dispute that recovery and reformation are hopeless. It is indeed so employed in the present age, and is the trite vulgar maxim of vulgar politicians in all ages. But if the maintenance of an integral part of our national Church is to be debated by the members of that Church, surely they are not the men to sanction such follies—surely we shall not permit to intrude into such an inquiry the miserable fallacies of the world. Let men indeed purify their spirits, before they enter on the very solemn work of remodelling the House of God. It is the first wisdom, the only sure guide in every work. But how can we be safe without it, when we are about to pull down pillars, and strip away consecrated decorations, and remove landmarks, and disturb the ashes of the dead in the temple of God—to mutilate that fabric of the Church, in which every part and portion, transmitted to us from its original foundation, must be believed to be important, until it is proved to be useless. It is proposed to cut down, by one stroke  
of



of legislation, a system which took root in the first days of Christianity, and has grown up for 1800 years, nursed by the prayers and charities and gratitude of Christian generations. And the purification of heart which we require, before we may presume to touch a stone in this great edifice without the fear of desecration, may not indeed be such as would be needed by a grasping, sacrilegious, secular avarice. But it may be a solemn, serious, calming down of a temporary excitement. It may be a self-distrust, before we dare rashly to destroy what so many ages have built up. It may be strength, to resist popular outcry and plausible calumnies, and well-intentioned but thoughtless zeal, when nothing but the hope of slow and future, though lasting, good can be opposed to hasty projects of immediate, but transitory glitter. And it may be faith—faith in the power of high principles—to carry us through all perplexities—faith in that great law of God and nature, that expediency always follows on right, but right rarely or never on expediency—faith, lastly, in a Providence above us, that he will raise up now, as he has often and often raised before, relief for the most crying want of a great nation—the knowledge of their God,—and will raise it without tempting us farther to supply it by an act of robbery and by a sacrifice which can never be retrieved.\*

It is not indeed to be supposed, that to set a very high value upon one part of our ecclesiastical system is to depreciate the other—or that those who would struggle to maintain and to increase the efficiency of our cathedral bodies are insensible to the urgent and appalling demands which this nation is now making for the extension of our parochial ministrations. Without at present dwelling on this really fearful subject, and only to guard against a wrong view of the following remarks, as if all eyes were not opened to the spiritual destitution of our parishes, we will say but one word just now; but it will be sufficient to show our sense of the exigency of the case. We believe, from the bottom of our heart, that the salvation of this country depends on its parochial ministers. We believe that the ruin, which threatens all our institutions, has come in upon us through breaches and neglect in our parochial system. We hold, that unless some gigantic effort is made, and speedily made, to widen and strengthen and multiply it, our end, as a nation, is at hand. And yet with this deep and deliberate conviction of the necessities in which we are placed, we would not dare even wholly to relieve, were it possible—much less, as the Commissioners propose, to scarcely palliate

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\* The eulogium of Cicero on Piso should be the motto of the Commission:—*Non quid efficere posset, cogitavit, sed quid ipse facere deberet.*

them—by the mutilation and consequent destruction of our cathedral establishments.

It is, in the first place, to do a deed of charity by an act of robbery. Let us take the question of right first. Every correct view of a subject depends on the correctness of our own position. We have no concern whatever with the utility or inutility of institutions, till we are assured that they are ours to dispose of. And woe to the honesty of the man, or of the nation, that dares to cherish any pleasant dreams, even of benevolence, to be realized with the property of others.

What, then, are the grand constitutional maxims, by which human reason, and that law which is the perfection of human reason, tie up the needy, grasping hands of successive statesmen, and secures against them the perpetual transmission of those funds, which are the common and best inheritance of a people—the funds left by private individuals for the use of future generations? And why are they guarded with so much care, and require from us, even in the last exigencies of a spiritual starvation, our most anxious observance?

They are simply these,—

First, That all such funds shall be held sacred and inviolable, and beyond the reach even of the supreme power of the State, until they are either abused, or the end of their creation becomes impracticable.

Secondly, That when they are abused, the State, as the last appeal, shall interfere, but cautiously and gradually, to restore the use, and nothing more.

Thirdly, That when their end is impracticable, the State may again interfere to direct their application, not by itself, but by their trustees, to some other purpose, bordering as closely as possible on the original intention of the testator.

These are simple principles of every day practice. But they are so vitally important, so bound up with the whole theory of our constitution, so fundamental a part of that whole system of property on which, whether happily or not, our present social condition is raised, that to touch them even for the purposes of religion, will involve consequences which no legislation can repair. They are the Magna Charta of one great and the most valuable portion of human property. And it is a happiness to think, that as yet they may still be appealed to even in opposition to a statute. These are laws which are paramount to acts of parliament, and judges who are superior to legislation. And it will be the bounden duty of the present possessors of cathedral property not to be dispossessed of a fraction of it, without trying the legal question. Let us see what we are about. Let us at least know, if the legislature

legislature of the day is bound to confine itself within the laws of the constitution, or is permitted to overturn the great foundations of our liberty, and of all that is valuable in a nation, arbitrarily and capriciously, though, by an accident, for a purpose of religion.

If the property of cathedrals falls, as it indisputably does fall, under the protection of these vital laws, it must be protected by them. Seize on it in despite of them, and no extension of parochial teaching, no—not even the planting of a minister in the centre of every dozen houses, much less the paltry pittance now promised to be wrung out and scraped together, could in any degree compensate for the deadly mischief inflicted, both on the Church and the State, by such an act of spoliation.

For these are not mere legal technicalities, but the result of three great principles of social polity, which must fall or stand with them, and under which every state has flourished exactly in proportion as it maintained them. They are first, that the natural feelings of man, particularly in the distribution of his property, should be allowed to take their own course, unchecked and uncensured by the legislature, until they produce palpable evils to the public. It is not sufficient that they produce little good; they must produce positive harm before a wise government will interfere. A late wealthy individual is said to have destined his property to the maintenance of a college of infidels. And the state would at once have interposed. But he might have founded a hospital for cats, or a college for dissecting butterflies; and, however the Court of Chancery might lament the folly, it would have no right to obstruct it. And why? Because the activity of a nation is most roused by giving great scope and expansion to the exertions of individuals—because legislation, instead of that restless, feverish bustle, which is called wisdom in the present day, should be slow and rare, and be employed, like the reason of man when used for its legitimate purpose, rather to regulate than coerce—rather to remove obstacles when an impetus has been created, than to waste itself uselessly in attempts to produce a momentum, which is wholly beyond its reach. Because it is of the very essence of private liberty, under our present system of government, to be secured against the arbitrary interference of the state. And because it is far less dangerous to license harmless folly, than to place the property of the subject at the mercy of every capricious theory of improvement, which the irresponsible legislature of the day may happen to devise, whether honestly or not.

For these reasons, the constitutional law of this country prohibits the state from interfering arbitrarily with any private arrangement

rangement of property until the public are proved to suffer by it. For other reasons, it watches with great jealousy over all those funds which are consecrated, in whatever shape, to the use of future generations. It not only permits a man to indulge the natural and innocent, and more than innocent, the very noble and beneficial instinct by which he seeks to continue his power and existence beyond the grave—to connect his name with future ages, and to provide for wants which he never saw, and where he cannot be repaid for the relief. It not only permits this, but until, as sometimes must occur, these accumulations become positively dangerous, a wise state encourages and protects them. They form the links, which every social system requires, between fleeting successive generations. They insure principles of stability and permanence, to counteract the variations of the day. They maintain a great public inheritance for the whole people, saved from the general plunder of private rapacity. They are appropriated for the most part to classes of men, whereas private property falls into the hands of individuals without any restriction of character. And thus they give a body and power to principles and habits of mind, which form collectively the temper of the nation—principles which never can be brought out efficiently while scattered through a mass of individuals. Much more may be said on this point when we come to the value of such endowments in the preservation of religion.

But for these and other reasons our old constitutional law did protect with great vigilance its trusts and corporations. Even in that gross violation of these ancient principles—the destruction of the old municipal bodies—the plea was a nuisance—a great national evil which could only be remedied by an entire change. We deny, indeed, the nuisance. We repudiate the precedent. But even here the principle was allowed.

But there is another maxim of our law, which has been gradually obliterated from our legislation, though it still happily retains its paramount importance in the court of equity. It recognized rights, and duties, and feelings, and personality, as much in corporate bodies as in individuals. It would no more plunder a society, though not a living member by himself sustained any loss, than it would rob those members themselves. There is a wretched sophistry at work now, which evinces our profound ignorance, and deludes us to consent without alarm to acts which, if threatened on individuals, would rouse us at once to resistance. It is the pretended anxiety to guard vested rights, to save individuals from harm, while we are destroying those bodies of which they are component parts. We seem to be losing all conception of the rights of bodies.

Propose

Propose to plunder A or B of his house, and we all sympathize with his feelings, and appreciate the loss. But seize on the property of deans and chapters, leaving to each his full personal share in the common stock so long as he lives, and we imagine no loss is sustained, and no injustice done, because after a gradual extinction the body will finally be left without a voice to remonstrate and a heart to feel. And it is true, though only partly true, that where vested rights are secured, there may be little pain caused by the destruction of a body—little pain if its members are thoroughly selfish, and have no views beyond the quiet enjoyment of their own peculium. But a state that would make its subjects noble and elevated characters, always presupposes that they are such already. It gives them credit for high principles and good feelings. It supposes that men deriving benefits from endowed societies love and cherish those societies with an interest wholly distinct from their own selfish share in them. It allows for a similar feeling in numbers who are themselves without their boundaries, but have been brought up under their shadow, and would miss in ten thousand associations their influence for good. And it recognizes the reversionary interests even of persons not yet born, who might hereafter be benefited by these foundations, as no less real than the interests of the present possessors. An entail is not permitted to be cut off because the future heir is not yet in existence. And having looked, first, as all wise legislatures look, to the good and natural sentiments of man, with a resolution not to shock them needlessly, it soon perceives, here as in all other cases, that what is right and natural is also expedient. Incorporations are the palladium of the State. They may be legal fictions, metaphysical abstractions, which we cannot bring under the eye of any man, still less under the consciousness of a self-conceited statesman of the present day; but, like many other things invisible, they are not the less real. They are the centres from which the whole crystallization of society commences, and is completed. They are the tenons by which we dovetail man into man, and age into age. They are the depositories and guarantees of public principles and hereditary maxims; the fulcra on which the arms of the state are to move and be supported—the representatives of higher virtues than may be found contingently in individuals—the bulwarks against the encroachment of oppression—the strong towers from which the watchmen are to look down ready to give notice of danger, and to summon their scattered troops to resistance.

Let us remember that Europe owes all its liberty, its knowledge, its wealth, its power, to incorporations. And we shall then understand why in the eyes of our laws they have as true an existence,

istence, as much reality, as distinct rights, as much claim to respect and delicacy of treatment, as any individual. And we may then also be roused into alarm at a plan, in which the great incorporations of our ecclesiastical polity are now to be made the victims of a theory of reform, wholly setting at nought the wisdom of our ancient laws, and overturning the whole framework of our constitution.

Our cathedral establishments, many of them literally, all of them virtually, are the oldest incorporations in the kingdom, coeval with the conversion of the country to Christianity. Their property is the gift of individuals, not of the public. Kings, indeed, have augmented it, but not as representing the State. They owe it mainly to bishops. Even what they received from Henry VIII. must be regarded in all equity as a restoration, not a gift. The purposes for which it was left are at least innocent. There can be no mischief to the State in the due and splendid maintenance of its public worship; even in the wealth, however indolently employed, of some portion of its clergy. Popular envy, however natural or dangerous, is not to be removed by spoliation. Otherwise we may tremble for the safety of all the private property in the country. It is to be cured, not by giving way to its rapacity, but by establishing the rights of property—and securing against attack what others ought not to covet. And when this has been done, we may then turn to explain how little reason there is for envy, and to remove every natural ground for discontent or offence—not looking, indeed, to this end, which is never a safe object, and never can be wholly attained in any legislation, but looking to the real principles of right, which are wholly independent of popular censure or applause. We fear that the spirit of the present Church Reform is in some minds very different; that our rulers are inclined to act on the principles of a distinguished writer whose pamphlet is now before us\*—(a writer whom we most deeply regret to see employed in such a cause, with such a temper)—and may think of conciliation till they have forgotten justice.

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\* In this remark on the pamphlet of the Rev. Sydney Smith, we have done, perhaps, some injustice to the author. We were disappointed to see a question so important in all its bearings argued upon the low ground of right of patronage, and any discord on such a point exhibited or fomented between the dignitaries of the church. We must also protest against his position that the primary object of the Commission was to strengthen the Church by removing the envy of its opponents. The only mode of doing this would be to remove the Church itself. But the writer may have wished to confine his observations to one very objectionable part of the proposals of the Commission—and he has exposed it with clearness, shrewdness, and much admirable humour, though not without a painful personality, which we wish had been spared. We agree with him that the transfer of cathedral patronage from the chapters to the bishops is at least not graceful. It is undoubtedly illegal, and there is no reason to think it expedient. The great safeguard of the Church against the abuse of patronage is its diffusion, not its concentration.

There is, indeed, an attempt made to reconcile the spoliation of cathedrals with those acknowledged principles of law which are the basis of all dealings with corporate trusts. It is assumed that the property was left for the benefit of religion in general, and therefore may be applied to its most pressing exigencies. We deny the fact. Look to the charters of incorporation, to the trust deeds, even to the prevailing habits and sentiments of the age: and if these, on such a question, be legitimate evidence, it will appear beyond a doubt that the intentions of the founders all run into definite specific local channels. A local ceremonial to be maintained, specific services to be performed, particular buildings to be supported, a separate class of men to be benefited, the connexion of the cathedral with neighbouring charities, its deposits of books, its vast edifice, far beyond any mere parochial utility, a commemoration of past acts to be continually repeated;—all these are assuredly proofs, proofs which no theory can withstand, and which no court of equity would permit for one moment to be invalidated, that the object of the founders was, indeed, to promote religion; yet not by a scanty, vague, invisible derivation of their bounty over the whole country, but by establishing a central reservoir, and creating a peculiar organ in our ecclesiastical system for a distinct object, and one in their eyes, and in the eyes of all thinking men, no less needful than a parochial priesthood.

It is a plain and simple question for legal decision. What was the intention of the donors of cathedral property? And we hope and believe that the trustees of that property will not rashly surrender a particle of it, without bringing the question to this issue. The intention may not have been fulfilled. Enforce it at once. It may seem useless. But so will a parochial system in the eyes of some future legislature; and we dare not alter it. It may, indeed, be called a nuisance. And when this is proved, let it be abated. But till then, to disturb its destination is nothing short of a tyrannical robbery, subversive of all constitutional principles.

If the Commission wishes to see how carefully, even in the most despotic and most melancholy precedent of the kind, these great principles were guarded, let them turn to the preambles of the statutes which were passed for the robbery and destruction of ecclesiastical corporations under Henry VIII.

Let them remember how carefully he collected and invented every monstrous calumny against the smaller religious houses before, in the preamble of the first statute, it was possible to rest their suppression upon the ground of incurable depravity. Let them endeavour, as he did in the case of the larger bodies, though by every act of cruelty and extortion, to obtain a voluntary surrender of their property, rather than risk the precedent of an  
arbitrary

arbitrary appropriation. Or, if neither of these preambles can be employed, let it be the third, so elaborately drawn out in the case of the chantries and chapels; and let some illegality be found in the administration of the present trustees sufficient to forfeit their charters. Any one of these pleas, however false, however tyrannical, will be safer and better for the country than the principle now asserted. They will leave the great foundations of our national justice still untouched, to be recurred to by our posterity in some happier days. An insulated act of wrong, however ruinous, may still be repaired. But destroy a principle, and it never can be restored.

There is but one more word to be said on the question of right. The mutilation or suppression of cathedrals has been called a robbery, because everything should bear its proper name. But the Commissioners cannot intend to rob, and how are they insensible to the real nature of the act? Probably because the two parties, one of whom they are plundering to enrich the other, are members of the same great body of the Church, and therefore identified in the one great interest of promoting its efficiency. If alienation for civil purposes was proposed, the flagitiousness of the deed would be palpable. If for any other religious sect, there could be no delusion. But the property of brothers seems common, and honesty need have no place where there is love. But a very little knowledge of human nature shows that, in the most common interests, the strictest lines of division are required; and the most scrupulous regard to separate rights is never more necessary than in regulating the property of friends. Community of interest will generally suggest voluntary sacrifices, but it never justifies compulsion. And let us beware of the precedent. If the parochial and cathedral funds are applicable to either class of clergy, because both are united in the preservation of the Church, there is a more popular view and generalization afloat—that all sects of Christians are equally united in the maintenance of Christianity. And beyond this there is a more general theory, which joins Christian, and Mahometan, and Jew in the cultivation of religion. And one even more comprehensive still, which reduces all the purposes of charitable bequests and political measures, to the one ultimate end of general utility. And how soon these views may come successively into operation, no one knows. No one can expect much delay, unless a stand is made at once—unless we define the application of property by the strict intentions of the founder, instead of our capricious interpretation, and tie up the hands of others from what we should feel to be sacrilege, by refraining ourselves from an act which cannot be legal. Every successive legislator forms his own views of the right distribution  
of



of property within his reach; and each believes his own to be the best. But out of the hundred, ninety-nine must be wrong. To save ourselves from the licentious follies of the many, even the wisdom of the one must be restricted. It must submit to laws like all the rest—it must acquiesce in a less degree of good than it sees, or fancies, opportunities of producing—it must be patient even with evil, rather than let loose upon mankind all the wild speculation of future arbitrary power.

There is very little chance in the present conceited wilfulness of the age, of soon restoring the legislative body to this sober and self-denying wisdom. But the heads and the friends of the Church are assuredly the last body from whom it should meet with discouragement, or rather, who should set the example, even with the best intentions, of breaking down the barriers of justice and the rights of property.

There are considerations which may, and should press alike on all classes of the community. The principles which are the safeguards of cathedral institutions, are the common safeguards of property and life throughout the whole country. They concern citizens as well as Christians, dissenters not less than churchmen; and—though in the heat of men's animosities, or covetousness, or wants, it is hard to realize the retortion on our own heads of the precedent we are establishing upon others—even the enemies of the Church, if they are friends to liberty and order, may well pause before they consent to the spoliation, at present proposed.

But there is another defence of our cathedral establishments, which can be addressed only to that large portion of the community who know, from the experience of a former day, as well as from the reason of the thing, that with the safety and strength of the Church is closely and necessarily involved the safety of the country at large. We mean their natural use of these institutions; a use which they have only lost by degrees, as the quiet of the Church sunk down into a state of torpor, but which, by judicious management, can easily be restored, and of which we shall assuredly have need in the critical days which are approaching. The efficiency of the Church is the professed object of all these changes; and it is the vital importance and necessity of cathedral establishments, when properly invigorated, in promoting the efficiency of the Church, which it is necessary to bear in mind. A parochial system, however essential, is not the only instrument required for the purpose of the Church. There is another, prior to it in antiquity, more elevated in its functions, more extensively efficacious, more closely connected with the vitality of the body; and without which the most enlarged scheme of a parochial ministry must

must fail in its end, and gradually be dissolved. We possess at this moment the whole frame-work and skeleton of such an instrument, surviving from the remotest antiquity, in our cathedral institutions. In what way it was intended to act we shall point out immediately. To the neglect and decay of its functions we may attribute nearly all the present disorganization and danger of the Church; and to the revival of those functions, not—as the Commission would propose—to the impairing and annihilation of them, we must look, under the blessing of God, for our restoration to vigour and safety, especially in our parochial institutions. And before we proceed to this point, let us say one word to two classes of politicians, equally dangerous to the true interests of the Church; those who regard it solely as an instrument of political power, who maintain its establishment simply because it is established, and would restore its energies for the aid of a party—and those, on the other hand, who dread its power, and would cripple its resources, as if its efficacy were inconsistent with the liberties and welfare of the State.

There is no hope of making the right organization of the Church intelligible, or its true spiritual efficacy an object of interest to those who regard it only with a secular eye; and, excepting the clergy, few of those from whom support can be obtained in the legislature, seem to regard it with any other. It has been always the crying sin of statesmen to deal with the Church as their tool or their enemy. It must be neither. The Church, indeed—not merely the clergy, but the whole body of the Church—can do, and will do, essential service to any sound political party—will save the nation for them, when no other arm can save it—but it must be by working out steadily, and independently, and quietly, its own religious system; by the infusion of its own spirit into the people, by holding up its own principles and character as a light from which the lower parties of the world may kindle their fires. But this is the only mode. The power of the clergy, as an official body, is very nearly gone; over a great mass of the population, from the deficiency of our church establishment, it has never been able to extend; and where but a few years back it exercised a prescriptive and hereditary influence—the new temper of the age has substituted, not dislike or disrespect, for to say this for the most part would be false—but a personal attachment to the virtues and talents of an individual, instead of a devotion to the society which he only represents. When the true principles of Christianity and its essential form, ecclesiastical union, have been revived and made known, it is possible that the official influence of the clergy may revive with it. But the natural and only mode of reanimating it at present, is personal influence and affection. This is one reason why every

effort to preserve the Church on the part of its friends, even if the ultimate end be anything but the spread of pure Christianity, ought even from political motives to be directed to its spiritual improvement. Watch over its ministers, guard its doctrines, extend its ministrations, circulate the Bible, make it as far as the influence of the state can make it, a pure, and holy, and elevated body, free from all low and unworthy subserviency, and it will become in the hands of the state, what God always intended it to be, an arm of gigantic power for preserving our civil polity. But corrupt it, or permit it to remain, safe indeed in its outward privilege, but with no increased power in its inward spirit, and it will be a dead paralyzed limb, which a political party will be afraid to abandon, though compelled to drag it on with them—a useless and mischievous incumbrance. The spiritual improvement of the Church must be the first object even of its political supporters, and no power, which it can thus gain, need be an object of fear to any one.

But there is another point which ought also to be kept in mind by its political friends; they should fully understand in what sense and manner the spiritual influence of the Church will become the legitimate and the strongest support of a constitutional statesman. We hear of loud and clamorous applause of The Church at conservative dinners, and the good old toast of *church and king* is again coming into fashion, and we rejoice to see it. It is a happy substitute for the violence and abuse with which the clergy have lately been assailed, and may bring back, as it already betokens, the revival of a true English spirit in the hearts of many. But we doubt if the true connexion between loyalty to our king and loyalty to our church is well understood; and without a clear insight into this, all efforts to promote the latter as a means to promote the former, will assuredly be misdirected.

It is not then merely as an institution, as embodying and consecrating the same principle of hereditary right, that the Church will form a bulwark to the throne. It was once strong in this view, but that is gone for the present. Nor again is it as an organ of religious feeling; religious feeling, but misdirected feeling, was never so strong as in the men whose fanaticism ended in the murder of their sovereign. But examine the conduct and character of any individual, and we may trace the whole of it up to the prevalence within him of one or other of two opposite tendencies—*self-willfulness or servility*. He either trusts to himself or to another; and this is the key to all combinations, both of moral and intellectual qualities, and to the division of all mankind into the two great bodies of governors and governed. These two tempers of mind give respectively the tone and direction to all the operations of the man.

man. They form slavery or democracy in politics—faith or scepticism in religion—spirituality or rationalism in philosophy—popery or ultra-protestantism in Christianity. And we shall never understand the true complexion of the present times, and the only mode of averting the dangers which threaten us, till we look here for the explanation of the mystery.

Now it is evident that the perfection of human character consists in the proportionate combination of these two principles. There must be both confidence in ourselves and confidence in others—freedom and obedience—power and submission. The moment one preponderates too much, we run into error. Measure them out each by the proper legitimate demand for them, and we obtain a sound, active, intelligent spirit, formed to govern where it is superior, and ready to be governed where others are placed above it. This was the spirit of our old British character—all the complications and counteracting forces of our political constitution sprung from it, and were formed to presterve it. The House of Commons represented our confidence in ourselves. An hereditary legislature, an established monarchy, and well-defined laws, were the creation of our confidence in others. Freedom and loyalty went hand-in-hand, and (till within a very few years) never, perhaps, has a nation exhibited so perfect a balance of these two antagonist principles as our own country. But the fever of reform came on, or, rather, conceit and ignorance, and with them impatience and envy found their way among us. We became arrogant, self-willed, and presumptuous. Many causes concurred to withdraw from us the proper checks of a superior power, and thus to destroy our loyalty, loyalty not merely to our king, but to all overruling authority; and we have advanced far, very far indeed—it may be too far ever to return—in that path where each man is right in his own eyes, and cares nothing for the wisdom of another. The question is, can we be brought back? Is it possible, even now—retaining our freedom, encouraging an honest independence, spreading knowledge on all sides, and stimulating men to think and reason—is it possible to recover our humility, our loyalty, our faith? Can we revive the spirit of our old constitution? If we can, we may be saved. But to those who look thoughtfully into history, the only conceivable hope of safety is to be found in the awakening energies of the Church of England. And why? Because the Church of England is the great and only organ and conservator and diffuser, as it was the original creator, of that principle and spirit which we now require to recall into our political system. Compare together every form of religion, and every sect of Christianity, and they will be found to differ indeed in doctrine and ritual; but the one fundamental, pervading, all-modelling difference

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ference lies in their temper—their errors all flow from an excess of self-wilfulness, or an excess of servility. Catholic Christianity alone, and the Church of England, its single representative, have preserved the mean between them, giving to each tendency its due indulgence—granting something to independence, but exacting more of faith, and so rearing up man's reason under a salutary and parental control, for the very purpose of making him free when he can exercise his freedom with safety. Between the slavery of popery on the one hand, and the anarchy of puritanism on the other, those who restored the foundations of our church held their course steadily and firmly. They put the Bible into every man's hand, to encourage thought and reason; but they placed by it a human authority, that he might not run wild in its interpretation. They demanded of him a spiritual worship; but they bound it up in forms, to confine extravagancies of feeling. They threw every man on his own responsibility, but cast over him the protecting prayers and the absolving consolations of the Christian Church. They told him of a Power above, which bends all things according to his will; but they spoke also of a power within, which each man must exert and improve. Every doctrine of the Catholic church embodied in our own British church is a reconciliation of antagonist forces—an encouragement of man's independence, and a claim to his entire obedience. Its spirit is the spirit of our constitution. It animated the State as it animated the Church, and as the two bodies grew up together, and battled together, if it died away in the one, it was preserved in the other. At one time the freedom of the Church corrected the despotism of the State; at another, the authority of the State threw checks on licentiousness in the Church. But far oftener has the Church infused its temper into the State, than the State into the Church. And so it will be again. A moral and spiritual power rightly exerted, must be stronger than one which is temporal. Religion, if carried into men's hearts, will command their worldly interests, when worldly interests will not command their religion; and a people will obey man in obedience to God, though they will not obey God in obedience to man. And thus it is, that if the true catholic spirit of the Christian Church in this land can be preserved, or, rather, restored and invigorated, we may hope by the blessing of God to see it penetrate into all the channels of social life, actuate our civil as well as our religious conduct, correct our wild schemes of political innovation, as it teaches us to look with distrust on our own corrupted natures—make us loyal to our king as well as to our God, and full of reverence to that glorious heritage which the wisdom of past ages has transmitted to us, whether it be a heritage of truth, or a heritage of privileges and duties—

duties—and all this without impairing in the least the natural right of our freedom.

But to bring back this blessed consummation, much, let us remember, is yet to be done within the bosom of the Church itself. With the decay of humility, and obedience, and social attachment in the state, the same principles have decayed in the Church. Individual independence has run out into extravagance, and the spirit of mutual control, which is the great connecting bond of all social systems, has been nearly lost. It is needless at present to enter into all the causes of this perilous and threatening evil. Among them have been the constant appeal to private reason made through the art of printing, and the circulation of books—the withdrawal for the most part of oral instruction—the gross flatteries addressed to *intellect* and an *enlightened age* by very ignorant or very criminal leaders—a neglect to rest the defence of the Church against dissent on its proper logical and Christian ground of antiquity and authority—ignorance of the history of past ages, sanctioned by the vanity and conceit of our present physical science—an excessive application of excitement and feeling to rouse religion in the mind—and a dread of reverting to papacy, or, rather, the natural inclination to that ultra-protestantism which erects a papacy in the bosom of every individual. We must add, indolence in the clergy, timidity in many of their leaders, and a political jealousy of ecclesiastical power which has suppressed all its ancient modes of incorporating and exerting its authority in synods and convocations. And all these causes would long since have dissolved the Church of England as a body, and broken into the fragments of dissent both its form and the truths which it has to guard, but for a few counteracting influences. It has been held together by old hereditary prejudices in favour of the Church of our fathers—by political passions—by local associations—by the natural aristocratical spirit of Englishmen—by the possession of more real attainment and sobriety than has prevailed among the dissenters—by an occasional exhibition of ecclesiastical law and episcopal discipline, however rare—but mostly by personal attachment to a body of parochial clergy such as no nation in its happiest times ever was blest with before. But in all this there is very little, or rather nothing of that loyal, dutiful patriotism to the church and its parental authority, apart from the authority of its ministers, which is the true spirit of Christianity, and which we require to see infused through it, into all the analogous relations of the citizen to the state. Whatever is our present outward unity, and real aversion to dissent, if the very firmest adherents to the Church were polled to-morrow, there would be found in thousands by whom the charge  
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of dissent would be repudiated with indignation—the very principle and poison of dissent, only prevented from working into action by some casualty which a moment may remove. Throughout the nation, from the top to the bottom, there is one undisputed clamour for an unbridled right of private judgment, in defiance of all human authority. And where this is the case, it is vain and silly to talk of attachment to the Church, of Christian faith, of any other virtue, civil or religious, which is coupled with humility, dutifulness, and obedience. It is vain and silly to think of preserving either the Church or the state from rapid dissolution: as vain as if a man should hope to keep a mass of earth together when he had taken off the law of gravitation. We are at present a ball of sand held together by an extraneous pressure, or chance affinities; and until that vital, informing, and vegetating spirit is reinfused into our hearts which will hold us all together by an internal obedience and common sympathy, our existence is a mere casualty. We may cut off the bough of a tree and replace it again, so that no eye can detect the separation; but the bough dies, and the first wind blows it down. And all the limbs of our social body, both ecclesiastical and civil, have been secretly severed from the trunk by the conceit of individual authority: and though, as yet, they are held together by a cramp, a few years and the first storm will show their fate.

And men's eyes are opened to the fact. Why is there such a stirring in the Church to bring back her ancient records, and revive long-dropped claims? Why is her authority and the discipline of her forms put forward by one class of her adherents (cautiously or incautiously, we are not now inquiring), and received by another class with so much alarm as if they led to that popery from which they are as far removed as the constitutional monarchy of England from the despotism of Morocco? Why even was the Commission itself established, and its anxiety to strengthen our parochial system, made the grounds for such fearful innovations—but that all men alike acknowledge the approach of a crisis—and all see and feel the danger of the Church, and all understand that the danger arises from something in her internal constitution? And one weakness there undoubtedly is—in her parochial system—yet not the greatest, not the most vital, not the first to be remedied; but one which will be easily remedied, if another more fatal and more entirely beyond the hope of cure—should our cathedral institutions be destroyed—is first removed. We do not question the zeal of the Commission. We acknowledge the greatness of the evil which they have kept before their eyes. We will go all honest lengths, and must refuse no sacrifice to remove it. But we lament bitterly over what cannot but be called—we would use the words

words without any disrespect—the short-sightedness and thoughtlessness in which an infinitely greater evil has been overlooked, and is proposed to be perpetuated for ever, that a smaller may be partially palliated—that a few more years of lingering existence may be eked out for the Church in feeble and scanty pittances, instead of pouring new life and energy into her very heart, and re-animating her whole gigantic stature to live and to labour for ever.

Let us consider in what the vitality, and safety, and efficacy of the Church really consist, and we shall then see the respective uses of a parochial ministry and of cathedral institutions, not perhaps in their present state, but such as they may be and should be made. There are two wholly distinct functions to be performed by the Church, requiring these two establishments as their respective organs. A sound and healthy state in the latter will produce a sound and healthy state in the former; but no increased energy in the former can compensate for the loss of the latter. Give us only cathedrals, rightly employed, and we will create, as we have created before, parishes. But give us only parishes, and we cannot even preserve, much less create, either one or the other. The destitution of our parishes is but a symptom of an internal disorganization in some other part. And the whole of this mischief has arisen, not from the existence, as some suppose, but from the inactive existence, the torpor, the alienation from their original purposes, of our cathedrals. He is but a sorry physician who would destroy the organs of digestion because their derangement had produced numbness or weakness in a limb. It is a very short-sighted wisdom that would paralyze a wrist to multiply the fingers. Let us go to the seat of the disease, and not palter with symptoms and palliatives.

Now, the first end and object of the Church, as an incorporation under the authority of God, is not to make men moral or religious, nor even to spread the knowledge of God himself, but to guard and preserve against a constant tendency to corruption a certain body of truths in which that knowledge is contained. Such a notion may be very foreign to an age in which for religious truth, and indeed for all truth in itself, one half the world professes to care nothing, and the other not to know where to find it. Still the first great work of the Church is to be a witness and pillar of the truth, and whoever knows anything of human nature and its universal tendency to pervert and obliterate all the high doctrines of Christianity, will acknowledge the necessity of guarding them by a very artfully-constructed body which may serve as the glass shade to a lamp,—suffer the light to pass through it unobscured and untinged, and secure it at the same time from being blown out by the caprices of human reason. This machinery is not peculiar



peculiar to Christianity: it existed also in the Jewish polity, and indeed has been a common condition for the maintenance of truth in all ages.

When truth has thus been protected, the next duty is to circulate it. But to form schemes for diffusing what, in the absence of proper safeguards, a very few years may corrupt into grievous error, is but a short-sighted zeal. An organ for spreading, without an organ for preserving it, is but a mutilated machine. But when both these purposes have been fully provided for, the ecclesiastical system is complete. Upon sound doctrines will grow sound practice. Men's moral duties will flow naturally from their comprehension of the gospel. And in those duties will be included all the virtues of obedience and loyalty, for which even a secularized legislature is interested in the promotion of religion.

This is an arrangement of the duties of the Church, which will appear strange and false to many who think morality has nothing to do with dogmas, and that truth can be cast off to the wind to be blown about by every current, without casting away also the stability of our virtues. But it is a very old arrangement, coeval with the birth of Christianity, and it has never yet been disturbed or departed from without a fearful end. But the point to be remarked at present is the respective adaptation of a parochial system and Cathedral institutions to the two great purposes, the one of circulating, the other of maintaining the truth; and the necessary dependence of the former upon the latter.

What must be the consequence of a scheme of parochial ministry put into a high degree of activity, and carried into every corner of the country, without some counterpoise behind to steady and direct it? What, to repeat a former illustration, will be the use of the fingers, however multiplied and strengthened, without a wrist to support and guide them? The answer is, that the tendency and natural end of such a scheme is not to diffuse the truth, but to corrupt and destroy it. Take it by itself as the Commission now proposes to establish it, without any other check than Episcopal authority, and Christianity is not safe in its hands.

When the Church, or any other society, endeavours to grasp or detain its members within its arms, it must, indeed, employ for that purpose individuals as its representatives and ministers. The teaching and example of individuals is the essential element of parochial instruction. They are the last fibres of the roots, the extreme feelers and prehensors of that hundred-armed power which is to enlarge and to hold together the body of the Church.

Common men with only eyes of sense cannot learn the presence of an invisible agent, or form a notion of personality in abstract bodies. They must have before them something to touch and handle,—

handle,—a living person from whom they may learn their relation to an incorporated person beyond him. And God in nature deals with us thus in the world. Man's highest civil perfection is to love and reverence his country and his king. And God opens the eyes of the infant upon an image of its country in its mother. Its mother brings it to its father. From them it learns its first and earliest duties to its family. From family it ascends to neighbourhood, from neighbourhood to country. And so in religion. All that we know at first of the Church is what we see in the person of its minister. He points to a higher power in his bishops. They lead us to the Church of our country. Through it we pass to the Church, the mother of us all,—even the abstraction of Catholic Christianity,—and through it we reach our God. But can we trust,—has the Church, or any society, ever trusted,—any valuable deposit, whether of truth or property, to individuals, without providing some check and control upon them?

The more elevated and necessary a truth is, the more unintelligible it becomes to inferior minds,—the greater temptation there is to pare and rasp it away in order to fit it to our own narrow comprehension. One point is suppressed and another exaggerated, and the meanings of words, however strict, are gradually loosened and obliterated, and by the necessary liberty allowed to a minister opportunity is given of totally altering, in the course of his preaching, the whole character of his church doctrines, and even of Christianity itself, though without any deliberate intention or even consciousness of the fraud. In addition to this common tendency of imperfect human nature, which cannot be removed, a preacher has peculiar temptations to contend with. He is necessarily brought into contact with a variety of speculative opinions. His very zeal will be a hinderance to that sober, and comprehensive, and balanced view of truth, which is necessary for a complete development of any body of doctrines. He has, in the present state of pastoral duties, little, very little time for study and reflection. He is and must be, to a certain degree, dependent upon his congregation for reputation, if not for income;—and few minds are wholly proof against the seductions of popularity. If he courts them it will be by a sacrifice of truth; if he resists, it will very often be attempted by exaggeration. And lastly, placed as he is in an almost irresponsible authority, and led to create for himself a personal influence, as the first mode of bringing men into the bosom of the Church, there is a danger, which we know from experience not to be visionary, of fostering a schismatical presumptuousness. A general view of the present state of the Christian Church would clearly show this case. It exists to a considerable

considerable extent in portions of our own community. One party suppresses one doctrine and another its converse. One is inclined to take liberties with the words of the Liturgy, and another misinterprets their meaning. Many popular and zealous preachers have been instrumental in encouraging dissent, even in sanctioning it, and not unfrequently have seceded themselves. In the great dissenting communities, whatever efforts have been made against it, the most fervent orthodoxy has, to a very deplorable extent, settled into Unitarianism. In Ireland, where the Chapters have little or no weight, the connexion of discipline between the bishop and the clergy has been proportionably weakened; and the main safeguard for purity of doctrine lies in the hostility to Romanism. In Germany, where, in 1825, out of a hundred Professors of Theology, not more than nineteen were orthodox, one province alone has escaped contagion,—and that province, the Duchy of Wirtemberg, is the one which, at the Reformation, preserved its Cathedral establishment untouched.

No argument of this kind goes to discourage a parochial system, or to throw any damp upon the present exertions of the country in extending it on all sides, and developing its highest energies. But it points out a great danger involved in it, and warns us to provide a safeguard. But where is this safeguard to be found? Some will say, in canons, and articles, and subscriptions. But no one who knows anything of human nature can be ignorant that all these are a mere dead letter, wholly in the power, and subject to the modification of human reason, without some security elsewhere. Others look to Episcopal authority. But let any sober-minded spectator of these times ask himself if Episcopal authority, in the present temper of public opinion, and in the divided state of the bishops themselves, could hold out against a rapid and general corruption of Christian Faith by their subordinate ministers?—We answer the question by another. What are the safeguards pointed out by reason for such purposes, which men employ in all analogous cases of common life—which the Church herself especially provided long before she threw out her missionary and parochial forces—which have proved in all her perils the great bulwark of the truth, and which we are bound, in this age of excitement, and fancy, and innovation, not—as the Commission purposes—utterly to overthrow, but to guard as the very citadel of sound doctrine?

There are two, and only two—the same which civil society employs in checking the extravagance of her servants. They are first a counterpoise of opinion, and secondly a power of discipline. The former is the most important. But each—this is the point  
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to be observed—must be deposited, not in the hands of an individual, but in a collegiate body. Opinion has little weight, and very little logical strength, except it comes from a community. The different tempers and acquirements of individuals, acting and counteracting on each other, form the best check upon error. They give validity to testimony, expansion to views, modification to hasty generalities, authority to individual character, caution and steadiness to the impetuosity of feeling. And thus the State, as well as the Church, has always placed her counsels and laws in the hands of corporate bodies. The collegiate form is the natural and primitive organization of all societies, but especially of the Church. We owe to it all the struggles against error which worked out the full form of Christianity in the first centuries. We may trace back to it all our national ecclesiastical system. Cathedrals preceded parishes, and have been the first objects of care with all the greatest legislators of the country. Examine the whole scheme of Christianity, and it presents a vast mass—not of individuals but of bodies, very carefully framed into each other. From the first Apostles sent out in pairs to the great Œcumenical councils, all is incorporation. The bishops themselves, in the words of Cyprian, are ‘one episcopacy.’ In the discharge of their individual functions they are to require the co-operation of priests. If nothing is to be done by the clergy without the bishop, few things are to be done by the bishop without the clergy. Even the individual minister is in a great measure made a corporation by joining with him his churchwardens. The historical details of this system are deeply interesting;—but we have no space for them; and must turn to the principles to be employed in the construction of corporate bodies for the purposes now in view—discipline and the preservation of truth.

The qualifications requisite for the former purpose are obvious—age, character, independence, station in society, habit of command, removal from local prejudices, and yet a natural and as it were official sympathy with the offender, a central and permanent position, commanding the whole field of its jurisdiction, and constant communication with all portions of the ecclesiastical bodies, especially the upper. These seem to be the natural requisites for a body which is to strengthen the hands of the bishop and maintain his discipline. It is needless to say that they all exist, or may all be created by careful appointment, in our cathedral bodies. These bodies were originally intended to be the council of the bishops. It is a historical fact. If they have fallen into disuse, where has been the fault? Can we afford any longer to let their functions lie dormant? Is there any difficulty in reviving them? Will they  
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not prove the greatest and only securities to Episcopal authority in any coming crisis, whether from without the Church or from within it? And are they not the natural remedy for the evils so often lamented over—the decay and impracticability of a stricter ecclesiastical discipline? Remove them, and place nothing in their stead, and leave each bishop by himself to regulate the movements of his clergy within the Church and resist the attack from without, and how will they be able to resist the storm which is gathering round us?

The qualification of bodies constructed for the maintenance of sound doctrine by the quiet, imperceptible operation of opinion and discussion, are partly the same with those for discipline; but they should be framed with particular reference to the influences which they are to counteract. If the tendency to error in parochial clergy is caused by excitement, by over activity, by dependence on their congregation, by the love of novelty, by withdrawal from the restraint of superintendence, by partial views, or in one word by ignorance,—there should be depositories of truth stationed throughout the country, where a portion of its ministers may be removed from the heat and zeal of controversy, and the perpetual struggle with vice,—where they may be devoted to that branch of Christian duty which is as necessary as active bustle—to quiet meditation and prayer. They should be wholly independent of the world—set free from the seduction of popularity, and able to meet its highest ranks on a fair footing of equality. They should be kept under a moral restraint by the influence of coadjutors, and by communication with authority above them. They should be imbued with a reverence for antiquity, and the sound, safe maxims of prescription, which are the natural inheritance of corporate bodies, and act as the balance-wheel in all hasty movement to innovation. But, most of all, they should have learning.

The last prophetic words of Bishop Hackett, when defending the same institutions against the same attack before the Great Rebellion, should be constantly sounded in our ears—‘Upon the ruins of the reward of learning no structure can be raised up but ignorance; and upon the chaos of ignorance no structure can be built but profaneness and confusion.’ And he must be blind indeed who cannot see, in the circumstances of these times, calls for learning, and very profound learning, altogether different from the light, superficial, and general information of the day;—a call which, let it be fairly avowed, we have at the present moment scarcely any means of answering, and which we cannot hope to see supplied except by a proper exercise of cathedral patronage. Let us remember that we are not an enlightened age, as a minister of the Crown—(but we will not revert to words of which the ignorance

rance is only equalled by the conceit, and the mischievous effect of such flattery by the degradation of the flatterer)—let us remember that we are not an enlightened, but a very ignorant age. We have made some discoveries in science. We have furnished ourselves with many new luxuries. We have picked out some errors in the notions of our forefathers; and possess, many of us, a smattering of things of which they knew little. But we are too conceited to be really wise; and, least of all, to be really learned. And in theology, of which the whole basis and superstructure is learning, as distinct from general information and cultivation of mind, we are sadly in the dark. But the Church is placed at this crisis between great enemies, Romanism and Ultra-Protestantism; and the only weapon with which either of these can be encountered is learning—an extensive knowledge of antiquity, accurate researches into history, profound scholarship. The great strength of Romanism is her appeal to antiquity, and the deepest historical knowledge is requisite to prove that her corruptions are novelties. And the primary source of all the heresies of Ultra-Protestantism, through every shade of theology down to the most perverse Socinianism, is the conceit of ignorance—and this, also, can be corrected only by learning. We have suffered this generation to be reared up as if, like the dreaming Autochthones, they had sprung out of the ground, had no ancestors, had received no inheritance, were the first of their kind who ever walked erect on the earth, or gazed upon the light of the sun. We have rarely ourselves referred them to the judgment of wiser ages, or acknowledged that allegiance which every wise and good man is proud to pay to the accumulated experience of antiquity; and the end has been such as we might have expected. When the only arbiter of truth, from which there can be no appeal, has been set aside, the opinions of all men and all parties are reduced to a level—no guide to truth is left but an arrogant private judgment, or the infallibility of our own reason; and when this has failed, nothing remains but a dreary universal scepticism. Scarcely any man out of the bosom of the Romish Church now dares to speak as if he were sure that he is right. Our liberality is mere weakness; and our hesitation to charge others with error scarcely more than ignorance whether we ought to convert them, or be converted ourselves.

For this melancholy and most dangerous spirit, there is but one cure, learning. And unless the cure be speedily undertaken, everything is to be feared. But where is this learning to be supplied? In our parochial clergy? But their whole time and attention is swallowed up with the management of schools, the visiting the sick, the direction of local charities, the preparation, hasty as it is, for the duties of the Sunday—leaving them no  
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leisure whatever for deep study. The day is gone when men could retire to a country parish for repose and reading. Their whole life is one of constant harassing fatigue. And unless some greater exertions are made to imbue them with theological knowledge before they enter on their office, a very few years may see our parochial clergy utterly incapable, from excess of occupation, of preserving any learning in the Church, much less of contributing to augment it. But in our Universities? Undoubtedly the Universities have done much in this work, and they will do more; and there is, at the present time, a very remarkable and gratifying revival of deep study, particularly in the candidates for ordination. But it must be remembered, that whatever foundation is laid there, the superstructure must depend on other aid. Our Universities possess very few situations adequate to maintain men to which laborious duties are not attached. To these few there is generally, or rather universally, attached the prohibition of marriage. And if all sinecures—let us use the word—that is, if all places where nothing is required of their possessors but to employ for the good of the world their minds instead of their bodies—if all these are cut off, we have no right to expect that young men will sacrifice their future advancement, and the prospect of domestic happiness, to learning in early life, and poverty and destitution in old age. All the learning which the Universities can supply to the Church, beyond that which is required to be kept up for the preparatory education of their students, must be counted on as precarious and gratuitous. And it must be very materially affected by the removal of all hopes of a future learned independence in the cathedral endowments. These are things which the Commission ought to bear in mind. It should be seen that these endowments are intended for the encouragement of learning. They are the proper centres of that knowledge which is not only to guard the Church against her enemies, but to serve as a check to the ignorance, or fondness for novelty, or self-conceit, to which active parochial clergymen are at the present day peculiarly exposed, from their very zeal in the discharge of their duties. Destroy these, and they cannot be recovered. But maintain them in all their efficiency—make fit appointments—select men who will discharge the duties of which they are receiving the rewards—exact from them some labour which may compel exertion, and benefit the clergy of the diocese, or students of theology, or the inhabitants of the city in general—let the cathedral libraries be enlarged and rendered serviceable to the whole neighbourhood, particularly to the clergy—and mix up perhaps with the quiet and retirement of study some parochial duties, to temper abstract theology by Christian practice;—and a bulwark will then be raised for the Church

Church in this hour of peril, by the strength of which it may yet stand, and by its own salvation save the nation. They have already done much.

Dr. Pusey, in his valuable pamphlet on Cathedral Establishments, has given a striking view of the theological learning which has already been fostered in them. And another consideration might be suggested of the sound and sober character of their theology, contrasted with the partial and often intemperate views which have been circulated from parochial clergy; and of the check which even insensibly, without any literary controversy, has been imposed by them on wrong tendencies of religious feeling in this day. There is, of course, a party in the Church, with whom this resistance to peculiar notions will seem the best reason for destroying them; but by a careful legislature providing for the stability of Christian truth, the principle of permanence will be as much consulted as the principle of movement, and even more.

From the influence of cathedral establishments on the clergy of the Church, and immediately on the purity of her doctrines, let us now turn to their natural effect upon her members generally. And here, again, they should be considered, not perhaps exactly in their present condition (though nothing can be farther from the truth than the ignorant outcries against their useless wealth and indolence), but as they may easily be made, and these calumnies openly refuted by some public employment provided for them.

The crying evil of the present day, as regards the unity and power of the Church, is the want of some visible incorporation of the Church itself. Provincial synods have been dropped. Convocation is an empty form. The bishops act as individuals, and not as a college. And the State has in a great measure withdrawn that support which stood in stead of the exhibition of independent ecclesiastical power. In the mean time, dissent has raised its tone higher; and a general spirit of scepticism and impatience of restraint has pervaded the country. Attachment to the Church as a society—that is, not to her ministers, but to her principles, and formularies, and communion—has nearly vanished, because no object has been held out to it. We may love religion and respect our ministers, but we know little and care nothing for the Church. Very pure and cultivated minds can still discern its image in antiquity, and recognize its presence on the earth even now; but common minds cannot reach this abstraction, and require some visible incorporation of its power to remind them of her claims upon their duties. The word *church-authority*—the very notion of ecclesiastical power—is too often received with suspicion or a sneer, as if its object were a clerical despotism, and  
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its spirit mere party zeal. But a true and honest view of the Christian character will never fail to place attachment to the Church as one of the first virtues of the perfect Christian. He reaches it, indeed, like all other high principles, through the patient exercise of many inferior duties; but when it is reached, his conduct naturally flows from it steadily, and with increased strength, into all the derivations of morality. It is the patriotism of religion. We little know how many of our vices have grown up with the loss of it—how great its power is to encourage more homely virtues, to check evil, and, above all, to stimulate those exertions for the support and extension of its object—for the want of which in past days we are now placed in our present danger—for which it is a miserable shift to substitute any paltry sums which may be pared away from the cathedrals—and which, if again revived (and reviving it assuredly is), will amply and rapidly cover the pressing wants of our population in the same spirit from which have flowed all the past endowments of the Church in their unbounded profusion and magnificence. The same spirit which now builds a chapel for a minister from personal attachment to him (and the case is very common) will raise a chapel for the Church, when we have taught it attachment to the Church. We want supplies for the Church, and we repeat it, let us first create the spirit from which they are to flow.

But Church loyalty is not only an integral and primary part of Christian virtue, and the best fund on which to draw for the maintenance of the Church:—it is also, especially at present, the main pillar of her doctrinal truths to her people at large. So long as these truths were rarely disputed, or disputed only by a small and often contemned body—or were supported by the strong unhesitating sanction of those temporal powers to which common men look for guidance in spiritual as well as civil conduct—so long there was no need of incorporation of the Church to support her doctrines, or exhibit visibly her moral, and intellectual, and temporal strength in the aggregate, as legitimate authority for the correctness of her judgment. Men were then retained in the Church, as in other communions, by habit, or prejudice, or indolence, but mostly under the influence of the State. They found their religion established, and therefore believed it to be true. It can now scarcely be said to be established. And we require some other reason, not for educated men, who find it by patient research in the catholicity of her doctrines, and the sanction of primitive antiquity, but for common men, whose natural doubts are to be swayed, and their good prejudices supported by a palpable array of power which they can understand and respect.

This reincorporation of the Church is a matter of great delicacy  
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and difficulty, but it is assuredly the first problem to be solved in our present condition. Convocation is the natural organ; but its rights are so precarious, its past history so unsatisfactory, and the danger so great of suddenly convening a representative body of the clergy without securing the regularity and unanimity of their proceedings, that few careful legislators would risk its resumption at present. It is better to commence upon a small scale. The clerical meetings and associations which are spreading throughout the country are the natural but irregular efforts suggested by the crisis to re-unite the Church in a social and visible form. But diocesan synods seem the legitimate means, and the cathedral establishments are the primitive and constitutional centres for their restoration. They offer regular forms, distinct rights, and well-established precedents as the framework on which a more extended system may gradually be created; and the position which they occupy already in the eyes of the clergy and the world, supplies that basis of natural authority and influence which is required in the construction of a new body.

Even in the present condition of the Church they contribute very mainly to support it in this way by their corporate character, however rarely brought publicly into action. They possess large estates and considerable privileges; their rank in society is high; they are invested not only with a certain dignity of outward advantages, which a wise legislature always confers on a body whom it wishes to be respected, but with a dignity and splendour in the discharge of the offices of religion, which tells with as much force on the imagination of the people, as on the sounder feelings and affections of the educated Christian.

What is the natural train of thought which the cathedral establishment and service, with all their appendages, insensibly suggest, even to an ordinary man? He comes, perhaps, from a country village, where he has heard the truths of his church set forth by a single individual, often destitute of personal weight, and within walls neglected and bare of any mark of human respect, as if it was not the house of God. He comes into a large city, filled with the bustle of commerce and wealth, perhaps with something worse—the violence of angry sects banded together for the overthrow of the Church. He hears abuse of her doctrines, and ridicule of her rites and piety—and he then goes to the cathedral. And how does it affect him? Not merely with that vague, but strong devotion which God, for the tuning of our sluggish hearts to his praise, has breathed like a holy charm over all his works of wonder, and which man but humbly strives to create by art where there is no nature to infuse it; but there is a quiet, solemn voice of sober reason in all such works of human zeal which reaches

the most thoughtless ear. How much of all that men most value must have been sacrificed to raise this pile! How much of thought, and science, and rare intellect concentrated on every part! How much of earnest faith and ardent love of God, to raise for prayer, and scarcely more than prayer, these glorious gigantic halls, which for those who do not pray have no use, and which are but incitements to prayer for the two or three who meet together in their recesses in the name of Christ! How many generations, again, have dwelt beneath the shadow of these temples, upheld their worship, added to their splendour, and so engraven upon the very stones their witness to the truth of that invisible world, of which they are, in every part, the symbol and the type! And how strong the bulwark to each man's belief in this awful sanctuary of religion, fenced round from profanation in the midst of worldly sordidness and thoughtlessness—this pomp and luxury of worship, secured through living saints and dying sinners, for the use of a daily congregation whose very profession should be worship—and all to offer up to God the same prayers, in the same forms, and in the same belief, in which the poorest congregation of his people minister to Him at the humblest of His altars!

All this may sound like mysticism to the materialized notions of this day, but it is very real and true. And when the walls on which are written these attestations to the greatness of the Church are deserted and decayed, we may learn, too late, that they who raised them were wiser in their generation than we who contrived their overthrow.

That the view of the whole threatened evil may not be defective, the cathedral establishments should be considered in another relation, as a part of a defensive body against the present attacks upon the Church. It is needless to repeat in what the real strength of such a body must ultimately rest, and without which all other aid will be useless—its piety, its learning, its zeal for God's glory, its sound faith, its labours for the benefit of mankind. But human wisdom is not to be slighted even in working the work of God; and human wisdom, in organizing any body of defence, always endeavours to secure three points,—a close connexion between all the parts, combinations of individuals at intervals to concentrate force, and intermediate degrees of power and responsibility between the highest and the lowest members. Now, destroy our cathedral establishments, and where are we to look in the Church for any such advantages? Few things at present can be more insulated than the position of a parochial clergyman. His acquaintance with his fellow ministers is only local; his knowledge of the dignitaries of the Church casual, if any; his connexion with the bishop absolutely cut off, except on rare occasions,

sions, and generally in matters of discipline. In particular the poorer parochial clergy have very little connexion with the richer, and those of the country very little with those in the town. We speak of them as an organized society, which, for all practical purposes of good, not less than for the defence of the Church, they ought to be. There are indeed numberless exceptions, but they are accidental and precarious; and these are mostly caused by the intermixture with the parochial benefices of those numerous cathedral offices which—generally without emolument, and without duty—have been distributed for honorary purposes; and which are now to be cut off at a single stroke—nearly four hundred places of rank and dignity to be annihilated, that a few thousand pounds may be frittered away in fruitless charity. These small prebendal stalls, which are worthless in point of income, are among the most valuable part of our ecclesiastical system. They confer honour without expense; extend the range of the cathedral bodies and increased their power; bring all classes of clergymen more into contact with each other; and form an admirable skeleton for a machinery of combined action throughout the whole Church. Just at this moment, when they may be most useful, it is proposed to sweep them away. We are on the eve of a battle, and this is the time selected for cashiering our subaltern officers.

Of the efficiency of bodies in any scheme of organization, we have spoken already—and this age of Commissions and Societies can require no illustration of it. But there have been recent occasions in which, notwithstanding all their apparent inactivity, the cathedral corporations have proved how much of the safety of the Church may depend on their exertions. Very few persons may know what the Church owes to them in several of her recent struggles; but those who do, will never consent to see them suppressed or rendered powerless, when those struggles are multiplying upon us.

The bishops themselves, as the natural and appointed leaders of the Church in all her conflicts, must wish to seek and gather round them, as in primitive times, councils of presbyters and coadjutors as strong as possible, rather than trust to their own single arm to rouse up the energies of their people and govern them, as they must be governed, to act with efficacy against their enemies. The Church is at present very much divided between two opinions:—one, which elevates episcopacy almost to a despotic authority; the other, which yields it at best a cold and hesitating obedience. In each case intermediate bodies are the natural and only security; and that power will be very short-lived which is purchased by their detriment or destruction. All these con-

siderations, however willing many may be to slight them as mere theory, are yet indisputably such as ought to make us pause before we take a step which can never be retraced. There is one more, which can scarcely be approached without alarm, and requires for its full development much more space and historical illustration than can now be spared. It refers to the connexion between the Church and the State, and the important link in this connexion which is maintained by the cathedral bodies. Who can tell how soon it may be necessary for a Chapter to risk all the penalties of a præmunire, and refuse to elect a bishop on the nomination of an infidel or heretical government? We leave the suggestion to those who are proposing to weaken, or rather destroy, the very bodies who may, and at a moment, be placed in this advanced post of danger, and from whom alone, except the universities, the Church can expect such resistance. So long as the King represented the laity of the Church, and an oath was held obligatory on the conscience of a legislator, the appointment of bishops was perhaps most fitly intrusted to the hands of the Crown. The act, indeed, which virtually destroyed the independent co-operation of the Church by making resistance in it treason, was most tyrannical. But some excuse may be found in the fear of a foreign power, and in the irregularities of the first struggle of the Reformation. Now, however, the King is in the hands of his ministers, his ministers in the hands of a majority of the House of Commons, and that majority in the hands of an Irish incendiary Romanist. What we predicted, but few believed, when the act of emancipation was about to be passed, is now upon our heads, and the Church must be prepared for any emergency. A few bishops and a single college have, before this, saved the State; and a single Chapter may now be called on to save the Church. Surely this is not the time to weaken or degrade these bodies. Surely it is rather our interest and our duty to guard and strengthen them by all possible precautions, to raise them in the respect of the people, to make them fit for the discharge of such a noble but dangerous office, to turn the eyes of the country upon them, that they may feel the importance of their post, and learn, by times, in what spirit to defend it.

We will, however, abstain from more ill-omened words. It may yet please God to bring back the heart of this nation, as of one man, to its Church and its King; and with all the anxieties of a great crisis there is much to hope. It should be known as a statistical fact, that the number of dissenters, instead of increasing in proportion to the increase of the population, has decreased,—that their own organs lament over the lukewarmness of their followers;—that the great majority of enemies to the Church in  
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this country are enemies to religion itself;—that the Church is thus placed in a position to rally round her by degrees the whole strength of the Christian body, and so regain her hold upon the legislature and the nation. But whatever, indeed, are her ultimate prospects, surely, in any plan for altering her constitution at present, we ought to proceed upon the assumption that the State will not apostatize from her communion, or, in words more tenderly dealing with the greatest of national sins, that the union of Church and State will still be maintained. And this brings us to the last view of expediency in upholding our cathedral institutions.

We have before remarked, what is in itself obvious enough, that to maintain the two powers, civil and religious, of which every State is composed, in harmony and union, the temper and principle of both must be the same. Active republicanism in the Church cannot co-exist with monarchy in the State, nor democracy in the State with episcopal government in the Church. ‘No bishop, no king,’ is a maxim of much wider application than to the policy of a court. Now the temper of the Church of England, and that of its old Constitution, were precisely in unison; and if the old Constitution can be maintained, the Church will be maintained with it. But the forms as well as the spirit of the two bodies must be harmonized and adjusted to each other, or they cannot work well together. Every reader of ecclesiastical history must be struck at the instinct with which the Church, the moment her circle had extended so as to embrace and fall in with the circle of the civil community, adapted itself to all its forms and outlines, so that—preserving the entire distinctness of the two bodies in their several privileges and functions—their centres coincided, and their respective divisions followed each other throughout all their intricacies and windings. This union of distinctness and conformity is in fact the perfect union of Church and State, and it was realized in a peculiar manner in England, from the fact that a balanced monarchy accorded better than any other constitution with the principles of church government and with Christianity itself. Without stopping at present to work out the illustration, the fact is indisputable. The limits of dioceses followed the boundaries of kingdoms and of provinces; parishes the division of estates; and subsequently many civil local arrangements have been constructed on the basis of parishes. In the same manner, for every gradation of political rank, there were ecclesiastical dignities. The primate, especially when armed with the power of the pope, balanced the sovereign; bishops were ranked with earls, abbots with barons, monasteries with towns and corporations. We need not wish to see the details of this system re-

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stored; but the spirit is too wise to be abandoned. Will there not be a strange incongruity in a nation, composed like this of such infinite gradations of rank, all running into each other, and linked together by a perpetual quiet circulation of all their parts, if, when viewed in its form as a church, instead of falling into similar subordinations with a similar circulation in its parts, it is fixed rigidly in two great masses—the bishops and the parochial clergy, with nothing between them? Will it not be strange, if steps and degrees of wealth and of outward dignity are thought necessary in the State to uphold its government, to encourage its industry, to reward its virtues, to maintain its stability, to invest that goodness and right, which common people cannot see or reverence, with an external splendour which they may see and may respect—if it is necessary in our civil capacity to deal with man not as a spiritual being, capable of discerning spirits, but as a creature of flesh and blood, swayed by his senses; and to provide for the allegiance of his fellows, not as if he were an angel, but knowing him to be frail and corrupt:—Will it not be strange indeed if all these are our daily maxims in common life—but in providing for the safety of the Church these are all to be laid aside,—if heritage, and wealth, and mind, are made the mixed condition of respect in the world, but no security is taken by heritage, and wealth, and mind, for respect to some portion of the Church? Or rather, is it strange at all, that when every effort is making to degrade the aristocracy of the State, the same blows should be directed against all appearance of dignity in the ecclesiastical body? Are we not pulling down, and with our own hands, our ecclesiastical House of Lords—that portion of it which can be reached at present, and which the rest will assuredly follow,—and that portion the most important, because always the first to be attacked? Let the readers of history look to it. From Edgar down to Charles we have had a series of struggles, sometimes of the Church to tyrannize over the State, oftener of the State to enslave the Church. In all alike the first assault has been made on cathedral bodies. When they were gained by either party, the whole was accomplished. And so irresistible is the consequence, that if we were enemies of the Church, we should congratulate its aggressors, as they are congratulating themselves, that they have found a hand within the Church to hammer down its gates, and level its walls, without any violence of theirs. We should recommend them to silence, for the present, any further clamour. Remain quiet—suspend your demands. Let the Church take its own course, and it will soon place itself at your feet, a helpless and voluntary victim. And if there is in the Commission, or at the Council Board, any  
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secret and crafty plotter against that body, the Church, which has done more than any other to resist the miserable tendencies of the day, and throw back the torrent of misrule, we can imagine the quiet sneer with which he must listen and subscribe to those propositions of reform. It is, we believe, a fact, that the lay members of the Commission have rather followed than led, and are themselves surprised, as well they may be, at the boldness of others.

We have dealt throughout with the question as one of destruction. It may be very well to call it a reduction of superfluities; but admit the principle of thus invading property—hold up the paramount exclusive importance of a parochial system, so as entirely to lose sight of the value of other clerical endowments—forget all the interests involved in the maintenance of ecclesiastical corporations, steady by their own weight, and throwing out their roots through all parts of the Church, and confine their use, as we grieve to see done by such authorities, to the mere name of worship and the maintenance of buildings—and when these false theories have once been sanctioned, no prejudice, or old association, or lurking fear of danger, can hold out against the legitimate conclusion, that if useless in their full organization, they are more useless when mutilated and helpless. They may linger for a few years, but their end is certain. They will become impotent and contemptible, and the Church impotent and contemptible with them, and then both will fall.

It is, we believe, the present Duke of Wurtemberg of whom the following anecdote is recorded. At the Reformation, the cathedral endowments of Wurtemberg, instead of being plundered, were all transferred to the Protestant clergy; and the consequence has been, that in all the melancholy follies which have sprung up in the rest of Germany in the form of philosophical religion, Wurtemberg has been remarkable for the purity of its faith, and served as a school of sound Protestantism. The Duke was alarmed at this bigoted retention of ancient prejudices. He lamented that his people should be so far behind the rest of the world, and proposed to remodel his cathedral. He was stopped by the sight of an old inscription, which we wish were engraven on the walls of every cathedral in England, and still more on the minds of our government:—

*‘Claustra hæc cum patriâ stantque caduntque suâ.’*

It is not poetry, but it is sound sense. Let us hope that it is not a prophecy.

We would here willingly leave the subject upon the grounds of right and of expediency,—of right, as contained in the common maxims of our constitutional law—of expediency, for the real interests and efficiency of the Church. Not as if expediency were any



any plea whatever, where right exists, but that there are at present many men who make it their God. But there was another purpose of our cathedrals, which, though these pages are little fitted for religious discussion, we cannot forbear to touch on. The country needs nothing at present so much as to have the question proposed to them discussed upon the highest principles—upon principles which have nothing to do with petty expediences of the day; and though seen with little clearness at first, these principles will tell at last.

Our cathedrals, then, were consecrated virtually by the spirit of their founders, and expressly in their charters, to the glory of God; and to the promotion of his glory, in a mode which to us may seem strange, though the Church, in her best of times—at all times, till nothing but utility engrossed our thoughts—esteemed it the greatest, and most natural, and most necessary of her duties. They were intended, not like our present churches, as lecture-rooms for teaching religion, or decent shelters against weather for the convenience of assembling on the Sabbath, but as great temples, where daily, and almost hourly, a solemn service might be celebrated to God, even if no worshippers were present but those by whom it was performed. The Church, in her best of times, never made, as we make, the preaching of man the first of her objects: she rested most on prayer; and, as in all other cases, what she received from the authority of her first teachers, and naturally adopted by the instinct of her own pure spirit, was also most consistent with reason. Even as an instrument of christianizing man, prayer is better than preaching. Prayer requires the active exertion of our own minds—preaching places us at our ease, to be moulded and fashioned by an outward influence. Preaching fixes our thoughts on man, prayer upon God. Preaching may make us vain, conceited, and judges of our teachers—prayer leaves us humble and contrite. We sit during the one, we kneel at the other. Preaching is precarious, and its power in human words—prayer never can fail, and the answer to it is always at hand. Preaching is the help of ignorance—prayer the exercise of faith. Preaching may come home to our hearts—prayer takes us from our hearts into a better world and better thoughts. Preaching may bless ourselves—prayer is the means of blessing thousands.

But the Church had other views of prayer than as a spiritual exercise for man. ‘The knowledge is small,’ says Hooker, in that beautiful fifth book of his *Polity*,—‘the knowledge is small which we have on earth concerning things that are done in heaven. Notwithstanding, thus much we know, even of saints in heaven, that they pray. And therefore prayer, being a work common to  
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the Church, as well triumphant as militant, a work common unto men with angels, what should we think, but that so much of our lives is celestial and divine as we spend in the exercise of prayer?' And it was to set forth the pattern of a celestial life upon earth, however we may have fallen from its spirit, or debased God's service to a form, that men who entered deeply, far more deeply than ourselves, into the gloriousness of Christianity, planted throughout the land, and resolved to perpetuate for ever, communities of its ministers whose business and profession should be prayer. They wished to reserve some spots where man, free from the trammels of the world, might live in his natural state of constant communion with his Maker. They knew that over the great part of the world men's sins make the very heavens as it were of brass, that the dews of God's blessing cannot pass through them; and they kept open, in the midst of each nation, some accesses to God, some of those golden ladders of prayer by which men's hearts ascend to him, and his bounties descend upon us. They heard with an ear of faith, which in us is deaf or lost, the songs of all created things, morning and evening, rising up before the throne of their Creator; and they thought it shame that no voice should join them from men, his own chosen children. And they kept up their communion with angels, and past generations of saints, and the host of spirits, with which they were about to dwell, by uniting their hymns of praise in time, in spirit, in the very words themselves, with the praises and thanksgivings of a world above.

For this purpose they consumed the labours and accumulations of lives upon fabrics worthy of such a service. They did not build, as we do, for the pleasure of man, running up thriftily and meanly every part which was withdrawn from his view; but, as if the eye of God were even on the hidden stones,—as if it were a work of love, in which no speck or flaw could be endured, they wrought every minutest portion as God himself, for his own glory and the luxury of our senses, has wrought out the embroidery of his flowers and the plumage of his insects. They embodied the mysteries of their faith in the form of its temples; so that an eye of thought might reach some familiar truth even in their seeming deformities. The spire—

‘Its silent finger pointing up to heaven,’

the massive tower, emblem of the stronghold of God's truth—the triple aisles, the cross of the transept, the elevation of the altar, even that remarkable peculiarity almost universal in ancient churches, the inclination of the chancel from the nave—all had their meaning. The very elements and shapes of their architecture, which they seem to have seized by some instinctive sense  
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of beauty beyond what art could learn or teach, to one who owns the real though secret sympathies between man's eye and his heart, are full of thought and feeling. God, who knew what was in man, and made the outward world to soothe his eye and to feed his mind, has worked in every leaf and throughout the whole range of nature with just such moulds, and thrown forth his creations of beauty with the same spirit breathed upon them. It was not that art in some caprice of fancy slavishly copied the lofty bowers and canopies of the forest, and made from them a temple for religion; but God framed the canopies of the forest to breathe religion into the hearts of his creatures, and when religion took possession of their heart, the outward creations of their eye instinctively fell into those forms which nature had made congenial to their feelings.

And in these glorious buildings, perfected—as far as the work of human hands can be perfected—by a consummate art, which the prodigality of a boundless zeal supplied, the Church willed that her daily homage should be paid to God, and her songs rise up to heaven with a certain pomp of devotion, and especially with the harmony of music. She wished, amidst the general frailties and cold-heartedness of man, to secure and perpetuate in certain spots those natural observances of heartfelt piety which, if our nature was perfect, would be our hourly occupation and delight in every place. It is natural, and therefore right for man to approach his Maker as he would approach an earthly sovereign, with nothing of sordidness or neglect, with more than decency, with much of splendour; not perhaps when he comes alone and as a penitent sinner, but when he stands before God in the company of that church which is the representative of God upon earth. It is natural, and therefore right, that the overflowings of devotion should take that form and be accompanied with those indulgences in which all such affections delight, and which create in others the feelings from which they flow in ourselves. ‘Poor is the wisdom,’ says the poet,\* ‘which provides the harp and the song, and all the sweets of melody for feasts and the hours of joy, and has none for our days of sorrow, to cure the aching of the heart.’ And poorer still is the wisdom which fits them all for the joys of earth, and has none for the joys of heaven. For our common life, for the drudgery of the world, for the venting of angry passions and low desires, for everything mean and frivolous, we have common words and sounds of discordance—one language, as Homer wrote, for vulgar men, but another for diviner beings. And this other is poetry and music: No better thought, no nobler affection rises from the heart of man without clothing itself

\* Euripid. *Medæa*.

in melody. Our words and utterance flow on with the current of our emotions, and swell into lofty phrase, and solemn rhythm, and sweeter sounds as our souls are purified and awed. And it is fit that with such sounds and words we should come before God in worship—that we should speak to him in the language of heaven, and not of earth. It is fit that we should attune with no slight care and labour the voice of the Church in her devotion to the praise of Him, who delights in all that elevates and spiritualizes our nature; who made the ear the inlet of our purest pleasures and our highest knowledge; who framed the heart to answer unerringly and universally to every pulse of sound; who has given to every motion in nature its own peculiar song, and wrought them all blended and raised up together into one vast cloud of harmony, to hang over our hearts and temper the jarrings of our feelings, as the veil of the atmosphere itself sheds softness on the ruggedness of earth. What voice of nature is there which is not music?

‘The joyous birds shrouded in whispering brake  
Their notes unto man’s voice attemper sweet;  
The angelical soft trembling voice doth make  
To instruments divine response meet.  
The silver sounding instruments do meet  
With the bare murmur of the water’s fall:  
The water’s fall, with difference discreet,  
Now soft, now loud unto the wind doth call;  
The gentle warbling wind low answereth to all.’\*

If music is thus natural to man, it is natural to religion, and what is natural is also expedient. The hymns and harmonics of devotion may be as efficacious as sermons in weaning the heart from its sins, and tuning it aright to receive the lessons of religion. More than one penitent Augustine has melted into tears beneath them.† More than one pious Herbert has found them the great solace of his life.‡ And there is scarcely anything more striking, even to a thoughtless mind—more fit to awe him with a sense of a world far different from the present, than in the midst of the noise, and turbulence, and vice of a great city, to pass by its cathedral and hear the distant pealing of its organ, attuned to other words than those of strife or avarice. And when we stand beneath those vast and gloomy columns, and see how few are gathered together, and those perhaps the paid ministers of devotion, the thought suggested is, not that religion is a form and its service hypocrisy, but that in all its beauty and all its splendour it is alien to the heart of man; must be enforced by ordinances and

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\* Spenser.

† August. Confess. lib. x.

‡ Herbert’s Life.  
establishments;

establishments; must be maintained by struggles against the coldness of our nature; and when the zeal and ardour of former generations is extinct, must be cherished carefully and constantly as a still glowing ember from which a flame as pure and strong may, by God's blessing, be rekindled hereafter.

Let a man view our cathedrals in these lights, and he will not confound their uses or nature with those of parochial churches; or consent to leave, by their mutilation and decay, a vast and irreparable blank not only in our ecclesiastical system, but in the theory and practice of our religion. Our cathedrals are the oratories of the Church, in which, in the person of her chief ministers, she prays, and praises God, and raises her own aspirations from the earth, and exhibits her spirit to the world, and exercises her high office of constant intercession for the nation, and of communion with angels in heaven—as she would wish to do in every parish in the kingdom, but that man's poverty, and avarice, and ungodliness withhold from her the means. She tells us in this way what her office is upon earth, and what our religion should be; not the grudging labour of a seventh day, but the business of the whole week; not gloomy and silent, but full of joy; not relegated into one corner of the heart but springing forth through all the avenues of beauty which God has opened in our senses; and making every faculty of man, the ear, the eye, the fancy, the reason, minister to its purpose; not penurious and thrifty, doling out its pittance for God, while treasures are lavished on our own luxuriousness—but profuse and bountiful, as the great Author of all mercies is bountiful to man; venting our reverence and affection to Him in an extravagance which fools call folly; not narrowing our zeal for his glory, nor our pity for the wants of his children, within a few short years—but stretching them both beyond the grave, and binding future generations to our hearts, by securing to them an heritage of religion.

The more men look into the history of the Church—into the original charters and plans of her great institutions—into their extensive branching out through the whole of our system—into their natural and historical influences—and most of all into the profound, symbolic, prophetic character which pervades the form and institutions of the Christian Church, as it pervaded the fabric and utensils of its prototype, the Temple of Jerusalem—the more they may tremble at any proposition—not to revive and repair it—but to alter its shape, to cut off any integral portion. We are not in the present day fit to attempt this: we have departed far from the practices and principles of its founders; we have forgotten, if not lost, whole elements of their character. Our hearts are not sufficiently elevated—our views not clear and deep enough

enough to proceed to such a work without infinite danger. We are now called on to destroy, not a relic of popery, but a relic of primitive Christianity; not an excrescence of an ecclesiastical system, but an essential organ. When men's eyes are distempered, they do not meddle with nice measurements and colours; when they are doubtful on anatomy, they do not amputate limbs: and our eyes, as a nation, are distempered, and our knowledge of religion defective by the very confession of the violence now threatened. There cannot have been, or now be, a right spirit in the heart of a country, or of its rulers, when the spiritual wants of its population are in such a state, that the first proposal to supply them is a proposal of robbery. There must be something wrong within us; and let us pause and reform ourselves, before we venture to reform the Church. Zeal will not justify rashness, nor one good intention the want of other good intentions in any matter, least of all in matters pertaining to God. We may think the ark falling, and put out our hands to save it, and yet God may smite us for it.

But the question is asked—What is to be done in the present critical position of things?—And it is asked with great fairness of those who object to the measures proposed. Let us, therefore, take a general view of the present state of the Church, and we shall see more clearly what is to be done.

We have permitted an enormous population to grow up without its walls and beyond the reach of the ministrations of religion. Villages have swelled into towns, and towns into cities; and whole regions, deserted and unknown in past days of Christian zeal—barren moors and mountain valleys—have been seized on by that Mammon whom we worship, and converted into hotbeds of the human race, forcing every day into existence squalid, degraded beings, to be used as men would use a spade or a pickaxe, without check against the torture of their bodies, or one thought for their souls. In the mean time we have been living on peacefully and, therefore, inactively—fancying that the wealth of the Church was sufficient to supply all its wants—and instead of seeing in the efforts and extension of dissent a proof of some defect in ourselves, lamenting over it as extravagance, and perhaps treating it with contempt. Thus the field which we neglected has been seized on by others, who have carried into it views of Christianity more striking and attractive to ordinary minds, than the sobriety and moderation of the Church; and have roused a spirit of wilfulness by the nature of their doctrines, and by clamours against the vices of an Establishment, which failed in the discharge of its duty. As the growth of dissent spread mainly among a poor and newly-created population, it became in many cases synonymous with peculiarities

peculiarities of character, rank, and mind, and commanded no respect; or rather, perhaps, inferiority of rank exposed dissenters to a neglect in society peculiarly galling in the present temper of the English people, and resentment for this vented itself against that difference of religion which presented an obvious and not a degrading distinction between the two classes. As the manufacturing wealth and the numbers of dissenters increased, they became more sensible of the privileges from which they had excluded themselves, and more irritable at the sense of their inferiority. The tone of the Church also changed; its members became awakened to the necessity of a missionary exertion among the people, and as a spirit of vital religion was rekindled within it, questions of discipline and form were gladly but erroneously overlooked in the general spread of Christianity. We acknowledged that there was much which the Church had not done, and which we fancied it could not do, and were satisfied that the gospel should be preached, though out of our own communion. And let it be added, the general ignorance of ecclesiastical history and polity, both which subjects had naturally lain untouched during the safe establishment of the Church, left us wholly without defence against the preterensions of other sects.

There was a very prevalent inclination, especially among the more zealous and deeply-pious of its members (if we may use an objectionable word), to fraternize with dissent. We joined with it in religious societies—were glad to unite in works of charity—were willing to think more of points of agreement than points of difference, and deemed those illiberal and guilty of the crime of High Churchmanship, who warned us against danger, and refused to bridge over the slightest cleft between orthodoxy and sectarianism. And this was the growing temper of the Church till the moment of the Reform Bill. Then all at once Dissent assumed a new tone. A section within it—that which had gone farthest from Christianity, and therefore was imbued with most wilfulness and aversion to restraint, assumed the lead. This consisted mostly of Unitarians—men not without education, with a smattering of physical science, possessed of local influence in manufacturing towns—bred up without communication with the higher ranks of society, and totally unacquainted with ecclesiastical discipline. Their views, unfettered by any dogmas, were liberal and comprehensive. They spoke much of reason and improvement, and Christian benevolence, of the right of conscience, of universal toleration, of bright prospects of human advancement, and above all, of equalization of privileges in society. With them readily joined all the profligate and infidel, and avaricious enemies of religion, who had grown up with our increased population. Several other bodies of dissenters (it

(it is a melancholy tale) placed themselves under their guidance. All the original Christian zeal of certain denominations was for the moment forgotten in this newly-opened scheme of reform. Religion was sacrificed to politics; and the Church of England has now to contend not with false doctrines and fanaticism, but with a deadly and destructive spirit of general cupidity and anarchy. Such we believe to be a correct view of past events. We trust it contains no unjust harshness towards dissenters—of whom we respectfully acknowledge that many escaped the contagion. And with respect to the Church, with much error and great danger, it presents also much to cause gratitude and encouragement. If it is correct, it will enable us to see clearly into the plan of its future operations.

The first fact to be remembered is this. Looking to the roused animation and spiritual improvement of the Church, there is very little to fear ultimately, if we can only gain time. We shall very soon multiply our churches and ministers, and complete from private benevolence the most necessary parts of the work to be done, if, as there is every reason to hope, from the present aspect of things, our wants are made known, and God is pleased still further to open our hearts. But the present state of the legislature is the immediate danger. Two parties nearly balanced—on one side a body of men politically attached to the Church, but not likely as laity to be deeply imbued with its real spirit, and tempted therefore to rash innovations by the hope of improvement, or the supposed necessity of conciliation;—on the other, the ministry and their followers, of whom it is at least not harsh to say, that their voice, whatever it may be, is the voice of a majority of the Commons—and between these two a combined force of Romanists, and worse than Romanists, who at this hour hold in their own hands the fate of the administration, and the sway of all its measures. And this state of things is not unlikely to be continued for an indefinite space of time. Whatever strength may be gained, and much will undoubtedly be gained by the conservative party in every fresh election in England, and even in Scotland, we must not shut our eyes on the possibility that an equivalent loss may be sustained in Ireland, where the liberty of the day has now made such an advance, that no man can dare to vote in opposition to his demagogue without the risk of his life. But even if a conservative government were replaced, there is no reason to trust implicitly to their guardianship of the Church, until our old and sound ecclesiastical principles have been revived, and their spirit diffused through the nation. Mistaken kindness may injure it no less than rancorous hostility. In truth, if the future administration of the Church is to be conducted on the principles recognized by  
a Commission,



a Commission, not its enemy, whether friend or foe is in possession of power, can matter but little.

The only hope is, that the Church may have time to recover, and to put forth its own internal strength, and so may regain its position in the heart of the people, and in the councils of the legislature, before some fatal blow has been struck at it by one hand or another. Now what is the first great obstacle to this recovery? The first great obstacle is the body of Irish Romanists in the House of Commons, ‘That perfidious faction,’—(we use the words of the Bishop of Exeter, and we thank him for speaking out, thank him for expressing with an indignation worthy of an English heart and a Christian prelate, the sentiment of every honest man)—‘that perfidious faction, which could not have acquired the power of mischief, which unhappily they possess and exercise, but by entering into engagements and binding themselves by pledges, which Englishmen and Protestants would deem it impossible for any who call themselves Christians to dare to violate.’—*Charge*, p. 13.

Whatever view is taken of the obligation of an oath, one thing is now certain from experience, that a body of Irish Romanists cannot be admitted to sit in the legislature, consistently with the safety of the State, and the integrity of the Church of England. We may, indeed, confine them by more oaths;—but—as was distinctly foretold at the time of emancipation—all such restrictions are futile; or we may endeavour to reduce their number, so as to remove the danger for a time—or we may struggle (the words will of course seem madness, but we believe the hour is coming when they will once more become the watch-word of conservatism) to repeal the emancipation. There is one more chance of saving the country from the tyranny of an Irish faction—the repeal of the Union; and these are the only plans open. They ought to be faced boldly, and a line taken at once. And the sooner men speak out the better. But whatever course presents itself, the same preliminary step occurs as indispensable in each. Ireland is at this moment the curse of England, as England, we grieve to say, for many years had been the curse of Ireland. It is one of those strange coincidences of retribution, which Providence often exhibits to show that there are eyes upon our sins, however long the punishment is delayed. And Ireland must be either set adrift from us to be reconquered, or it must be converted. You cannot reduce the number of Romanist members, except by reducing Romanism itself; and you cannot exclude them from Parliament while Ireland is still in their hands. Let us repeat the words, however startling. The only safety, and therefore the first object of the English Church, must be the conversion of Ireland.

Men,

Men, of course, will open their eyes, and fold their hands, and ask how this is to be done. Others will bitterly complain that we cannot leave error to itself, and that we dogmatize with such arrogance—others warn us not to raise the whole energies of the Romish Church to meet us in the field—and others will protest against controversy, and pray that any truth may be sacrificed rather than disturb their tranquillity. Let us ask the first in return—How was England converted? How was Ireland herself first won to Christianity? How were the great Protestant countries rescued from Popery? How are savage nations at this day brought into the bosom of the Church? What difficulty have we, which our forefathers, with the blessing of God, did not conquer, and what aid had they, which may not be obtained by us? The second class may be reminded, that if no other obligation lay upon man, no higher command from the first principles of Christianity and of nature, personal safety alone, the safety of all that Englishmen value, calls the attempt. The preservation of the Church of England, and the existence of Romanism in Ireland, distinct as the two countries are in all but legislation, are wholly incompatible. To the third, it is enough to say, that the energies of the Romish Church are roused already,—that the conflict has commenced; and the Church of England, can desire nothing more and nothing better than protection from the laws of her country for life and limb. The last require no answer. It is very possible and very amiable to dislike controversy, and seek peace with all men; and in times of peace, with peaceful men, no temper of mind should be more encouraged. But when our life is in the hands of a murderer, we do not speak of tranquillity, or recommend the suspension of resistance. What is the tranquillity of Ireland now?—and what in a few years will be the tranquillity of England, if things continue as they are?

But the question again reverts—How is such a work to be accomplished?—and if we enter more at length into this point, it is because the very notion of conversion is in these days treated as a delusion, and because the same observations respecting it which apply to the strengthening of the Church in Ireland, apply to it in England. We answer,—and we wish the answer to be written on the heart of every Protestant missionary, and carried to the ears of the sternest Romanist,—by all those means which God and nature have appointed for winning men from that which we believe to be error.

First and foremost—by becoming a blessing to the Irish people, not merely by abstaining from persecution, and especially from that persecution the most common and the most keenly felt, insult

and contempt in private life; but by taking up the interests of Ireland, her improvement, and pacification, and good government, as the first duty of a British legislature—by acting to her as a parent.

Secondly, by establishing tranquillity through the only means possible at present, by the establishment of law at whatever expense or by whatever force. The Irish, notwithstanding their excesses, are not naturally a lawless people. Their crimes are mostly in revenge for supposed injustice; in civil matters they are often litigious. Let them feel that there are laws, and impartial laws, made in mercy but executed with strictness, and let the arm of justice be stretched over them visibly to repress every outrage against the State, whether by the hand of the peasant, or the mouth of his demagogue; and the country may be quieted for a time. At present, the abolition of tithes is the premium held out for the murder of their owners; and the inmates of gaols seem to be the only objects of the government's capricious compassion.

When life and property have been somewhat secured, capital will begin to flow into Ireland. The increase of her resources—the extension of her commerce—all great works which can bring into action her vast internal advantages—the encouragement of manufactures—the settlement of resident gentry—above all, the employment and support of her starving population, some effort to raise them from their horrible condition of human beings almost reduced to brutes by plague and famine—all these things are immediate steps by which to arrive at their conversion. Relieve them from the pressure of want and desperation, teach them to think and reason, raise them to stand up on their feet, and once more as liberated slaves

‘*Erectos ad sidera tollere vultus*’—

and the tyranny of their priesthood will soon pass away.

With wealth, and demand for labour, will come education—not a forced, artificial education founded on compromises, and undermining all principles of truth, both in the teacher and the taught;—but a natural expansion of mind by increased facilities and demands for knowledge—an expansion spontaneously commencing under the necessary checks and pressure of religious faith, but which will soon break through those restraints if the faith itself be error. Let Protestants be educated by Protestants, and Romanists by Romanists: do not corrupt Christianity by confounding or mutilating creeds. If you cannot bring up children in what you believe to be a right faith, do not teach them to have no faith at all; and do not hope to soften animosities, or remove prejudices, by bringing them all together under a system in which, if differences of faith are retained, jarrings and irritation must be more frequent;

awakened desire to employ some portion of it, not in a speculation of avarice, but in a sure and certain plan for promoting the honour of God. And, indeed, no one can pass through the country without seeing in every district that new churches are rising up, and efforts are making to proportion their accommodation in some degree to the wants of the population. The laity are beginning to come forward and take their share in a work in which not the rank or property of the clergy is involved, but the safety of their own faith, the religion of their own country, the maintenance of all that they most value. And they must come forward more earnestly and still more bountifully. Are they aware of the proportion of contributions to religious purposes already borne by themselves and by the clergy? Are they aware that nearly half the funds of the great religious societies are supplied by the clergy? And could they bear without shame to see such a comparative statement, extending to all the charities of the country, public as well as private, put forth side by side with the view which has been given by the Commission of the poverty of clerical endowments?

We have before us one or two calculations of a few years back, which are certainly startling.

In 1832, the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts numbered among its subscribers 3351 laity, 3809 clergy; the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 5935 laity, 7674 clergy; the Church Building Society, 1910 laity, 1942 clergy. The total amount of lay subscriptions and donations to these societies was 7130*l.* 16*s.* 2*d.*—of clerical 60,750*l.* 17*s.* 7*d.* A moderate calculation of the local subscriptions of the clergy gives an average of, at least, 40,000*l.* a year, exclusive of private charity. In one diocese, for parochial schools the clergy contribute 181*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*, the laity 25*l.* 3*s.*; for building churches, the clergy 243*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*, the laity 31*l.* 1*s.* At the first establishment of the last society the donations of the clergy were 1648*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, of the laity 781*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* And to take one more instance in which, from the donations of the King and of large proprietors of property in the metropolis, the lay subscriptions were naturally very large, not long since the Bishop of London had obtained for his plan (and the sum has since been augmented) 29,296*l.* 8*s.* from the clergy, where he received from the laity 42,823*l.*\* Figures are dry things, and these are the first we have at hand; but they may serve to point out a fact which the nation ought to know of their calum-

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\* These calculations are mostly taken from the 'British Magazine,' which has supplied some very valuable statistical information on the subject of the Church. We have calculated ourselves the relative proportions of contributions to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in 1836. The result is, that the laity subscribed in that year 10,433*l.* 4*s.*; the clergy, 10,282*l.* 18*s.*

niated clergy. And they may serve to show that it is no unwillingness in the clergy to diminish their own incomes that urges the appeal to the laity in the present destitution of the Church. Who are the benefited by religion if not the laity? For whom are churches raised, and ministers to be maintained? Who owe their hopes of eternity to the Church which has nurtured and brought them up? And whose worldly interests are at stake (if such thoughts may presume to enter in) when the nation is threatened with desolation from the weakness and poverty of the Church? Men must make a sacrifice. There must be a call upon the nation at large to rouse themselves from their apathy. If a foreign enemy were about to invade the land, we should hear nothing of sacrifices or poverty in contributing to its defence. But a foreign enemy is in the land—an enemy foreign to our feelings, foreign to our principles, the destroyer of all our interests. Discord, and insubordination, and irreligion, are preying upon the very heart of the country—and Romanism is steadily waiting till we are weakened by the contest, to recover us under its dominion—and they cannot be driven out except by the united efforts of all good men. Let us sacrifice some luxury, cut short some needless expenditure, risk in the hands of God some portion even of our necessary capital, and we shall find the blessing come back multiplied and perpetuated on our heads.

Thank God, the spirit of the country even now is beginning to be roused; and it is on this we must draw, not on funds which belong to others, for the maintenance of our parochial system. And if this ground is taken, we may then with propriety exhort where we cannot compel, and call on the cathedral establishments to continue their contributions to this end. We say continue, because much has been done by them already. Some proportion of their preferment is now held by the incumbents of small livings; and thus, without spoliation, fulfils the intentions of the Commission. And the principle of annexation, judiciously employed, may extend this plan. But, in addition to this, there are few ecclesiastical bodies which have not for some years been engaged in augmenting the value of their own benefices, and securing to them resident clergymen. We do sincerely wish that these statistics of the Church were collected, and made known. Here, again, compare what has been done by lay impropriators of tithes in places for whose spiritual interests they are equally bound to provide, and by cathedrals and colleges; and if the result proves that the two classes of proprietors have acted in a very different spirit, it shows also that corporate property, placed in the hands of good men, becomes a never-failing fund for public good. Place it in the hands of individuals, and it is lost. There is, then, no superfluity, little economy,

economy, many demands of selfishness, no natural association with public utility by the possession of public trusts and public respect, no hereditary principles of liberality, no enlarged views of prospective good, no shame at rapacity in the presence of others. These are the things which will secure the appropriation of the superfluities, and more than the superfluities, of cathedral endowments to the objects of the Commissioners, more forcibly than any statute—and in a stream of bounty regular, quiet, and locally distributed with judgment and discrimination—not turned into one great reservoir, where half of it will be evaporated and lost, and the other half poured over so wide a space, in quantities so small, that no portion whatever will be sensibly benefited. And there are other duties connected with the reform, if reform be wanted, of our cathedrals—duties which must be left mainly to the bishops of the Church, each in the exercise of his own patronage. They must be made more efficient, if possible, for the purposes of their original foundation and for the crying wants of the Church, by storing them with fit men—not brothers, or cousins, or friends, as if ecclesiastical patronage were a family property, but with men of learning, men of active and important duties, such as the archdeacons and other great officers of the Church, men capable of assisting the bishop in his councils, and the Church in her emergencies. And if a judicious plan were formed, it would be easy to attach to them some duties of public theological instruction, which would at once secure and encourage the right employment of their retirement upon learning, and remove the odium which attaches to preferment, supposed to be without labour, because the labour is in the closet and not in the streets. On these details there is not time to dwell. But, instead of issuing systematic regulations from a central board, it must be safest and wisest to leave local arrangements to local knowledge. Let the bishops themselves set the example, and diffuse the spirit of a right distribution of these endowments, and an extensive reform will soon take place, such as no statute can enforce, and which the multiplication of interferences from without will retard, if not wholly prevent. This is the best reform, the only reform which is worth a thought. It is useless to alter the body without altering the soul. And with all the omnipotence of the legislature, we defy it to create goodness by act of parliament.

There are many minor changes recommended by the Commissioners which are open to the greatest objection, and many which seem wholly useless; but they are pointed out in the protests already presented from the cathedral bodies themselves, who possess a local acquaintance with the peculiarities of each case. Those of Winchester, Canterbury, Ely, Worcester, Oxford, Exeter, Lincoln,

Lincoln, Bristol, and Salisbury, are now before us. They are short, but admirable summaries of the benefits and uses of their institutions; and the temper in which they are drawn up, the total absence of resentment, or disrespect to the Commission, the anxiety which they evince to comply with all necessary alterations, and to further at any personal sacrifice the interests of the Church, are of themselves a sufficient guarantee that where the Chapters do stand upon rights and resist innovations, they are secure from any suspicion of covetousness or party spirit.

Stand upon their rights we trust they will; and resistance to these innovations, they are bound to make, not only by the future interests of the Church, but many, by the most solemn oaths, which, as if foreseeing some plan like the present, the founders have constructed with the greatest care, to preclude the possibility of alienating their endowments. If no other obstacle were raised to it, these oaths of themselves seem to us impassable. By what human authority can they be set aside? They cannot be violated without the grossest perjury. If the spoliation is effected, it must be by an act of force, in defiance of the solemn protests and appeals of those whom they bind. Will the Church of England wish, at this time, or at any time, to set such an example to the world?

It is hopeless to revert now to that portion of the recommendation of the Commission with regard to the Episcopal revenues, which has received the sanction of the legislature. It contained many changes. Boundaries were set aside and dioceses moved about, but whether with any real benefit to the Church may well be questioned. The real want of the Church in this point, was an increase in the number of bishops; more communication of its heads with its subordinate ministers; more opportunities of exhibiting to all its members the authority under which they are placed; more provisions against chances of neglect from the infirmities of bishops in advanced age, or the multiplication of their duties. We feared to make the demand, because the name of bishop is not popular, and the present number of them is viewed with jealousy. But the restitution of Coadjutor-Bishops might well be a consideration for the Commission. And it might have saved the necessity of many changes, the transfer of considerable property from one see to another, and the very serious evil of making any bishops stipendiaries upon the Crown—an evil which, we trust, will even now be remedied by some fresh arrangement of their revenues.

We must, however, conclude, yet not without recording a protest against the greatest and most alarming evil of all: this is, assuredly, the existence of the Commission itself in its present form. Temporary Commissions for particular purposes have not  
been

been uncommon : and the prolongation of the duties of the present body may be necessary now from the nature of the funds to be distributed. Nor is it necessary to suppose that any direct attempt against the liberties and independence of the Church of England has been here planned by the ministers of the Crown, whatever may have been contemplated by the sectarian members of the House of Commons. But undoubtedly a machine has been constructed, which, if permitted to establish itself, and proceed any farther with its present operations, may, in a very few years, lay the Church prostrate at the feet of any Irish demagogue or Socinian manufacturer who may happen, for the curse of his country, to be thrust into power in the legislature.

The Bishop of Exeter was the first to point out the magnitude of this danger, and we refer to his lordship's last charge for the best exhibition of its character\*. We are indeed in a great strait. We have made the monarch, in his own person, the supreme ruler of the Church—and the monarch is now in the hands of a majority of the House of Commons—a majority no longer secured even as lukewarm nominal members of its religious communion. And yet a body has been established which, with all its seeming precaution of oaths, and its conditions of co-operation, may soon be completely manageable by any minister of the Crown, whoever he be. It is fixed on an independent basis—has its seals, its officers, its power of administering oaths and examining witnesses—and has become, in fact, the depository of a very large portion of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the king. It commences with proposing to cut down our cathedral institutions to such a point that their longer existence will be impossible—to make a vital change in their patronage—to take into its hands a considerable portion of the Episcopal revenues and distribute them to the bishops as their stipendiaries—to interfere with the parochial superintendence of bishops within their own dioceses—and to receive and distribute at will a large portion of ecclesiastical revenue, which was never intended to be so distributed, least of all by such a body.

The State, that is, its present miserable representatives, the Commons of Great Britain, are on the verge of apostatizing from the Church, and dragging the nation with them by the help of a papistical majority. One more election may decide the act ; and with all the cheering hopes before us, no one can look without intense anxiety to the possibility of their frustration. Is this a

\* The reader will find the character of this Commission further expounded in Mr. Benson's admirable Letter to the Bishop of Lincoln, which reaches us as this article is passing through the press.



time for creating any power—for permitting any precedent—which after such an apostacy may be turned against the Church? Is it not a time for the most careful observation and vigilance; for checking every fresh encroachment of the State; for marking the limits of her power; for securing retreats and bulwarks for the Christian faith in any emergency? Let the people of England remember that they are the Church, and not the clergy—that their liberties are at stake, and their religion threatened—and they will recall themselves to thought and action. We trust that something more than a few faint remonstrances—that a general movement throughout the country will be roused in opposition to these fearful innovations. We trust that one unhappy precedent in the history of the late act will never again be followed—that no *further* recommendations of the Commission will be assented to by the Crown, till the *bishops at large* have been consulted and have sanctioned them. We trust that a little reflection will cancel the errors already committed, and will wholly and entirely suppress the alterations proposed for the future; and that the Church will be left to herself to work out, not by statutes and bills, but by the energy of her own heart, and the reviving spirit of her ancestors, the salvation of herself, and in herself the salvation of the country.

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ART. VIII.—*Portugal and Gallicia, with a Review of the Social and Political State of the Basque Provinces, and a few Remarks on Recent Events in Spain.* 2 vols. post 8vo. Lond. 1837.

THIS is a very remarkable work. It is not only a graphic description of the face of the country, and an impartial and sagacious account of the moral and political condition of Spain and Portugal; but it relates also a series of personal adventures and perils, very unusual in modern Europe; and which, while they do honour to the spirit of him who sought information at such risks, exhibit more of the real state of the Iberian Peninsula than could have been obtained by a less ardent and less intrepid inquirer.

There is no name in the title-page, but the author is known to be the Earl of Carnarvon, who seems to have combined the modern thirst for information with the adventurous spirit of the ancient Herberts, and who has the additional quality of being a very elegant and amusing writer.

In July 1827, his Lordship (then Lord Porchester) embarked on board a steam-packet for Lisbon, where he landed on the 2nd  
of

of August. Our readers will recollect that this was the crisis when a kind of impromptu constitution, which Dom\* Pedro of Brazil had hastily concocted at Rio, was imposed on the Portuguese people, under the auspices of an English army occupying the capital and of an English fleet in the Tagus.† Our readers will also recollect what we before said of the anomaly which this affair exhibited, of a *foreign* potentate—for such the Emperor of Brazil was by his own admission—assuming, under the pretexts of a *liberal* policy and of a regard for popular rights, to dictate to a distant and independent nation a constitution of his own personal manufacture; the most daring exertion of the old divine right of despotism—not even excepting Buonaparte's attempts in the same line—that had ever been exhibited. The real object of this imperial liberalism was soon seen! Pedro had discovered that his position at Rio was untenable, and he devised this plan of conferring the crown on his then infant daughter, as the only means of preventing the legal and really constitutional settlement of the kingdom under the right heir, and of keeping the throne of Portugal open for his own occupation whenever he might be able to make his escape from the perilous thralldom of his Brazilian empire. The Portuguese nation were indignant at this insulting juggle. They endeavoured to throw off this foreign imposition. Their resistance, and the interference of other powers (particularly England and France), gave the rights of the puppet queen a *consistency* which Pedro, when he at last escaped from Rio, found to his great disappointment he could not in the first moment shake—and he therefore was obliged to appear in the character of *defender* of the throne which he intended to have filled in *his own right*; but no one who knows anything of the facts can doubt that to the last he entertained those hopes, and would probably have been, for a time at least, successful in the attempt, but that he, *most opportunely* for the constitutional party, died, and left his daughter in undivided possession of the whole of the liberal support, foreign and domestic. We shall not recapitulate the proofs which we formerly advanced (Quart. Rev.‡ vol. xlix. p. 829) to show that by the fundamental constitution of Portugal, enacted by the Cortes of Lamego in 1145, and confirmed on the

\* The Spaniards spell the word *Don*—the Portuguese always *Dom*.

† We never could satisfy ourselves of the strict propriety of this part of Mr. Caning's policy—though it stood on very different grounds from our recent intervention—having been required under ancient treaties against a threatened invasion from Spain. The invasion we always believed to be a problematical danger; but such as it was, it soon vanished altogether, and the Duke of Wellington's government very properly recalled our forces.

‡ We request our readers to turn to that article where the question of the Portuguese succession is treated on grounds which *have not* been, and which, we believe, *cannot* be, contradicted either in law or in fact,

accession of the house of Braganza in 1640, which is at once the 'Bill of Rights' and 'Act of Settlement' of Portugal, Dom Miguel was the legal heir to the Portuguese throne. The fact is as indisputable as that William IV. has a better claim to the throne of England than the Duchess of Angoulême, or any other foreign descendant of James II. Such was Dom Miguel's right in law—what his claim was under the modern doctrine of the right of a people to choose their own sovereign, Lord Carnarvon will tell us by very emphatical facts. So that in whatever way the question could be discussed—whether on constitutional right or on popular favour—there is no doubt—not the slightest, we will venture to assert—that Dom Miguel was the rightful sovereign of Portugal; and that if it had not been for *foreign intervention* (so deprecated by the liberals in principle, but so shamefully employed in practice) he would have been, by the all but unanimous concurrence of the nation, maintained on the throne to which the constitution called him, and which the nation itself had forced him to ascend. We have already said (ib. 535) that between Pedro, Maria de Gloria, and Miguel, 'we do not care a fig, and would not cast our old pen into the balance in favour of any one of them personally;' nor do we think that English interests were in any way concerned in the litigation—but historical truth obliges us to re-assert as a matter of fact, that *such* was the true state of the question of the Portuguese succession.

While the first introductory scenes of this great drama of fraud and violence were playing, Lord Carnarvon arrived in Lisbon; and it is not too much to say that, although his lordship is too fair and too sagacious a man to have implicitly adopted *ex-parte* prepossessions, the inclination of his mind was originally in favour of the new constitution, which by its plausible professions naturally won the good-will of the friends of civil and religious liberty. His lordship appears to have been converted by personal experience from his original impressions; and his final testimony, therefore, against the *liberal* policy of England both in Portugal and Spain, is of the greatest authority, and indeed we think ought to be, even with the most determined Pedroites and Christinos of *this* country, quite decisive—with the Pedroites and Christinos of the Peninsula, neither it nor any other appeal to principles of truth and justice can of course have any effect, seeing that their own personal interests, place, power, and impunity are deeply concerned with the maintenance of that illegal and unjust system of which the British cabinet are, if not the original promoters, at least the most efficient support.

We regret that we cannot consider Lord Carnarvon's book in a merely literary view, and confine our observations to the at once  
accurate

accurate and brilliant description of his *travels* in Portugal and Spain. He is an enthusiastic yet discriminating admirer of the beauties of nature, which, he never fails to *people*, as it were, with lively and characteristic sketches of the costume, manners, and morals of the inhabitants. What the face of the country offers to him or to any traveller, he describes with great clearness and power, but he goes in quest of what few travellers give themselves much trouble to investigate—the feelings and habits, the social and intellectual condition of the people; but in this research he has naturally fallen in with matters of such pressing political interest and importance, as must necessarily absorb the greater share of the attention either of reader or reviewer.

On the 24th of August, 1827, his lordship set out for a tour through the centre and north of Portugal and the adjoining Spanish province of Galicia. He had already made an excursion to Cintra—occupied by the British Guards: he now proceeded by Mafra, Alcobaca, and Batalha towards Oporto. On the banks of the Mondego he met a labourer, who greeted him with a heartfelt '*Vivan los Ingleses*,' 'the first and last tribute of popular enthusiasm towards my country that my ear met in Portugal.' (vol. i. p. 45.) We shall see, by and by, that the once revered and beloved character of an *Englishman* has been changed, by our impolitic intervention, into a positive incentive to insult; and although in the better regulated countries of Europe there is not the same *danger* which Lord Carnarvon experienced, yet we believe every recent continental traveller must have seen that an Englishman is visited with the sins of his government, in the dislike and jealousy with which he is *everywhere* regarded, and particularly in those quarters where the name of England had been, for the last hundred and fifty years, most respected and honoured. The policy of Lord Palmerston 'has cooled our friends and heated our enemies;' and, what is worse, has made such breaches in the international law of Europe, as may hereafter afford precedents, *out of our own book*, dangerous to our national existence.

At Oporto Lord Carnarvon was kindly received by the governor, Count Villa Flor, and his beautiful lady. The count was one of the chiefs of the constitutional party, and was entrusted with the command of this district, second only in importance—if, indeed, it was even second—to that of Lisbon. He was now in the full bloom of power, having been the chief hand in putting down the anti-constitutional insurrection in Traz os Montes; but he used his power with moderation, and endeavoured to restore peace and confidence by official impartiality and personal affability.

lity, though he seemed little apprehensive of the vicissitudes which awaited him.

'On the 12th of October, the anniversary of Dom Pedro's birth, Count Villa Flor reviewed the troops, who were well equipped, went through their evolutions admirably, and received the announcement of the charter with loud "Vivas!" I put on my uniform of the Somersetshire yeomanry, and accompanied him to the field, where I observed to one of the officers, "These regiments are well affected to the Emperor." "Yes," he replied; "but will they send forth these loyal shouts when another year brings round another 12th of October?" At that moment the standard happened to fall. "This omen is not propitious to your cause," I replied, laughingly. Before a year had elapsed, the officers then present were dispersed, their gallant chief exiled, and the constitution had ceased to exist.'—vol. i. p. 77.

But on Dom Pedro's success in 1833, Count Villa Flor 'pursued the triumph and partook the gale;' he was created Duke of Terceira and placed with the Count Palmella, also created a Duke, at the head of affairs. We shall see, by and by, how, in a subsequent scene of this deplorable drama, the revolutionary principle which they contributed to introduce has treated the Dukes of Terceira and Palmella.

A few days after this review, Lord Carnarvon set out on a tour into the province of Traz os Montes (beyond the mountains), the *Highlands* of Portugal, where an extensive insurrection against Dom Pedro's charter had been recently repressed by Count Villa Flor; and it is not unimportant to observe that this revolt was directed against the *charter*, while Dom Miguel was still an exile, we might almost say prisoner, at Vienna. Lord Carnarvon thus characterizes this mountaineer race and their recent insurrection:—

'I was now entering the Traz os Montes, a province inhabited by a very peculiar people, restless, intrepid, and aspiring, the only part of the native population which has retained its original character, unaffected by the lapse of centuries; a fine manly race, possessing the savage virtues in perfection—the first to act, and the last to submit: they are the Catalans of Portugal. The spirit of the age has respected their mountain barriers, no modern refinements have enfeebled their native hardihood, and they still differ in manners, feeling, and even in external appearance, from their countrymen, and from the rest of the European community. The great insurrection, then recently appeased, had originated partly in a real affection for the ancient system, and partly in a spirit of exaggerated attachment to the Silveira family: so deep was their devotion to that ill-fated house, that those priests who were opposed to the revolt could not restrain their excited parishioners, over whose minds their slightest word had generally the force of law. . . . The people had been undoubtedly impelled by the most genuine enthusiasm,

siasm, and they fought under the banner of that chivalrous house with a gallantry which claimed the praise, and obtained the respect, of every candid opponent. The prevailing spirit was still decidedly hostile to the constitution, and they were writhing under a sense of recent defeat and actual humiliation; but these feelings had been greatly mitigated by the wise and humane policy of the conquerors.'—vol. i. pp. 86, 87.

To this general picture we must add one; of their domestic manners:—

'In these wild districts the stately manners which characterized the nobility of the feudal world are still sometimes retained among the families of the great. I have said that a strong feeling of vassalage exists in their dependents; a haughty sense of superior birth divides these nobles from the rest of society; even in the bosom of their own families, and where their nearest affections are engaged, a solemn and somewhat unbending spirit marks their social habits; indeed, where the old ancestral forms are kept up in their ancient rigour, the children of the house inhabit separate apartments in the distant wings of the old rambling mansion, and, long after the period of adolescence has elapsed, receive on bended knees the blessings of their parents: they are not permitted to take their meals at the same board with their parents, and must not, in their presence, remain uncovered, or even sit down without express permission. But although the familiar habits of modern life have not invaded those ancient and patriarchal halls, still, where these forms, the legacy of a primitive and wholly different age, are thus inflexibly maintained, it may be observed that the essence of the old Portuguese honour is, generally speaking, preserved equally inviolate, and the slightest falsehood or deceit is held in generous disdain.'—vol. i. pp. 89, 90.

Lord Carnarvon returned to Oporto from this excursion through the northern parts of the province of Beira—which, and its inhabitants, partake a good deal of the mountainous character of the Traz os Montes: but on the 14th of November he again set out, intending to visit the *Entre Minho e Douro*, the north-western province of Portugal, Galicia, which it borders, and to return by those more distant regions of the Traz os Montes which he had not before visited. The *Minho*, as it is shortly called, seems the garden of Portugal.

'Groups of oak and chestnut adorned the neighbouring hills, and presented all the beautiful combinations of park scenery; while the villages through which we passed were thickly peopled, had every appearance of comfort, and were generally embosomed in a grove of trees. Beneath their shade this happy population is accustomed to collect at eve, and spend the last hours of the day in dancing, and in singing old traditional ballads to the sound of their favourite guitar; for tales of love and chivalry, forgotten in other parts of the kingdom, are still cherished in this loyal land. All in the Minho seems redolent of joy: the country pleasing, the climate fine, and a perpetual sunshine on the face

face of man shows that oppression has no entrance here. Their religion, cheerful as it is sincere, is quite divested of the fanatic spirit that obscures it in the southern provinces, and in the neighbouring Traz os Montes. Devotional expeditions to their chapels, placed, like landmarks, on the highest hills, are generally combined with feasts and merry-makings; many vows, besides those addressed to their saints, are there offered up. . . . . Towards the close of day, even in the autumn months, the ladies sit in their ornamental balconies, listening to the never-ceasing sound of song issuing from the streets below, or gazing upon those dramatic dances, in which the imaginative character of this interesting people is so peculiarly developed. In this kind of dance a story, with its regular sequence of events, is represented in dumb show. For instance, a swain approaches the maid of his choice; he first hints the secret of his heart, but gradually grows bolder as she appears to turn no inattentive ear to his pleading; he urges her too strongly; he offends; she waves him from her; he retreats—despairs—grows haughty—love, however, prevails over pride—he implores forgiveness—and is forgiven . . . . During this delineation of varying passions and events not a word is spoken, but every change of situation, every fluctuation of feeling, is represented by the looks and gestures of the dancers; and, when I remembered that the actors in the scene were but the peasants of the soil, I scarcely knew which to marvel at the most, the refined nature of the sentiments described, or the extraordinary power possessed, by persons in their rank of life, of giving correct expression to those feelings.’—vol. i. pp. 112-114.

The political bias of this happy people is incidentally told:—

‘A [Pedroite] soldier accompanied me to the inn, and told me that the inhabitants were almost *universally opposed to the charter*; adding, that they still maintained communications with the exiled adherents of the Silveiras, and that in consequence of their vicinity to the Spanish frontier, the [Pedroite] garrison lived in constant dread of a descent upon the coast.’—vol. i. p. 111.

And again—

‘I supped with an officer who had just marched into the town [Ponte di Lima] to suppress an insurrection which had broken out in favour of Dom Miguel; for the public mind was at that time excited by the recent intelligence of his nomination to the Regency. The inhabitants of this town, and of all the surrounding district, were *notoriously hostile to the Constitution*.’—vol. i. p. 119.

And this, be it remembered, while Dom Miguel was still at *Vienna*! These indications of national feeling, when Miguel was at a distance and powerless, ought to be conclusive against the policy adopted by England—with those at least who base all national authority on the popular will.

The next day but one Lord Carnarvon passed the river, Minho, and entered Spain, where he had some years before—during the reign of the constitution of 1820—passed a considerable time; and

and he gives in one emphatic sentence his opinion of the result of that insane mockery of a government—

‘ I was now again in Spain, that land of romance, in which I had so long resided during the stormy period of her last revolution. How many changes had occurred in her eventful annals since that time ! and how completely had her fair prospects been blighted by the folly and oppression of that assembly [the Cortes] to whose collective wisdom their ill-fated country had vainly looked for her political regeneration ! . . .

‘ I explored the environs [of Vigo] with Don Louis Menendez, and a noble individual, who had been one of the few reasonable members of the Cortes of 1820. He spoke with deep feeling of the actual state of his country, and justly attributed the failure of the Constitutionals to their own intemperate conduct. The arbitrary suppression of the convents ; the unqualified abolition of entails, and the decree by which certain properties became subject to forfeiture when the title-deeds could not be produced, were acts for which they deserved the execration of every honest man, and which might have shaken a far more legitimate government.’—vol. i. pp. 123, 124.

He next visited Compostella. After a short but graphic description of this ‘ Mecca of the Christian world,’ he proceeds to Corunna, and was desirous, from a kind of pious enthusiasm, to visit Gijon, a little sea-port of the Asturias—

‘ When I was quite a child, my uncle, Captain H——,\* sailed for Spain, not in his naval capacity, but as an individual anxious to behold that great display of patriotic feeling which was then fixing the attention of Europe on the Peninsula. He quitted England, but never returned again. His voyage was prosperous, and he reached the Spanish coast in safety, but was unexpectedly lost at the entrance of the port of Gijon, in the sight of numerous spectators, and while their shouts of welcome were ringing in his ears.’—vol. i. pp. 147, 148.

This visit to Gijon Lord Carnarvon was not able to accomplish, but the intention which he had announced ‘ produced (as we shall presently see) singular and unexpected results.’ From Ferrol Lord Carnarvon reached Lugo : in the inn of which place he had ‘ at a late hour retired to rest. In the middle of the night I was awakened by my servant, who told me that some officers of the police were waiting below to accompany me to the Town-hall, where my presence was required. Tired and sleepy, and greatly disinclined to comply with this ill-timed invitation, I speedily dismissed Antonio, and his dismissal was quickly followed by [the entrance of] a satellite of office *in propria personâ*. He entered the room descanting hugely on the gross indecorum of my conduct in presuming to sleep when the King’s authorities were themselves deprived of sleep on my account, and urged me to rise as I valued my reputation for loyalty.

‘ Sundry guarantees for my appearance on the next day having been

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\* The Honourable Charles Herbert, Captain in the Royal Navy, drowned in the harbour of Gijon, 12th September, 1808.



tendered and rejected, I had no alternative; so, following my garrulous disturber, I went to the Town-hall, where I found the authorities assembled. I begged to know their reason for summoning me at such an unusual hour, but could not obtain a direct answer. . . . It was, however, evident, from their questions, that they viewed my journey into that part of the country with uneasiness, and were peculiarly jealous of my communications with Muscoso and Moreda.'—vol. i. pp. 152, 153.

Moreda was the military commandant of the town, to whom Lord Carnarvon seems to have had a letter of introduction, and at his house he had accidentally met Muscoso, who had been minister of the interior during the revolution of 1820—

'On the following morning I found myself placed under arrest, and unable to leave the inn, a guard being stationed at the door. In this dilemma I wrote to my friend the commandant, requesting him to obtain my release, or, at all events, to acquaint me with the nature of the charges preferred against me. He immediately came to the inn, and informed me that I had been arrested on political grounds, expressing at the same time great indignation at the conduct of the civil authorities, with whom he was evidently at variance; for, indeed, he intimated that my communications with Muscoso and himself had precipitated my arrest.

'To such a curious state of disorganization was the Spanish government reduced in 1827, that the component members of the local administrations were engaged in watching and counteracting each other at a time of great general alarm, and when the calm co-operation of the civil authorities was peculiarly requisite. It must be remembered that a civil war was then raging in Catalonia, and had increased to so great an extent, that the King had actually left Madrid, and, in the hope of checking its progress, had proceeded to Tarragona. . . .

'Moreda was a man of high honour, sincerely attached to his royal master, but averse to intemperate measures, while the civil authorities were secretly favourable to the ultra-Royalist party, and therefore regarded him with jealousy and dislike.'—vol. i. pp. 154-159.

In spite, therefore, of Moreda's countenance, Lord Carnarvon's arrest was not only continued, but he was sent back to Compostella, the provincial capital, under a guard of soldiers. Against all this unaccountable violence Lord Carnarvon, of course, remonstrated; but when he found the authorities obstinate he submitted himself to it, as well as to the privations and discomforts, not to say dangers, of his forced march, with good sense and even good humour. Such adventures, indeed, were not altogether new to him; he here alludes to, and in his appendix gives a detailed account of, a romantic and most perilous accident which befel him in the neighbourhood of Montserrat, in Catalonia, during the insurrectionary war of 1822, when—with somewhat of that habitual incredulity of, and that wilful indifference to danger, which distinguish English travellers—he ventured to explore a district which was the actual scene of the hostile movements of the two parties, and

and had arranged to sleep at a little town called Vilja, the *very day* on which it was to be the scene of a desperate conflict—indeed, almost a pitched battle between the two armies.

‘As we proceeded on our journey the scenery became bolder, the road bordered the precipice, and the mountain formed itself into a series of recesses or inland bays, terminated by projecting heights. As we turned one of these headlands, we saw three or four men advance beyond the point which bounded the opposite side of the road, pause, retreat, re-appear, and suddenly fall back, as if startled, and doubtful what course to pursue. This hesitation did not long endure. A party of peasants broke from the shelter of the rock; shouting loudly, they desired us to halt, and keeping their eyes steadily fixed upon us, that their aim might be unerring if we attempted to escape, they came with their muskets to their breasts and their hand to the trigger, rushing towards us with the utmost speed. At first the extraordinary position of their bodies, half bent to the earth, from the difficulty of holding their muskets presented in a course so rapid, the wildness of their dress, the frantic yells which they uttered, the irritation stamped on their countenances, and increased by the violence with which they came, rather resembled an irruption of savages than the charge of an organized Guerilla; but when the first tumultuous onset was over, they recovered all their native dignity. Their hair was unconfined, their trousers blue, their plaid dark red, and the scarlet bonnet of Catalonia fell far down their shoulders. When first they reached us, they held their muskets to our breasts, saying, “You are traitors! you are enemies of the King and the Holy Faith! you shall die! you shall die!”’—vol. i. pp. 318, 319.

We have not room for the details of this extraordinary adventure—full of as wild and fearful interest as any Radcliffe novel—during which, in the protracted presence of an apparently inevitable death, Lord Carnarvon showed (much as he must have repented the foolhardihood which got him into so frightful a scrape) a combination of presence of mind, discretion, and courage, which probably saved his life, and certainly very much exalts his personal character. The narrative is also an excellent specimen of his lordship’s style. It paints the scenes and the actors to the life—the different characters of the individual banditti are sketched with dramatic—perhaps we might say *melodromatic* vigour; and if we had not a pre-knowledge that Lord Carnarvon had finally survived the danger, the interest would be intensely painful.

Such adventures as these had prepared Lord Carnarvon to bear with comparative indifference the hardships of his Gallician arrest. The first night of their march they were lodged in a ruinous building in a small village, where an incident occurred, which, for its singularity, we are tempted to extract:—

‘The night was far advanced when a loud knocking was heard at the door; two servants being admitted, announced the approach of their mistress,

mistress, the most influential person in the immediate neighbourhood. Directly afterwards, she appeared, followed by a train of domestics, and evidently decorated to the utmost advantage. Her dress was extremely antiquated, but had been gorgeous in days of yore; it was, I have little doubt, an heir-loom in the family, and had probably been worn by herself, and by her maternal ancestors for some generations past, on every solemn occasion. The soldiers received her with every demonstration of formal respect. The stately dame began by saying, she had only just been informed that a party of troops engaged in the royal service were quartered in a miserable building near her house. She expressed her hopes, that no circumstances displeasing to his majesty's government had given rise to such an unusual occurrence; she trusted, her devout aspirations on this head would be confirmed; but at all events esteemed it the bounden duty of a loyal subject to congratulate the troops on their safe arrival, and to assure the individual entrusted with the command, that the loyalty which had ever distinguished her family had suffered no diminution in the person of their actual representative. She concluded by declaring that her house, her grounds, and all her goods were at the entire disposal of the king's troops, as long as they remained in the neighbourhood. The serjeant answered in a strain as formal and polite, and in language far above his station: he thanked her for the affection which she bore the royal cause, and for this mark of attention to his majesty's servants. He spoke in gratifying terms of the proverbial loyalty of her house, and wished that his majesty possessed more supporters, true-hearted as herself, in these degenerate times, when, in too many instances, the son had fallen away from his father's faith. He touched lightly, and with address, upon the object of the expedition, and concluded by declining her offer of accommodation, as the night was far spent, and his troops were obliged to renew their march at break of day. A profusion of parting compliments were then exchanged, which, time and place considered, were rather entertaining. The door was then opened—two menials went forth in advance to clear the way, and after them paced forth the pompous dame; then all her attendants followed; but it must be confessed, their ragged attire spoke ill for the fortunes of the loyal and illustrious line. She was, no doubt, a worthy soul, though not to me "her lips imperial ever spake;" indeed, she scarcely deigned to look on a suspected traitor. After her departure we retired to rest; I slept upon some heath in a shed that opened into the hall; the soldiers collected around the only point of egress, to prevent the possibility of my escape; scattered some straw on the floor, and placing their arms beside them, lay down to enjoy a few hours of uninterrupted repose.'—vol. i. pp. 188-190.

Two or three days and nights, interspersed with accidents hardly less strange than the foregoing, brought the noble prisoner back to Gompostella.

'We proceeded through the city to the residence of the captain-general. . . . And soon afterwards the secretary of police came to me, examined my passport, declared that it was perfectly correct, and expressed

pressed his astonishment at the conduct of the authorities of Lugo, whom he denominated madmen. He said, he should represent their folly and insolence in the strongest colours to the captain-general, begged me to accept a thousand apologies, and restored me at once to perfect liberty.—vol. i. p. 212.

But his liberty was of short duration, for early on the following morning he was again placed under arrest, and conducted before the captain-general, the well-known Eguia—who examined him with all the solemnity and all the art of a grand inquisitor—declaring that the secretary of police, who had set him at liberty, was not aware of a voluminous correspondence, of which it appeared he had been the object, with all the local authorities since he entered Spain: his visits to Ferrol and Corunna, and his *inquiries about the port of Gijon*, with every little circumstance of his conversation and movements, were construed by the captain-general into a body of evidence that he was an emissary of a party hostile to the government, sent to fix on the fittest place for a descent on the coast. Lord Carnarvon's complexion, too, Eguia pronounced to be quite irreconcilable with his assertion that he was an Englishman—'twas clear that such dark hair and whiskers could belong only to a Spaniard; and when his lordship alleged, in reply to this last evidence, his foreign accent and imperfect knowledge of the Spanish language—Eguia told him that they were easily feigned, and could not outweigh the mass of condemnatory evidence he had collected against him.

The captain-general, however, did not ultimately remand him to prison, but permitted him to remain under arrest at the house of a gentleman of the town, to whom he had a letter of introduction, while a missive was dispatched to the British consul at Corunna, to inquire whether he would corroborate the prisoner's account of himself.—When that corroboration arrived, Lord Carnarvon was—set at liberty?—No; he was conducted under a guard to the frontier, and instead of pursuing his destined route, was obliged to return into Portugal the way he came; and so ended his travels in Galicia.

But it was not the royalist party alone which showed itself so ignorant and so jealous—the constitutionalists, *mutatis mutandis*, were equally bigoted, absurd, and tyrannical.

'I have seen the constitutionalists on the pinnacle of prosperity; I have seen them in the depths of misfortune. When compelled to eat the bitter bread of sorrow and distress, their views are temperate, their charity universal; they then acknowledge the value of an endowed church; they are impressed with the immense advantages resulting from a second chamber; and, in a truly Christian frame of mind, only wish for the establishment of some elementary principles of representative government which may secure liberty of person and undisturbed enjoyment

ment of property: yet when the cloud has passed away, and the revolutionary fortunes have become triumphant, the moderation of adversity, and the repentance of humiliation are equally forgotten; and perhaps no party in modern times has entertained more impracticable views, or waded through a deeper sea of guilt, than the truly misnamed *liberal* party of Spain. . . . .

‘I remember talking to a liberal in Valentia about the Inquisition, against which he declaimed with a truly patriotic energy. That institution was most annoying, he said, from its interference with the freedom of private life. “I hate oppression in any shape,” he continued, “I am a friend to the human race; if, indeed, there be a *Jew* among us, *burn him*, I say, *burn him alive*; but interference with honest men like you and me, on account of our opinions, is beyond endurance.”’—vol. i. pp. 143, 144, 235.

We wonder what Senor *Mendizabal* would say to *this*!

On Lord Carnarvon’s return to Lisbon he found the *regent* Dom Miguel just arrived, and was witness to the reluctant and ungracious, if not deceptive mode in which he swore to observe the constitution.

‘During the whole proceeding Dom Miguel’s countenance was overcast, and he had the constrained manner of a most unwilling actor in an embarrassing part. I read the approaching fate of the constitution in the sullen expression of his countenance; in the imperfect manner in which the oath was administered, and in the strange and general appearance of hurry and concealment.’—vol. i. pp. 283, 284.

Whatever may have been Dom Miguel’s personal feelings—and what they were may be gathered from the formal protest which he solemnly and publicly\* made at Vienna, reserving his personal and constitutional rights—it is clear from the despatches of Sir Frederick Lamb, as well as from the more impartial, detailed, and incidental testimony of Lord Carnarvon, that, even if he had wished to sell his birth-right and to maintain the charter, he could not have done it. The Portuguese nation would admit of no compromise of its rights, and what it considered—and justly considered—its liberties—for what was the whole farce of the Pedroite charter but a scandalous juggle to break down the ancient constitution of the kingdom, and to impose, by foreign fraud and foreign force, a puppet sovereign on the Lusitanian people? We have already seen that even while Dom Miguel was still in reclusion on the shores of the Danube the inhabitants of those of the Tagus and the Dorro had raised the standard—not of Dom Miguel, he was but a type—but of an independent native sovereign, under their ancient laws and the fundamental charter of the House of Braganza. Lord Carnarvon is, on all these points, an adverse but candid witness,—he was, from youthful impressions and from his

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\* We say *publicly* in the diplomatic sense—he annexed it to the kind of treaty which he signed, and thus communicated it to all the negotiating parties.

personal connexions in Portugal, a friend to the charter; he, like every Englishman, was caught by the plausibilities of the new system, and hoped that a constitution somewhat similar to that which had raised his own country to so great a height of happiness and glory might afford equal benefits to the Portuguese; his testimony, therefore, always honest, is, in this particular, of the most irrefragable authority, for it is against his own personal opinions.

‘Groups continued to assemble and shout for the Absolute King; and these proceedings were openly encouraged by persons within the palace, who appeared at the windows, joined in their “vivas,” and waved white handkerchiefs in token of their cordial approbation. But the evening of the 1st of March was marked by serious tumults; and the strange selection of time and place, for the perpetration of those outrages, was perhaps the most extraordinary feature of all those extraordinary transactions. That evening was fixed on for the presentation of certain eminent persons, and many others availed themselves of that opportunity to repair to the palace, and offer the earliest tribute of their homage to the Infant; but their astonishment was extreme when they found the inner courts of the palace, and the flight of steps leading into the hall of the Archer’s Guard, completely occupied by a lawless mob. To such an extent was the popular feeling at that time in favour of Dom Miguel, that every individual who entertained Constitutional opinions, however moderate, was assailed. The Cardinal Patriarch was compelled to make the sign of the Cross, to call down heavenly blessings on the excited people, and to join in the cry of “Down with the Charter.” Fortunately, Count Villa Flor was absent, for the mob expected him with impatience, and had sworn to take his life; but General Caula was severely wounded, and the Count da Cunha was only rescued from assassination by some officers, who drew their swords to protect him in the palace itself.’—vol. i. 284-286.

All this was very bad—but it is surely evidence of the feelings of the people, and ought not to be undervalued by those who are so willing to found the sovereignty of Louis Philippe on the Three Great Days: and Lord Carnarvon confesses—for he did not approve of this reaction—that the movement was too strong and too rapid even for the Miguelite ministry.

‘Rio Pardo, a decided absolutist, and then minister of the war department, terrified at the rapidity with which the wheel of revolution was revolving, exclaimed, “We have done in a week what could not have been effected, with safety, in a year.”’—vol. i. p. 290.

But Lisbon, occupied and controlled by an army composed of and officered by Pedroites, gave but a faint expression of what was passing in the country at large—into which Lord Carnarvon—disappointed and distressed at the reverses which his constitutional friends had suffered—resolved, with more spirit than prudence, to throw himself, with a view of seeing what the real feeling of the nation might be beyond the influence of the capital.

On

On his arrival at Setuval—a considerable town in the *south* of the kingdom—we have already seen the spirit which prevailed in the *north*—he was dissuaded from pursuing his journey, and the town itself soon exhibited a scene of which we must abridge his own forcible description. On an open space adjoining the town ‘an enormous concourse of people were assembled. Night had long set in, but we saw by the glare of the lamps the crowd collected most densely around a regimental band, which was playing with amazing spirit the Ultra-Royalist hymn; but even this favourite tune was often drowned by the deafening shouts of “Miguel the First, the Absolute, the most Absolute King! and death to the Malleardos\*, death to the infamous Constitutionalists!” It was evident that the designs of the Miguelites in promoting this meeting had been crowned with success. The popular enthusiasm was at its height, and characterized by such extreme ferocity, that I could not behold it without awe, or hear the deadly imprecations heaped upon the Constitutionalists without feeling that a terrible hour of vengeance was at hand. I have mingled much in revolutionary scenes, but never before or since, have I seen the human face distorted by such a variety of horrible passions: passions cradled in fanaticism, nursed in silence and in gloom, but now roused to madness, and ready to break down every barrier opposed to their gratification. Every passing occurrence ministered to their hate, and furnished matter for hateful illustration: if a rocket went up ill, the people called it a Constitutionalist, a declaration received with yells expressive of the utmost detestation and contempt; if it rose well, they cried out that even thus should their knives be sent into the hearts of the accursed Freemasons, and then they expressed fervent wishes that their traitorous heads were burning in the wheel of the rocket. In short, among that assembled multitude all seemed alike transported by one common love for the Infant, by one common hatred to his opponents, and by one pervading sentiment of unlimited and almost phrenzied devotion to the church. They were inflamed by music and the spirit-stirring hymn; by wine, which gave an appalling character of desperation to their gestures; and by religious zealots, who whispered, in each pause of the storm, that every blow they struck was struck for God. It is difficult to describe the effect produced at intervals by the sudden glare of the fireworks dispersing the gloom and lighting up, though but for an instant, their stern and excited countenances. Those momentary gleams showed each man his neighbour’s passion, and strengthened his own from a sense of the general sympathy; so that every moment their expressions

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\* The Constitutionalists were about this time contemptuously called the Malleardos, or Spotted Ones, in consequence of an accident that befel Dom Miguel; and the story is illustrative of the quick fancy and readiness of the people who made the application. He was driving an open carriage drawn by two spotted horses, which ran away with him with so much vehemence as to endanger his safety. The people, who were generally attached to Dom Miguel, immediately applied the term Malleardos to the Constitutionalists, thereby intending to express their belief that, in one respect at least, they resembled the spotted horses, being equally disposed to run away with the car of the state, and to compromise the safety of their prince.

of vengeance became fiercer, and their shoots more vehement and unintermitted.

‘At length they raised the cry of “Death to the English!” My host had long before urged me to quit the scene, but the deep interest with which I viewed these tumultuary proceedings fixed me spell-bound to the spot. Had my British origin been discovered, my situation might have been very unpleasant, but the same dark face, which in Spain convinced the authorities that I was a native outlaw, effectually shielded me at Setuval from the suspicion of being an Englishman; still my foreign accent might have betrayed me had I been compelled to speak, and I felt on many grounds the necessity of retiring, for the people were ripe for violence; and their leaders, seeing that the time for action had arrived, bade the music cease. The crowd, that had been long pent up, chafing like a mighty stream within a narrow channel, now overflowed on all sides, bearing down on Setuval to carry their revolutionary intentions into effect. In trying to disengage myself from the turmoil, I observed that I was often recognised as a stranger, though not as an Englishman. Many fierce inquiring glances were bent upon me, many persons seemed inclined to stop me, and were only prevented by the hurried movements of the multitude, which pressed on, rank after rank, like the waves of the sea; once, indeed, a savage-looking fellow, rendered still more fierce by intoxication, seized me by the coat, and, declaring that I was a Freemason, desired me to shout for the Absolute King. My actual position was not agreeable, for my host had warned me that although I might pass through the crowd unmolested, still if a mere urchin raised the cry of Freemason against me, the people, in their irritated state, might fail upon me, as a pack obeys a single hound; no well-known Constitutionalist would that night, he assured me, trust himself on that plot of ground for all the treasures of the British exchequer; but the danger, if real, was but momentary, for, disordered by wine and forced onwards by the irresistible pressure of the crowd, my assailant lost his hold before I had time to reply. Extricating myself from the crowd I took refuge in a knoll of trees behind the chapel, where I saw groups of men careering around with shouts and gesticulations absolutely demoniac, and rather resembling enraged wild beasts than rational beings; and still as I made the best of my way to the inn by a circuitous path, I heard the loud beat of the drum and the infuriated cries of the people, as they rushed to attack the dwellings of the Constitutionalists, who were, however, generally speaking, prepared for the tempest, and had fled from their houses some hours before the rising of the gale.’—vol. ii. pp. 28-33.

These are shocking scenes, but they are at least evidence of popular feeling, and of the danger of intervening by a foreign force to repress a national spirit. The hatred which the very name of England now inspires to our most ancient ally, arises solely from our having—not merely by our influence, but by our ships and regiments—endeavoured to impose on the Portuguese nation a constitution for which it was not ripe, and which, even if it had been otherwise palatable, must have been odious when presented



sented at the point of foreign bayonets. The moment that a return to a sounder policy recalled the British troops, and left the Portuguese to settle their own affairs, the nation burst out into such excesses as Lord Carnarvon witnessed—excesses which are, in truth, mainly attributable to the antecedent violence by which it had been attempted to coerce the national independence.

After this terrible lesson, a less adventurous traveller would have abandoned his proposed journey into the more remote and less civilized districts of Algarve and Alemtejo; but Lord Carnarvon, again, we must say with more spirit than prudence, persisted in his course. His first dangers were certainly not from mobs.

‘We reached the famous Sierra di Monchique, a mountain-range constituting the northern barrier of Algarve. For many miles before we approached it the country was extremely desolate: for hours together we neither saw any villages, nor even passed a single hut: the few peasants whom we met seemed both astonished and terrified by the appearance of a traveller. Boys and women fled as we drew near, and, when they had not sufficient time to escape, testified the utmost alarm; even the men retreated, when they descried us at a distance.’

‘More than once I rode towards some of the peasantry, to inquire our way, but each in turn invariably fled as I advanced; and when I pressed the pursuit, till I had arrived within a few feet of my fugitive, he suddenly vanished, sinking into the gum-cistus, where he lay effectually concealed from my view. In vain I perambulated the place, and shouted; I could not discover the foolish fellow among those high bushes, and neither prayers nor menaces could draw him from his hiding place.’—vol. ii. pp. 50, 51.

An enthusiast, as he tells us, from his youth, about the sea and seamen and sea-fights, Lord Carnarvon made a long *détour* to visit Cape St. Vincent, in which he was accompanied by the voluntary kindness of the corregidor of Lagos, the town nearest the Cape, but nearly two days’ ride from it. Indeed, nothing could exceed the hospitality and politeness with which Lord Carnarvon was received everywhere in Portugal by all classes, except during the unhappy bursts of political reaction.

The civilities of the corregidor of Lagos, and of most of the other gentlemen he fell in with, were practical and in excellent taste, but the formalities of politeness are sometimes carried to a ridiculous excess.

‘I called one morning on a high Dignitary of the Church, and ascending a magnificent staircase, passed through a long suite of rooms to the apartment in which the reverend ecclesiastic was seated. Having concluded my visit I bowed and departed, but turned, according to the invariable custom of the country, when I reached the door, and made another salutation: my host was slowly following me, and returned my inclination by one equally profound: when I arrived at the door of the  
second

second apartment, he was standing on the threshold of the first, and the same ceremony again passed between us : when I had gained the third apartment, he was occupying the place I had just left on the second ; the same civilities were then renewed, and these polite reciprocations were continued till I had traversed the whole suite of apartments. At the banisters I made a low bow and, as I supposed, a final salutation : but no ; when I had reached the first landing-place, he was at the top of the stairs : when I stood on the second landing-place, he had descended to the first ; and upon each and all of these occasions our heads wagged with increased humility. Our journey to the foot of the stairs was at length completed. I had now to pass through a long hall divided by columns, to the front door, at which my carriage was standing. Whenever I reached one of these pillars, I turned and found his Eminence waiting for the expected bow, which he immediately returned, continually progressing, and managing his paces so as to go through his share of the ceremony on the precise spot which had witnessed my last inclination. As I approached the hall-door, our mutual salutations were no longer occasional but absolutely perpetual ; and ever and anon they still continued, after I had entered my carriage, as the bishop stood with uncovered head till it was driven away.—vol. ii. pp. 65, 66.

At Faro, his Portuguese servant, Antonio, who had not the same exciting motives as his master, declined—under a double depression of sickness and terror—to accompany him any farther, and he hired in his room one Juan, a Pyrenean borderer, who had somehow wandered into Algarve. This was an additional difficulty, for Juan had but a poor reputation, and although, as it turned out, he experienced more danger from Lord Carnarvon, than Lord Carnarvon from Juan, yet his lordship was never quite sure that, in addition to his public perils, he had not the personal risk of having a robber and assassin for his companion ; but Lord Carnarvon had no choice. The crisis of the struggle between Dom Miguel and the friends of the charter now approached, and he ‘ found no one disposed to accompany me through a country so proverbial for the fierceness of its inhabitants as Alentejo, at a time when it was evidently on the eve of breaking out into open insurrection [against the charter]. During my stay at Faro, very serious apprehensions were entertained for the tranquillity of the town ; the people had already given very obvious indications of angry feeling, and great disturbances were expected on the morning previous to my departure ; but the storm blew over for that day, and the explosion did not immediately take place.’ —vol. ii. p. 83.

All classes in all places exhibited the same hostility to the charter, the same devotion to him whom they considered their lawful sovereign. At Tavira, the last town on the southern coast,

‘ we found many persons assembled at the governor’s house ; recent events were the subject of conversation, and although each individual

was

was guarded in the expression of his opinion, it was evident that the general feeling inclined strongly to the Infant. They maintained his heart was excellent, excused his early follies, and declared that the enthusiastic attachment felt for him in Algarve knew no bounds. Madame said, that ladies wept when they spoke of their prince, and carried his portrait in their bosoms, a fact undoubtedly true, as I was assured by one lady that she wore his miniature next to her heart by day and night. The governor informed me that he experienced the utmost difficulty in preventing the people of Tavira from committing acts of violence against persons supposed to be adverse to Dom Miguel's claims. . . .

'Society was very languid at Tavira, partly from local causes, and partly from the gloomy aspect of public affairs; the regiment of Tavira had declared in favour of the Infant on the first announcement of the charter, and had taken refuge in Spain after the suppression of the revolt; the wives of the exiled officers remained at home, and spent their solitary hours in praying for their injured prince, and in mourning over their absent lords.'—vol. ii. pp. 86-90.

At Mertola, situated on the Guadiana, he found the town 'in a state of extreme agitation. The *people* had risen against the authorities some hours before my arrival, and had proclaimed Dom Miguel Absolute King; and large bodies of men were still parading the streets, wearing the Miguelist colours, and threatening to renew the tumults of the preceding day. An immense proportion of the nobility, the clergy, and the magistracy had placed themselves at the head of the movement, and, at a public meeting just held, had drawn up a petition entreating the Infant to abolish the democratic institutions recently established.'—vol. ii. p. 102.

At Beja, still more inland, Lord Carnarvon received some hints that his purposes were suspicious, and his presence not very popular—

'The mayor received me with great civility, but expressed the most unfeigned surprise at the arrival of an English Lor, as he emphatically called me, observing that the motives which could have induced me to visit Beja were quite unfathomable, and far exceeded his powers of divination. The greatest impediment to my researches invariably arose from the total inability of the natives to comprehend the feeling which prompts an Englishman to forsake the comforts of his native land, and prosecute a fatiguing and hazardous journey through a disturbed country.

'In the neighbourhood of the great Peninsular towns, the people, accustomed to the visits of Englishmen, acknowledge the harmless nature of their investigations, and only wonder at the national infatuation. But my arrival created the utmost astonishment in those remote and secluded parts of southern Portugal which had been rarely visited by a stranger; being engaged in no mercantile transactions, and having no ostensible business, I could not assign any of those reasons which influence other travellers, and render their motives explicable to the mind of a foreigner.

'My

‘My journey to the fortress of Sagres, and afterwards to Cape St. Vincent, had not only excited surprise, but actual consternation. The most absurd reports of an approaching descent upon the coast by a British force were circulated among the people, and credited by persons whose more extended means of information should have preserved them from the popular error. The people of Beja were so suspicious of my motives, that some gentlemen to whom I sent letters of introduction were rather disposed to treat them as forgeries, than to admit that an Englishman of rank could actually be travelling through the country, at such a time, for the mere gratification of his curiosity.’—vol. ii. pp. 107, 108.

This is a feeling pretty general in rude districts all over the world; but it is quite clear that it was his character of an *Englishman* which at this moment rendered him so peculiarly obnoxious to suspicion. He, however, pursued his way—

‘As I made further progress over these wild plains, there were symptoms of the moral storm, distinct and obvious to the most careless eye. I observed couriers occasionally riding in breathless haste; peasants coming from different quarters, all bearing the red cockade; beggars, who no longer paused to supplicate, but wore a look of fierce excitement, and pushed on in one direction, as if they scented a richer prey; and once I passed a strange, wild-looking man, apparently half pilgrim and half prophet, declaiming, in the emphatic language of the day, in favour of the prince. These circumstances convinced me that society was ruffled by no passing breeze, but was upheaving from its lowest depths.

‘It was now clear, from the statements of all with whom we paused for a moment to converse, that the long-apprehended revolt had actually taken place, and that the people were on all sides rising *en masse* against the Constitutionalists. Our situation had now become extremely precarious: Beja, which we had just left, was manifestly on the eve of an explosion; Évora, which lay before us, was actually the scene of fearful commotions, and the same spirit was rapidly diffusing itself through all the neighbouring towns and villages; in short, it was evident, from many concurring accounts, that both in front and in rear, towards the western wilds, and along the Spanish frontier, revolution, from which there seemed no escape, inevitable revolution had drawn around us its fiery circle.

“Tu ne cede malis sed contra audentior ito,”

was, however, in this emergency my safest and indeed my only principle of action.’—vol. ii. pp. 115, 116.

But the period of his journey had now arrived:—

‘Passing under a high arch and entering the town of Évora, we were challenged by the sentinel on duty, who at first supposed me to be a Spaniard, and, under that impression, behaved with the utmost civility; but my passport soon revealed my English origin, and this discovery produced an immediate change of manner. The city was apparently in a very excited state, for the people had collected together in groups in the public square, and were engaged in earnest conversation, but seeing

me stopped by the guard they flocked around us to inquire the cause, and heard that I was an Englishman with marked displeasure. . . . Several fierce enthusiasts threatened, and indeed seemed preparing, to pull me from my horse. In this annoying conjuncture the sentinel gave a fortunate direction to the growing ferment by declaring me a state prisoner, whose machinations ought to be fully investigated, and for this purpose he would take me to the town-hall and submit my case to the mayor; the people acquiesced in his proposal, and shouted, "To the mayor! to the mayor!"—vol. ii. pp. 117, 118.

We cannot detail all the accidents and dangers which followed this benevolent arrest: with equally good-natured anxiety for his personal safety he was committed first to the guard-room, but, as the popular fury rose, that even appeared too weak a place of defence, and he was finally, and not without imminent danger, removed to the jail, a prison of considerable strength, but evidently not equal to resist an attack, which was openly announced for the object of murdering the prisoners. His situation was now in every way painful and perilous—

'I had never entirely recovered from the feverish attack under which I had suffered in the Algarve, and the want of fresh air and exercise now produced a return of indisposition, and the appalling cry of "Death to the Prisoners," which rose that evening from groups collected beneath my windows, jarred peculiarly on a mind then restless and irritable from disease, . . . and the violence of the mob, which occasionally collected around the prison, convinced me that even its thick walls and ponderous bars would not afford its inmates any certain protection against a sudden burst of popular fury. I was also hardly satisfied with my own conduct. A dislike to bend to circumstances and alter the route I had originally fixed on, when the expediency of such an alteration had become apparent, assisted, in some degree, by a desire to see the great political change in progress, had carried me into scenes which cooler heads would have avoided; and if the loss of life should eventually prove the penalty of my indiscretion, such a termination of my exploit would not be cheered by any consolatory reflections, for I should have perished in an expedition that could hardly under any circumstances have been useful to others or to myself.'—vol. ii. pp. 140, 142.

One night, early in his imprisonment, he 'was suddenly and terribly awakened. I started' (he says) 'up and drank in with eager ears the most dreadful yell that I ever yet heard sent forth by an infuriated people; that shout I felt at once was no longer a general expression of political animosity, but the voice of popular passion freshly and violently excited. The crowd, however, which had so fearfully revealed its near approach, rushed on, and in a moment more I could scarcely hear the distant sound of their heavy tread; but the volcano was labouring, and the eruption was at hand. . . . Soon afterwards small parties rushed down the streets calling out for arms, knocking at the houses, and exhorting their friends to rise; the signal was obeyed, the groups were reinforced, and the tumult increased. At length the drum

drum beat to arms, and the tocsin sent forth its formidable peal. At this tremendous summons the insurrection became universal, and a furious crowd pressed down the street, as through the main artery of the city. . . . I vainly endeavoured to discover from their hasty exclamations the object of the rising; I wearied my mind in conjecturing the cause. The insurgents had already expelled the regular troops and had proclaimed the Infant—king; the Imperialists had everywhere submitted to their dictation, and the Miguelists remained undisputed masters of the city. Against whom, then, was this furious ebullition directed? My blood froze as the only probable answer suggested itself to my mind. An attack on the prisons had long been threatened by the mob and dreaded by the authorities; for they were then overflowing with those real and supposed partisans of Don Pedro's cause, who had been arrested during that distracted time; and night after night the awful cry of "Death to the Prisoners" had been raised under the prison windows. The people were then probably directing their course to the great prison in the square, and when they had satiated their rage in the blood of its ill-fated inmates, would, I supposed, undoubtedly retrace their steps to the prison in which I was confined, and there renew the slaughterous work. About this time the jailor entered my apartment to fetch a loose bar that was lying in a corner of the room. The old man was evidently possessed with the same belief; he was labouring under extreme agitation, but said resolutely that he would fortify the prison doors, and defend them against the mob to the last extremity."—vol. ii. pp. 147-151.

These anticipations were erroneous—this tumult arose from an attempt of the Pedroite army to recover the town; a severe action ensued, in which the Miguelites were successful—but the toil of the day and the triumph of victory diverted the thoughts of the populace from the prisoners.

'Their exhaustion was so complete that during the rest of the day a death-like stillness pervaded the populous city of Evora; not a shout, not an exclamation, not even the common sounds of social life were heard; but the ceaseless dash of the fountain playing in the adjacent street alone interrupted a silence which contrasted singularly with the stormy excitement of the morning. Night came on, and an anxious night it was to every prisoner. The fall of the Corregidor [who had been displaced] had been chiefly owing to the efforts he had made to shield unoffending citizens from the lawless arrests of the mob, and to preserve those who were arrested from further violence. Our protector had now fallen, and, although we might indulge in hope, we had no longer any assurance of protection. . . . Though fatigued and slumbering for the moment, we had every reason to apprehend that the spirit of popular vengeance would revive with the reviving energies of the people. But, contrary to the general expectation, the desire of shedding the blood of the prisoners decreased when every barrier to the perpetration of such an act was removed; for, elated by their signal triumph over the troops, and gratified by the deposition of the obnoxious Corregidor,

regidor, the leaders of the insurrection heard with less impatience the calm remonstrances of their superiors in station, and allowed the public feeling to take a better direction.'—vol. ii. pp. 155-157.

It does not appear how long this agony was protracted—but it must have been for several days, as Lord Carnarvon was not released but by the interposition of the British minister at Lisbon. Even then, poor Juan the borderer was retained in durance, and it was not till after considerable delay and difficulty that Lord Carnarvon obtained the poor fellow's release. He himself was sent under *surveillance* to the capital:—

'The high towers of Evora faded in the distance. I had intended to have visited Elvas, a fortress of great national importance, but could not deviate from the route prescribed by the authorities, my passport being made out for Lisbon in the name of the king, Dom Miguel the First, although he had not yet assumed the crown. It was, I believe, the first passport drawn up in that form, and was, as such, alluded to in the debates that took place on the affairs of Portugal in the British House of Commons.'—vol. ii. pp. 166, 167.

Thus we see that, before Dom Miguel had assumed the crown, the country had already proclaimed him, and his position was, in some degree, analogous to that of Louis Philippe after the *Three Days*; for if either of these princes had refused, or even longer delayed, to accept the crown, the most deplorable anarchy would probably have ensued. There are, however, two main differences between the cases. Dom Miguel had a claim of right—we think, an irresistible one—but at all events a *claim*, which his opponents admitted to be plausible, and which the universal voice and arms of the nation ratified as legal; while Louis Philippe was, *ex confesso*, an usurper, and *as such*, was proclaimed by the short-lived favour of the mob of the capital, with the bare acquiescence of the rest of the country. Yet,—if we are to believe his majesty's ministers,—Louis Philippe is a magnanimous sovereign, legitimated by the voice of the people, and Dom Miguel is a perjured usurper, who had not even a pretext to colour his rebellion!

We cannot refrain from extracting the candid and affecting observations with which Lord Carnarvon takes leave of the painful subject of Portuguese revolutions:—

'Since the period to which I am now alluding, the important question which then agitated men's minds in Portugal has been brought to an issue. Great changes have taken place in the dramatis personæ, time has removed the hostile brothers, the victor and the vanquished, from the stage; Dom Miguel is an exile, Dom Pedro dead. In touching upon some of the circumstances which led to the present state of things, I have endeavoured to speak of parties and events with perfect impartiality. Our interposition had at that period very much alienated the Miguelists from the English; but although I lived much more with the Imperialists

Imperialists at Lisbon than with their opponents, my opinions were not warped by this circumstance; I deprecate the severe and injudicious policy pursued by Dom Miguel on his return to Portugal, but I must not, in justice, withhold from his party the praise which is unquestionably their due. As a party, they were brave, sincere, high-principled, attached to their religion, and to the old institutions of their country. The honourable fidelity with which they adhered to the fortunes of their prince during the extremity of his reverses, and the unhesitating devotion with which men in the enjoyment of all the luxuries of life sacrificed every earthly possession in his cause, are circumstances that reflect upon them imperishable credit: but their virtues could not redeem his errors, or repair the calamities entailed upon their families and their country by his misjudging policy. In the provinces I found men of both parties anxious to facilitate my journey and to show me personal attention. Even at Evora, the authorities of the city, fairly borne down by the popular feeling, and trembling for their own existence, were, I think, really unwilling to impede my journey, and, with the exception of one individual, showed no disposition to aggravate the rigour of my confinement.

‘The rain fell heavily as we sailed down the Tagus. I looked for the last time at Lisbon, beautiful even through her tears. . . . . Early on the morning of the fourth day we hailed the Lizard Point: my long wanderings, the fatigues of my solitary expeditions, and the perils of revolution, were all forgotten as I trod once more upon the soil of native, peaceful, and then unreformed England!’—vol. ii. pp. 178-181.

So terminated Lord Carnarvon’s adventurous travels in Portugal. Our extracts, though principally directed to political objects, will show that his narrative abounds with lively incident, sagacious observation, and generous feeling; and it exhibits, in our opinion, one of the most vivid and accurate pictures of the physical, moral, and political aspect of the country over which they extended, of any work that we can name: it will—even in the view of mere amusement—amply repay an attentive perusal.

His lordship concludes his work with some valuable observations on the political state of Spain; with which—though his last visit to Gallicia was so soon interrupted—he had a long and intimate acquaintance, and upon which he is entitled to more confidence than, we believe, any other Englishman can pretend to. The result of all his observations is, that the conduct of the Spanish constitutionalists has been all along, in the highest degree, *unconstitutional*, impolitic, and unjust; and he shows that the present insurrection of the Biscayan Provinces is less a question of the right of succession between Don Carlos and his niece, than a struggle for the ancient rights and liberties of the Biscayan people, which the new constitutionalists, in their blind eagerness for change and for the French revolutionary system of uniformity and



and centralization, had most illegally and insultingly invaded. Lord Carnarvon, in support of these views, gives a political history of the Basque countries, Navarre, Biscaye, Guipuscoa, and Alava, which is full of interest and information. We wish we had room to give a complete view of this learned and lucid deduction of the independent rights of the Biscayans from the earliest ages even down to their invasion by the despotic liberalism of the present day. We must content ourselves with Lord Carnarvon's recapitulation.

'Biscay retains its ancient laws, customs, and tribunals, and is governed by its own national assemblies; it yields contributions to the sovereign as a free gift; it arranges its own taxation; it has no militia laws; it is exempt from the odious system of impressment for the navy; it furnishes its own contingent of soldiers and sailors; it appoints its own police in peace; it provides for its own defence in war; no monopoly, royal or private, can be established in Biscay; no Biscayan can be required to contribute to the crown of Castille a greater amount of taxation than that paid formerly to their Lords, a sum now reduced to a stipulated duty on the iron foundries and to certain tithes and rents. The king, as lord, can only nominate Biscayans by birth to ecclesiastical appointments in Biscay; their alcaldes are freely chosen by the people. No Biscayan, resident in any province of Spain, can be tried, either civilly or criminally, by the laws of Castille, but the case must be referred to Valladolid, to be there determined by a tribunal of Biscayan judges, and according to the laws of Biscay.

'The house of the Biscayan is his castle, in the most emphatic sense of the word. No magistrate can violate that sanctuary; no execution can be put into it, nor can his arms or his horse be seized; he cannot be arrested for debt, or subjected to imprisonment upon any pretext whatever, without a previous summons to appear under the *old tree of Guernica*\*, where he is acquainted with the offence imputed to him, and called upon for his defence; he is then discharged on the spot, or bailed, or committed, according to the nature of the crime, and the evidence adduced against him. This, the most glorious privilege that freemen can possess,—this, the most effectual safeguard against the wanton abuse of power,—this, a custom more determinately in favour of the subject than even our own cherished Habeas Corpus,—was enjoyed by the Basques for centuries before that far-famed guarantee of British liberty had an existence in our islands; and yet a right which we esteem so inappreciable at home we are labouring to subvert in a foreign and, till now, a friendly land. The General Junta, or Biscayan Parliament, regularly assembles every second year, although, upon critical occasions, an extraordinary session is frequently held. It is called together by the Corregidor, who acts in concert with the deputation, which during the recess sits permanently at Bilboa. Notice must be

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\* A tree which stood close to the ancient church of Guernica, a town of Biscay, and which, after the patriarchal manners of the people, was the place of their national tribunals and assemblies.

given at least fifteen days before the appointed time of meeting, and the measures intended to be proposed and discussed must then be publicly announced, that the deputies may consult their constituents on each specific point, and receive their instructions.

'The Biscayan towns, with a few exceptions only, are represented. There is no electoral qualification, every inhabitant has a vote,—universal suffrage prevails. These rights have been annulled by the queen's government, practically by Castañon [her commander-in-chief], virtually, but completely, by the *Estatuto Real*,—and yet we are gravely told that the Basques are struggling only for the establishment of despotic power; and, strange to say, our government, professing to act on liberal principles, sends out an officer of similar opinions, to substitute a constituency, perhaps the most restricted in Europe, for that system of universal suffrage which was the ancient law of the land; and to replace a constitution which protects the liberty of the subject in the highest degree, by a species of anomalous charter which defines no privilege, and secures no right. So much for the consistency of party politics, and for the real liberality of our foreign policy. The parliament meets on the appointed day; the Corregidor, the Tribunes, and the Deputies assemble *under the tree of Guernica*, deliver their credentials, and pass on in solemn procession to the adjoining church, where the session is opened. The debates are public, and the measures submitted to their consideration are proposed in Spanish, but discussed in the Basque language. The Biscayan parliament possesses exclusively the right to legislate for Biscay. . . . No order of the Spanish government is directly received by the Basque parliament; any order emanating from the crown of Castille is addressed to the executive authorities of the province, by which it is referred to the Tribunes, who take it into their deliberate consideration, determine whether it be or be not in unison with the law of the land, and, accordingly, either approve or reject it. Their veto upon any resolution of the Spanish government is absolute, and the seemingly inconsistent, but not uncourteous formula of "*Obedecida pero no cumplida*"\* is their peculiar but decisive mode of rejection.'—vol. ii. pp. 213-217.

These privileges Lord Carnarvon shows have been strenuously maintained in all times recent as well as remote.

'When the Crowns of Castille and Biscay were united, we find the Biscayans insisting upon the full recognition of their privileges, as the price of their consent to that measure, granting to their new master the Sovereign of Castille, the title of Lord, but refusing him that of King as far as Biscay was concerned,—that he might keep in mind the terms upon which he was received, and the engagement by which he was bound. . . . We afterwards see a King of Castille swearing to respect, but violating those privileges; we find the crime and the punishment following in close succession; we see him legally dispossessed of Biscay by the Biscayan Parliament, and the territory transferred by a vote of that assembly to his sister, the next in succession; and we see the offer accepted by that Princess, upon the express condition of main-

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\* "Obeded, but not carried into execution."

taining in perpetuity, and in their fullest sense, the existing rights of Biscay. . . . Philip III. endeavoured to introduce into Biscay some changes at variance with their privileges, but he soon became sensible of his indiscretion, he retracted his orders, confessed his error, and stated, in a public manifesto, that he had been wrongfully advised. In 1804, Godoy (the nick-named Prince of Peace) sent a quantity of stamps into Biscay, insisting on their use in aid of the general revenue. The Deputies met, denounced the act as an infringement of their liberties, and declared that the innovation was contrary to the laws of Biscay, and could not be allowed. The Government threatened; but the Deputies, supported by the sympathy of an unanimous people, persevered in their refusal, and, in consequence, the obnoxious stamps were delivered to the common hangman, and burnt under the tree of Guernica. . . .

‘The last time before the Queen’s accession, that the Spanish Government contemplated any infringement of the liberties of the Basques, was in King Ferdinand’s reign; and the circumstances connected with this intention are extremely curious, as solving an apparent contradiction in the relative feelings of the parties engaged in the present struggle, and showing the principal cause of the popularity enjoyed by Don Carlos in the north of Spain. . . . A profligate minister, anxious to ingratiate himself with the Court by excess of servility, concocted a scheme to abridge materially, if not entirely to suppress, the liberties of the Basques; and submitted the plan to the Council of State, over which Don Carlos then presided. The minister dwelt upon the possibility of extracting a larger revenue from the Basques; upon the expediency of extinguishing a spirit of independence, so dangerous from the example it held out, and strongly urged the policy of reducing all the provinces, of Spain to the level of a common servitude, and of thus at once extending and securing the absolute prerogative of the Crown. In consequence of this proposal, the question of the Basque privileges underwent a protracted investigation; and when the inquiry was brought to an issue, Don Carlos rose and stated, that the ministerial scheme involved a manifest breach of the compact solemnly entered into between the Crown of Spain and the people of the free provinces—that good, if, indeed, any good could eventually result from such a measure, was not to be obtained by a positive violation of faith; that the Crown was bound to respect the established rights of the meanest subject of the realm; that such a conspiracy against their privileges was not to be endured; and that the proposition itself was an insult to Castilian honour. . . . The vigorous condemnation pronounced by Don Carlos had an electrical effect on the council; and the worthless project expired in its birth.

‘The project, indeed, expired, but gave rise to results unexpected by the projector: the honorable part which Don Carlos had taken in the council, on a question of such vital interest to the Biscayans, was quickly known in Biscay; and, from that moment, he became the undivided object of their enthusiasm—the centre of their hopes—the idol of their affections; and, in his person, they now revere the representative of their ancient sovereigns, and the guardian of their actual liberties; and when they raise the war-cry for that Prince, the loyalty and the liberties of Biscay

Biscay seem identified in their eyes, and are indissolubly bound up in the magic of his name.

‘Such was the conduct pursued by Don Carlos in his more prosperous days; and this is to a great extent the real secret of the unbounded affection felt for him by the Biscayans, in these the days of his adversity: past Governments had endeavoured, as we have seen, to suppress their free privileges, by gradual and crafty encroachments; but it was left to the almost incredible madness of the liberal legislation of Madrid to sweep away their long-established Constitution, and their whole system of laws, by a stupid exercise of power resting on no conceivable right; it was reserved for the liberal Ministers of Great Britain, who once professed themselves the friends of constitutional liberty all over the world, to assist in the most oppressive crusade against a free people, that has disgraced the annals of Europe since the partition of Poland.’—vol. ii. pp. 257-267.

This is the people and these are the rights which an *English* government is striving to subdue and suppress!—*Proh pudor!*

The foregoing clear and irrefragable exposition of facts (to which our abridgment does very imperfect justice) coming from a man of Lord Carnarvon’s knowledge of the country—his generous and, in the true sense of the word, liberal spirit—his talents and his truth—must make a great sensation against the at once miserable and detestable policy of our government;—and it is not therefore surprising that our foreign department should have made an endeavour to counteract it. A pamphlet has, accordingly, been published with, as we are informed, the countenance, if not the co-operation, of our Foreign Office, called ‘The Policy of England towards Spain.’ We have no doubt that the materials of this pamphlet have been prepared under the direction of M. Mendizabal, who from being long known as a stock-jobber in England, suddenly appeared in the character of revolutionary prime minister of Spain, and who, we believe, still pursues his double avocation. We are induced to give some credit to the report that the work has been revised in Downing-street—for it bears the marks of that gentleman-like style of misrepresentation, that self-complacent sophistry, and that well-bred indifference to public facts and personal consistency, which characterise all the official defences of our foreign policy: but its original parentage is marked by the *spirit of stock-jobbing* which prompted and pervades it; and we have no doubt that its manufacturers would laugh at all criticism, if they could find that their literary effort had raised *Spanish bonds one-half per cent.* In short, we believe it to be the joint production of Change Alley and Downing Street. The author, or rather, perhaps, his Downing Street auxiliary, endeavours at the outset to conciliate his readers by paying a just tribute to Lord Carnarvon’s character:—

‘A nobleman

‘A nobleman whose honourable political character and distinguished abilities must always command a respectful deference for his opinions, and whose literary attainments never fail to prepossess his readers in favour of the author and his subject.’

But he would have us believe that his lordship is led astray by a generous enthusiasm, and that his account of the Biscayan constitution is strongly tinged with ‘romance.’ We, of course, cannot affect to enter into the voluminous details of such a discussion, but we can exhibit a few of the larger and more important questions, on the issue of which must rest the credit of the antagonist statements; and from what we have hinted of the birth and parentage of the pamphlet, our readers will not be surprised to find that its admissions defeat its assertions—its assertions are at variance with its facts—and its facts are contradictory to its conclusions.

‘Lord Carnarvon (vol. ii. p. 188) says, that Don Carlos disavowed all connection with the insurgents (of 1827), “he reprobated their schemes,” and “asserted his royal brother’s right, without equivocation or reserve.” It is perfectly true, that Don Carlos never openly avowed his connection with the party who wished to place him upon the throne of his brother; *but it is as incorrect to say that he disavowed them.* . . . . In 1822, a Carlist mutiny broke out in the regiment of which Don Carlos himself was the colonel. Neither *threat* nor persuasion could induce him to punish the offence, or to disavow his connection with its authors.’—*Policy, &c.* pp. 4, 5.

It is thus confessed that so early as 1822, Don Carlos was the object of ‘*threats*,’—from whom, we should wish to ask? Certainly not from his brother the King—for this so called ‘Carlist mutiny’ was neither more nor less than a mutiny in favour of *Ferdinand* against the usurpation of the Cortes, which, as the sequel proved, and as every body now knows, it was the first object of *his* policy to overcome. But in addition to the author’s frequent admission that ‘Don Carlos never openly avowed any connection with that party,’ we can add one or two private anecdotes of a much more recent date, which will show how well Lord Carnarvon was justified in his representation of the Infant’s conduct in the very difficult circumstances in which he was placed.

A Spanish gentleman now in London, was proceeding in the month of January, 1833, from Madrid to Turin on a mission. Passing through Saragossa, Cuevillas, then a brigadier, sought for an interview, and told him that two individuals had come to him, bearing, what affected to be, autograph letters from Don Carlos, desiring Cuevillas to prepare the royalist volunteers for a simultaneous rising. Suspecting them to be spies, he had told them to say no more, or that he would inform the police—but hearing that the gentleman

gentleman (whose father he knew to be in the confidence of the Infant Don Carlos) was passing through, Cuevillas desired him to inform his royal highness that *if* these documents were genuine, he would immediately obey his wish, and that all the influential men of the royalist volunteers were ready to come forward at his summons. This was communicated to Don Carlos, who returned for answer—that whilst his brother was alive, he was his king and theirs, and he should consider all those making similar offers as traitors.

Don Tomas Reyna (brother to the Reyna who afterwards cast the Carlist mortars and artillery) also went to the Infant about the same time, deputed by his regiment, the horse grenadiers of the guard, on a similar message—and received the same answer. The Count del Prado—Alcudia—Vallejo—Bellingeró, and Colonel Fulgocio, all made offers of the same nature to Don Carlos, who answered, that he recognized no king but Ferdinand VII. whilst he was alive, and that he expected them to do the same, and highly disapproved their conduct.

And this happened at a period when Don Carlos knew, as all the world now knows, that the advisers of the dying Ferdinand were preparing a violent change in the succession, to the exclusion of Don Carlos. It was this intrigue which prompted those offers, and would have perfectly justified Don Carlos in taking any measures in his power to counteract the traitorous machinations of his enemies.

The pamphlet admits:—

‘the correctness of the ancient Basque history cited by Lord Carnarvon, but’ (it adds) ‘we object to the process of induction by which he seeks to make that history applicable to the present times.’—*Policy*, p. 18.

And then it proceeds to contradict two or three remarkable instances given by Lord Carnarvon of Biscayan independence:—

‘Lord Carnarvon (p. 256) would, by inference, lead us to believe that the Inquisition had never entered the frontiers of the Basque provinces; such, however, is not the case, but to have openly established it there would have been an unnecessary violation of their privileges. The provinces were, therefore, attached to Logrono, which was made the central point of the “holy office” in that part of the country, and the nomination of commissioners, as in the rest of Spain, was given to the parish curates, and thus the boasted privileges were respected in form, but in substance trampled under foot.’—*Policy*, pp. 19, 20.

We never doubted that the ambitious fanaticism of the Inquisition would push itself wherever it could, and as far as it dared—but the very fact that this institution, terrible, irresistible, omnipotent in every other part of Spain, should never have dared to enter Biscay, is, in itself, conclusive evidence of the real independence of that happy province. But ‘it had a seat at Logrono’—what is that  
but

but another proof of the impotent jealousy with which the Inquisition viewed the privileges of the Basques? It established, where it had a right to do so—in *Old Castille*—a kind of holy fortress, to prevent the irruption into *its territories* of Biscayan liberty. When a fortress is erected on a frontier, is it a proof that both sides of the frontier are submissive to the same authority? But the Inquisition, though they durst not act openly on Biscay, operated the same end through ‘the *parish priests*.’ The author must have believed English readers strangely ignorant, when he supposes them not to know that the secular clergy in Spain, as well as France, were essentially identified with the *people*—that the parish priests in Spain were no allies of the Inquisition, and that however zealous they might be for the theological doctrines which were common to them and the Inquisition, they were the last people in the world to assist to spread its despotic influence and political power.

‘Equally an illusion is it to say, that in recent, as in olden times, liberty and property have been inviolable. During the *ten years* preceding Ferdinand’s death, the property of those suspected of liberal opinions was unmercifully confiscated, while a vigorous police and royalist volunteers, though under other names, were established, as in other parts of Spain.’—*Policy*, p. 20.

Ferdinand died in 1833, so that even according to this admission, Biscay enjoyed these immunities till 1823, and Lord Carnarvon’s complaint is, that the revolution of 1820, and its practical violences in 1822, had *first* invaded the liberty of the Basques:—The pamphlet, therefore, proves the exact truth of his lordship’s assertion.

But the most extraordinary attempt of all at contradiction, is that which relates to the local and fiscal privileges of the Basque provinces:—

‘The provinces have the privilege of importing foreign goods duty free; but it could not be expected, and never was allowed, that they should be permitted to extend this advantage to other provinces, and under cover of their own privileges destroy the customs revenue of Spain. The custom-houses, therefore, which the privileges do not allow of at the sea-ports, are placed upon the frontiers of Castille; and the same system both of prevention on the one hand, and of contraband on the other, are established there, which prevail on the Swiss and Belgian frontiers of France. The Basque provinces, in short, as a necessary consequence of their privileges, have long been treated, with respect to commerce, as a foreign nation by the rest of Spain.’—*ibid.* pp. 21, 22.

This may have been good or bad for the Basque provinces—that is not here the question—but it proves in the most conclusive manner, what Lord Carnarvon asserts, and what the pamphlet professes to deny, that down to the late innovations the Basque provinces maintained their independence; and the mutual commercial

mercial inconvenience alluded to by the author, only makes the case stronger against him, for it shows that the Basques *would* not, and that Spain *could* not, remove that inconvenience by the abolition of these provincial privileges.

We apprehend that after this exhibition of the mode in which Lord Carnarvon's assertions on such important subjects as we have quoted, are really substantiated by the very allegations which are advanced against them, we need go no further on this head except to say that on all minor topics the intended contradiction is equally corroborative of the original statement.

But as the pamphlet has put its contest with Lord Carnarvon upon this *issue*, we are anxious that our readers who may not see the original publications, should not take the question merely on *our* showing—we shall, therefore, quote the account given of the Basque provinces by M. Malte Brun, in the last volume of his General Geography, published in 1829, before these disturbances began, and therefore not liable to any suspicion of temporary or political bias:—

‘The three Vascongadas or Basque provinces form a triangle bounded by the sea, by Navarre, and Old Castille. Endowed with that indefatigable activity and that love of independence which characterise mountaineers, the industrious Biscayans have found in their rugged soil the *palladium* of their liberties. *Voluntarily* subject to the dominion of Spain by virtue of ancient treaties, the kings of Spain are rather their protectors than their sovereigns. Each of the provinces has its separate government—its general assembly, in which the interests of the whole people are discussed, and which examines the orders of the king, which cannot be carried into effect till they have been submitted to this form. They tax themselves for the expenses of their internal administration, and their contributions to the crown are only considered as a free gift, which is rarely demanded, and would not be granted if it were not moderate.’—*Malte Brun. Géographie Universelle*, vol. viii. p. 78.

We suppose that this unquestionable testimony, which is, in fact, a summary of Lord Carnarvon's statements, will settle this portion of the contest between him and his official antagonist.

The pamphlet next proceeds to state, or, rather, to mis-state the question of the succession. We care nothing—because England is not, or ought not to be, in any way concerned—about the question of the succession; but we cannot allow the pamphlet to mis-state the case without making one observation. The author's whole argument on this point rests on a single word. He calls the Cortes—which under Philip V., in 1713, proclaimed the Salic law, which excluded females, to be the law of the land—‘a *mock* Cortes’—that is the whole and sole argument; but *how* it was a *mock* Cortes—in *what* the mockery or illegality consisted—there is not the slightest hint. The Jacobites called the Convention parliament,



parliament, which settled the British succession, a mock parliament, and certainly with more plausibility than, we believe, the author, if he had condescended to attempt to prove his fact, could have impugned the Cortes of 1713. But he has not only left his epithet '*mock*' devoid of any kind of proof or support, but he has omitted to notice two other most material features in the case. The first is, that whether Philip V. and his Cortes were right or wrong, Ferdinand, at least, had no right to gainsay their acts; he derived from them his whole right to the crown, and he had therefore no colour or pretext of right to exclude by a secret and merely personal act of his own the rights of his brother Don Carlos, which, with regard to the *succession*, were identically the same with Ferdinand's right to the *possession*. Ferdinand had only a life interest in the crown, and it was a 'mockery' of all legality and all justice, that he should pretend to dispose of the vested rights of his brother and the constitutional allegiance of the nation. And by *will*, too—what pretext was there that any such alteration in the constitution of Spain could be made by *will*? and such a will!—made secretly in 1830, in 1832 secretly revoked, in 1833 again secretly and in *articulo mortis* revived. And let us further observe, that the settlement under Philip V. was ratified by the treaty of Utrecht, and was, therefore, become part of the international law of Europe. If we felt the least public interest in this question of the succession, these are a few of the observations which we think it would very much puzzle the author to reply to.

But though we have thus, in justice to Lord Carnarvon, examined a few of the details of this would-be answer, we will meet the pamphlet and its ministerial clients on broader ground, by asking, if all its allegations on this subject were as *true* as we believe them to be *false*, what has England to do with the internal concerns of Spain? We are not here to discuss the general principle of *non-intervention*, nor to show how that general principle may and must be modified by particular circumstances; but if, in any ministers, a wanton intervention in the domestic affairs of a foreign people would be impolitic and unjust, it is in the case of the present ministers—we must say—the height of impudence and apostasy.

During the political crisis which preceded the appointment of Lord Palmerston to the Foreign Office, it suited the opposition and their partizans to affect a vehement suspicion that the Duke of Wellington's government were inclined to *intervene* in the Belgic question. *Such* an intervention would, we think, have been justifiable by international law, and by the principles of the 'Pacification of Ghent,' and all our early engagements with the Low Countries—by the treaties of Nimeguen and Ryswick—the

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Barrier treaty—the treaties of Utrecht and of Aix-la-Chapelle, and finally and directly by the last great settlement of Europe at the congress of Vienna—in short, by all the international transactions of Europe, from the days of Queen Elizabeth down to those of George III. It did not, however, as the events proved, enter into the policy of the Duke of Wellington to attempt such an intervention; but the right to do so was so obvious that the adversaries of his Grace's administration, in 1830, thought that *non-intervention* was a plausible cry, around which might be rallied all those who were honestly averse to meddling with the internal affairs of foreign countries, and all that shrewder class who saw, in a broad and indiscriminate principle of non-intervention, a sanction and encouragement to the French, the Belgic, and every future democratic revolution—at home and abroad. *Non-intervention*, therefore, in its widest sense, became the watchword of the party—and when, in the midst of their clamour, they suddenly and unexpectedly found themselves called to power—the whole programme of their foreign policy was composed in the single word, NON-INTERVENTION.

We shall recal to public attention some of these declarations. In the House of Lords, Nov. 8, 1830, Lord Lansdown, the present president of the council, in moving for a paper relating to the Netherlands, after saying that every one agreed in the necessity of abstaining from interference in the arrangements of France, went on to say—

‘It was because he felt the same necessity with regard to the Belgians that he thought the perfect settlement of the affairs of both the one and the other would be best forwarded by abstinence on the part of this country from the appearance of all intervention, *even by way of advice*, unless it was required by the people of that country themselves.’—*Hansard*, vol. 1. (N.S.) p. 247.

Lord Grey enforced the same policy:—

‘We are not bound to interfere by any obligations whatsoever. If we are not so bound, I repeat, my lords, with my noble friend, that in my opinion sound policy, justice, and respect for the independence of other people, as well as regard for the interests of this country, enjoin us on the present occasion not to interfere with the internal affairs of Belgium. I cannot avoid feeling surprised at what was stated by the noble lord, [Aberdeen] that the government only contemplated amicable interference, such as would be beneficial to the Low Countries, and conducive to the interests of Great Britain; for that interference in times like the present is contrary to the policy usually pursued by this country—must be pernicious to its interests, and can only lead to the most disastrous results.’ *Ib.*, p. 256.

Thus not even *an amicable and verbal interference by way of advice* could be tolerated by these noble lords. Lord Palmerston, too, in a speech towards the close of the then preceding session, and

and which he afterwards revised and published, stated the admitted principle of non-intervention—

‘That is, the principle that every nation has a right to manage its own internal affairs as it pleases, so long as it injures not its neighbours; and that one nation has no right to control by force of arms the *will of another nation in the choice of its government or rulers*. To this principle I most cordially assent. It is *sound*, it ought to be *sacred*; and I TRUST ENGLAND WILL NEVER BE FOUND TO SET THE EXAMPLE OF ITS VIOLATION.’—*Hansard*, vol. 21, p. 1646.

We could select twenty passages to the same effect from the speeches and publications of his majesty’s present ministers—but these will suffice. But a very short possession of office convinced them that they had entered into an unwary pledge. They had made and promulgated it when they fancied that intervention was likely to be employed *against* revolution—they were very much embarrassed with it, when they found themselves in power, and saw that intervention might be most usefully employed in *furthering* revolution. They were caught, like the Crotonean of old, in a cleft stick of their own rendering; and they never could have extricated themselves from it, but that—fortunately for the revolutionists of Belgium, of Portugal, and of Spain—the epidemic mania of reform seized the people of England, and so entirely absorbed all the national faculties, that foreign affairs were for a season totally forgotten, and when at length remembered, the democratic party had acquired so overwhelming an ascendancy in the counsels of England, that there was not only a willingness but an anxiety that, in defiance of promises and pledges, of law, of justice, and of policy, the British ministry should intervene—even to the sword—wherever and however their intervention could further the progress of revolution over the face of Europe. Then came the concerted intervention of France and England in the affairs of Belgium—the very altar on which the *non-intervention* principle had been so recently consecrated. Naval blockade, military invasion, everything that could exaggerate their private inconsistency and their breach of public faith was shamelessly employed, and the astonished world saw the *non-intervention* cabinet of England intervening by force of arms against her most ancient ally, and, with the furious zeal of apostates, overturning the system of policy which, from the days of Elizabeth, we had thought it alike our interest and our duty to maintain.

The impunity of this unprecedented outrage encouraged them to proceed still further; and the ally which—next to Holland—was our oldest and best connexion—Portugal—was destined to be our next victim. How miserably for that unhappy country Lord Carnarvon has shown; how fatally for our own honour and safety, no distant day will, we fear, irremediably prove! Having  
thus

thus dismembered ourselves of our two nearest and best continental alliances, our next stroke of policy was to aid, if we did not cause, the disorganization and desolation of that other country, which had been so lately the scene of our glory, and by which, as a fulcrum, we had been enabled to overthrow the gigantic despotism of Buonaparte, and elevate Europe from a state of almost hopeless prostration. We intervened in Spain—with what profit to Spain, with what honour to ourselves, we are not now inquiring—but we *intervened*! Now, we will ask, is there in the annals of party, in the history of nations, so sudden, so entire, so flagrant, so unjustifiable a breach of pledge—a desertion of principle—a contempt of personal consistency—a forfeiture of national faith, as the British ministry have individually and collectively exhibited in these—we can hardly refrain from calling them *scandalous*—tergiversations? In November, 1830, they came into office under a solemn undertaking towards the king and the people of the broad principle of NON-INTERVENTION: and in every succeeding month from that day to this, they have been pushing intervention, both in its principle and details, to a degree before unknown in the transactions of nations.

If their intervention had been directed to objects by which British interests were to be benefited—if it had been discreetly and honourably conducted—if it had been successful—if it had conduced to the tranquillity and the happiness of the nations whom we undertook to guide or to drive—it would *still* have ~~been~~ *in these men*, gross inconsistency, and a flagrant violation of *their own* principles of public law. But how much deeper must be the indignation, when we see the deplorable consequences of this policy—when we see that what with ‘cooling our friends and heating our enemies,’ England has not now one single sincere friend among all the millions that inhabit the continent of Europe. We talk not of the *governments* only—but of the *people*? In those countries in which ten years ago, and for two hundred years before, an Englishman was welcomed as a friend, or honoured as a protector, he is now an object—in Holland of insult—in Portugal of violence—and ‘*Down with the English*,’ and ‘*Death to the English*,’ are the salutations—varied according to the national temper—which we individually receive in those countries on which we have inflicted our intervention.

But if such is our odour amongst the *people*, our public position, with relation to their *Governments*,—those very governments which our interventions have established,—is still worse. To BELGIUM we have given a king, who, both figuratively and literally, has passed from the arms of England into those of France; and although there is still a show of independence in the mimicry of a court at Brussels, every one sees and feels that—though the

transfer is not yet formally made—we have signed and sealed the eventual cession to France of that country which, for one hundred and fifty years, she had been endeavouring to obtain, and which England, by William, by Marlborough, and by Wellington, had, for one hundred and fifty years, preserved from her domination! To SPAIN we had given constitutions and governments, and they have vanished—we had guaranteed the *Estatuto Real*, and it has been overthrown; a *serjeant* of the line, and two companies of National Guards, overthrew, in five minutes, at La Granja, five years of Lord Palmerston's diplomacy, and erected in Madrid that most monstrous of tyrannies, a military democracy. Even before this last revolution hear what Lord Carnarvon says was the feeling of the government under the *Estatuto Real*:—

‘Their real views and principles are hostile to the system upon which the government is conducted and society is based in England. They hate us for our established church; they hate us for our laws of primogeniture; they hate us for our house of lords. Desirous of rooting out the last vestiges of aristocratic institutions in their own country, they abhor a system of liberty, preserved and tempered as it is in England, by a graduated subordination of ranks, and by aristocratic checks.’—vol. ii. pp. 294, 295.

What, then, must be our influence with the government formed under the auspices of Serjeant Garcias? And who was it, we ask with shame—double shame—shame for England and shame for Spain—who was it that reduced that high-minded and chivalrous nation to such a state of imbecility as to place her queen, her cortes, her nobles, and her people—her ancient institutions and her modern charters, all at the mercy of a drunken serjeant? That question shall be answered by authorities which, differing in their principles and wishes on the subject of Spain, yet concur in their view of the *facts*, and are therefore, on that point, entitled to implicit confidence. Lord Carnarvon says—

‘It is most difficult to reconcile, with any notion of good policy, the obstinate attachment with which our ministers continued, by acts of increasing favour, to support the democratic party in Spain, in spite of their increasing atrocities; at a time, too, when it was evident that, by such a course, they were not promoting the interests of good government, or even of the queen, but were *feeding the fire so quickly destined to involve in a common destruction the Estatuto Real, the child of their adoption*, and the more ancient institutions of Spain.’—vol. ii. pp. 346, 347.

And on the other hand, the *National*, the organ in France of the ultra-revolutionary party in Spain—in replying to the disapprobation, which the English ministerial journals affected to express of the revolution of La Granja, and the subsequent and similar revolt in Portugal, says,—

‘The English ministry has been directly accused of having been accomplices

complices of the new revolutionary movements in Spain and Portugal. The replies of the Whig journals have been awkward, obscure, and contradictory. . . . And if the British government (adopting the tone of their defenders) were now to profess a kind of affected neutrality in this new aspect of the contest, its conduct would be not less *shameful* after all the *encouragements*, *SECRET* or *public*, which it has given to the Spanish revolution."—*National*, Oct. 1836.

This whole affair of La Granja is really, we believe, the most shameful which the history of the world can produce. John of Leyden and Masaniello, were heroes and demigods compared to our new ally, Serjeant Garcias. We say, our ally, because the quadruple treaty, which languished so miserably under his predecessors, Martinez de la Rosa and Torreno, has been put into zealous and belligerent activity, in support of the Mendizabal government established under Garcias' auspices.\*

The recent Portuguese revolt, indeed, was operated by hands not quite so mean; but the principle of military violence was the same, and as regards *us*, the event was much more humiliating. Garcias, as Lord Carnarvon and the *National* agree in thinking, was only working out Mr. Villiers' diplomacy, and does not seem to have had to encounter even his disapprobation; but the last Portuguese revolution was effected in the teeth, and against the earnest wishes—we do him the credit of believing—of the British minister—in the face of British soldiers, and under the guns of British ships collected there—if for any comprehensible object—for that of preventing such catastrophes. There too we had enthroned a queen, established a charter, and dictated a ministry, and there, we confess that—much as we disapproved and deplored the policy of our intervention—we at least thought that it was likely to be successful; and that our enormous force might have been able to keep the peace at Lisbon, and to protect the person of the queen, and the authority of the glorious constitution that Dom Pedro, under our countenance, had imposed on the Portuguese people:—and so, we have no doubt, they would have been against

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\* While this sheet is passing through the press, we learn from Madrid that Serjeant Garcias has again appeared on the scene; but not with so high an object or such splendid success as at La Granja. Garcias, it seems, complains of the *ingratitude* of Mendizabal, who has not sufficiently rewarded the *serjeant's services*. On the 4th of February Garcias, who, it seems, could not otherwise obtain an interview with his quondam patron, waited for him at the door of his residence, and began to urge his claim; but being unfavourably received, he proceeded rather warmly to reproach Mendizabal 'with his *ingratitude to the man who had made him minister*,' adding, that he would be deceived no longer, and seized the minister by the collar. Mendizabal called the guard, and the poor serjeant was sent to gaol, whence he loudly demands justice and a trial. The latter, it is said, will not be granted, as it would be too fruitful in scandal relative to the *La Granja revolution*; and accordingly we find by the last reports that his mouth is stopped by his being kept in *solitary confinement*, and it is conjectured at Madrid that he will be spirited away to the colonies without further noise. Garcias, it seems, could seize the queen and overturn the constitution with impunity; but when he collars Mendizabal, he is sent to gaol.

any attempt of the *legitimate* prince, or the friends of the *ancient* monarchy—against *them*, we have no doubt, our forces would have acted effectually; but our anti-legitimate policy did not dare to oppose an anarchical revolt, of which, indeed, it was itself the cause. The gale rose in an unexpected quarter—our fleet was taken aback—our diplomacy was washed overboard—and our whole system of Portuguese policy went in a moment to the bottom.

This, considering the position in which we had chosen to place ourselves, was an intolerable outrage and affront. Even Lord Palmerston seems to have felt it. The King of Belgium, whose nephew had married Queen Maria da Gloria, made a journey to London,—and there and then, we have no doubt, was concocted that notable scheme for the re-establishment of the royal authority, and for repairing the insult to British policy, which was soon after attempted with the happy result of still further diminishing the royal power, and still more deeply injuring the honour and the interests of England. A counter-revolution was attempted. The queen, her consort, her ministers, and her court eloped to the castle of Belem, and proclaimed the Pedro charter—but no one joined her;—she was, as it were, besieged in the castle, and reduced to the necessity of parleying with the rebels. The British marines were landed—this only inflamed the mischief—the insurgents refused even to treat while the territory was defiled by these foreign mercenaries—and they were obliged to re-embark. In the meanwhile, the young queen began to discover that the castle of Belem was not quite so well furnished as her palace—that her *bed-chamber* in the fortress was rather *uncomfortable*, and that in the hurry of her elopement her *cook* had been left behind. These considerations were decisive—her majesty surrendered almost at discretion, taking nothing by her motion but mortification; and things returned into the *status quo ante*—a cheering sight to the *five or six thousand* British officers and men who had come so far, and stayed so long, to have a distant prospect of this lamentable farce—at which, we believe, we may say with the old Chronicler, '*Les Anglais se divertirent moult tristement!*'

The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel in the debate on the address, while they regretted the false policy of the 'Quadruple Treaty,' admitted, with the candour of honest statesmen, that public faith now required that it should be executed—but they showed that the way in which our ministry seemed to understand that treaty, and their armed co-operation—so lamentable in Spain and so ridiculous in Portugal—were alike unwarranted and unjustifiable. 'Six sail of the line were collected,' said Sir Robert, 'in the Tagus, for the purpose, it must be supposed, of protecting the queen, but in fact to be the witnesses of her humiliation;' and the Duke of Wellington asked whether the country was prepared  
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to incur the inevitable expense of these belligerent interventions? We have taken the trouble of extracting from the official Navy List for January, the amount of British force on the Lisbon station, and we find it as follows:—

Cornwallis	74	Minden	74	Hastings	74	Pembroke	74
Hercules	74	Russel	74	Malabar	74	Pique	36
Castor	36	Ringdove	16	Maquenne	24	Partridge	10
Pearl	20	Speedy	8	Tweed	20	Viper	6

With the Phoenix, Pluto, Comet, and Salamander steam vessels—in short, 7 sail of the line, 5 frigates or corvettes, 4 brigs, and 4 armed steam ships\*. To which, we believe, we may add a couple of battalions of royal marines; and this powerful fleet and its more than proportionate cost—nearly a fourth, we believe, of the whole naval force and expense of the country—is the price we pay for the mortification of seeing the two queens we had crowned, and the two constitutions we had guaranteed, made the puppets and playthings of a mutinous and licentious soldiery.

Our limits do not allow us to enter into the deplorable details of our military intervention in the Biscayan contest, which, whatever be its result, has already inflicted indelible discredit on England, and prolonged calamity on Spain. We cannot—who can that knows anything of the question?—who can that reads Lord Carnarvon's able summary of the case?—we cannot be indifferent to the fate of the Basques and Navarrese. We anxiously wish them success in their endeavours to maintain their distinctive rights and national liberties; we feel towards them as our ancestors did towards the Dutch and the Swiss of old, under analogous circumstances; and we grieve that England, forgetful of all her old principles, should be now in league against what in better times would have commanded, at least, our sympathies. This, we confess, is the only point of the whole Peninsular contest in which we feel the slightest interest. Two nations of such lofty pretensions as Spain and Portugal, who have suffered their dearest rights and interests to be decided by a handful of foreigners, can excite in us no feeling but indifference or contempt; and we should not have taken the trouble of writing these lines on the subject, if our government had not contrived to implicate our national reputation in these disgraceful transactions.

But while our military character and our political influence are thus lowered, our *commercial* interests are assuredly not advanced by this course of policy. The government which our costly intervention has forced upon Portugal has shown its gratitude for our efforts and its sense of our influence, by promulgating

\* It is probable that the whole of this force was not in the Tagus at once, but we suppose the line-of-battle ships and frigates were, and the whole force have certainly been employed in this *Irish* species of *non-intervention*.



a new tariff of duties, highly detrimental to British trade, and in direct contravention of all the policy of the two countries since the days of Charles II. We do not say that our fleet should have battered the town of Lisbon because the Portuguese government is mad enough to do such things; but we do say that the fleet ought not to have been employed to create and to maintain that insane government, nor made to be the witnesses of the sacrifice of those interests which it is its proper duty to protect. The Portuguese government would not have *dared* to issue such a tariff against England—or, at least, would not have existed a day after it had been issued—if there had not been a *British squadron in the Tagus*. The countenance of that squadron gave them courage to injure and insult us.

In Belgium and Spain, also, we find that our political meddling tends only to our commercial detriment. Belgium, already a department of France *in petto*, naturally enough prepares itself for its future destination by giving France every *possible* advantage over us. In Spain we are told that we are negotiating a commercial treaty—with what success for English interests may be prognosticated from a statement which M. Guizot lately made from his ministerial bench in the French Chamber—

‘The French government has never lost sight of the *commercial interests of France* in Spain; and whenever they seemed to be in any way compromised by *this or that particular arrangement between England and Spain*, we immediately took measures to *prevent any such arrangements being realized*.’—*Speech of M. Guizot, 16th January, 1837.*

Mr. Villiers may—and welcome—meddle\* himself in all the petty personal intrigues of the court and cabinet, but if he attempt to carry any commercial arrangement favourable to England, France tells us fairly that she takes care that ‘*it shall not be realized*.’ We are not amongst those who complain when British diplomatists fail in obtaining what the country with which they are treating feels that it cannot grant with justice to its own interests or engagements; but we are, and have a right to be, offended when we see a British minister, all-powerful in Spanish intrigues, but impotent when he treats for a British object—and impotent, not because Spain herself objects, but because a third power interferes imperiously, and says, ‘*I will not permit you to realize any such arrangement*.’ We complain of a system of intervention which renders Spain a foot-ball between two parties—whose rival interests are not to be discussed on fair inter-national principles

\* Take, for instance, a paragraph of news from Madrid, 21st January:—‘Navarez [a general who had lately resigned or been re-called from his command,] on his arrival in Madrid, waited immediately on Mr. Villiers, who has endeavoured to mediate an interview between the dissatisfied general and M. Mendizabal. It is not known whether he has been successful; but it is remarked that the British minister meddles in everything.’—*Gazette de France, 1st Feb. 1837.*

—But are to be decided by such arguments as—‘if you don’t do this, we will abandon Bilboa,’—or ‘if you do that, we shall open the passes of the Pyrenees.’ Such a mode of negotiating, with a pistol at the throat of the unfortunate ally, is not only disgraceful in itself, but is in the highest degree dangerous as a *precedent* for this species of burglarious interference with national independence. And let us observe the success of this system, compared with the old and legitimate practices of European diplomacy. Russia is supposed to be at the present juncture not over friendly to British trade or British policy—yet Lord Durham has, we are told, concluded a commercial arrangement—advantageous we hope to Russia, but at all events satisfactory to England, at a moment when our *belligerent negotiators* at Madrid and Lisbon have not merely failed, but have, in the instance of Lisbon, been the attesting witnesses of unprecedented fiscal aggression on British commerce.

Nor is it only with great public calamities—a profligate waste of public money—and a neglect of public interests, that our policy is reproachable. We have become the cause or the accomplices of the most lamentable private wrongs. The Duke of Wellington—whose long and glorious connexion with the Peninsula naturally interests him in the details of individual suffering, which to other eyes are lost in the general misfortunes—in reference to the Peninsular policy of His Majesty’s ministers, said on the first night of the session:—

‘He objected to it, not only on account of its expense, but still more so on account of the injury which it inflicted on the parties existing in that country. To his own certain knowledge he could say, that three parties had been ruined in Spain by the intervention of his Majesty’s government at different times. Individuals had been ruined, their properties destroyed, their fortunes sacrificed, by the course which his Majesty’s government had pursued. Acting under the assurances of his Majesty’s government, those individuals adopted a certain line of conduct. The government was obliged finally to go forward with the movement. Those persons were in consequence abandoned, their fortunes were sacrificed, and their prospects blighted for ever.’—*Times*, 1st Feb., 1837.

How just was Vergniaud’s description not only of the revolution in which he played a part, but of every revolution, that it was *Saturn devouring his own children!* Such has been the fate of those Spanish constitutionalists referred to by his grace, who, seduced by the countenance of England to support the *Estatuto Real*, find themselves sacrificed to the new revolution of La Granja, and are now deploring in exile and poverty their misplaced confidence in British intervention.

But the case of the Portuguese refugees is, if we are not misinformed, still more striking. When the queen submitted to the terms

terms of her besiegers, and was about to return to her better-furnished palace and table, the councillors and companions of her flight inquired what was to become of them? They were kindly and discreetly advised to *shift for themselves*, and fortunately they were able to effect their escape to the British squadron. Our readers will recollect that in a former part of this article we quoted Lord Carnarvon's grateful testimony to the talents, the moderation, and the patriotism of Count Villa Flor, and the kindness of his beautiful and amiable lady. On the Miguelite revolution they thought it prudent to leave Lisbon, and embarked in an English vessel; on the turn of the tide in favour of Pedro, they re-appeared, with the title of Duke and Duchess of Terceira, and were placed at the summit both of political and social influence. Count Palmella, so well-known and respected in England, also created a duke by Pedro, was in similar circumstances. These two men—amiable in every point except their adoption of the revolutionary principles of their English protectors—began, when they had attained undisputed power, to discover that they had enough of revolution—they had opposed the military revolt—they were parties to the Belem attempt, and were amongst those left by royal gratitude to *shift for themselves*. In more danger from their late friends and disciples than they had been from their Miguelite antagonists, they had again to fly their native country, and again sought refuge in the English fleet, and, we presume, exile on the English shores.

We have heard that the interesting Duchess of Terceira, as soon as she heard the royal *saue qui peut*, ran instantly without change of dress or even an attendant, down to the shore, threw herself into the first boat, and thought herself happy to reach in that condition the rough but kind hospitality of English seamen.

What has since become of her and her husband, we do not know; but the Duke of Palmella may be seen every evening still busy with *kings, queens, and knaves* in a rubber of whist, at the Traveller's Club.

Such have been the fruits of revolutionary intervention—so powerful to disturb, so impotent to protect—which has degraded and desolated every country to which its baneful influence has been extended, with the agonies of civil war and the chaos of anarchy—with spoliation and massacre—with the ruin of individuals—the dissolution of social order—the license of the populace, and the slavery of the people.

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